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SCOTT
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

Life and Works of Scott :

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father, also a Walter, was a Writer to the Signet (or attorney) at Edinburgh and was distantly connected with the Scotts of Buccleuch: his mother was a Rutherford—so he came of the best blood on the Border. Early in life he was rendered lame by an attack of teething fever, and was sent to recruit his health at the home of his Grandfather at Sandyknowe where he became first acquainted with border ballads and tradition. His education, first at the High School, and then at the University of Edinburgh, does not appear to have been marked by any exhibition of signal powers of mind. He was indeed a plant that flowered late. Called to the Scottish bar in 1792 he practised for some years as advocate but without any prominent success. He then definitely left law for literature. His literary life falls into three clearly-marked divisions. In the *first* or tentative period, extending from 1797 to 1805, he translated a few German ballads and one of Goethe's dramas of Middle-Age chivalry. His first great original undertaking was the collecting and editing a pretty large collection of the floating ballads and songs of the border under the name of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1803). The *second* period of his literary activity, from 1805 to 1815, was signalised by the production in rapid succession of his romantic masterpieces in verse—the *Lay* in 1805, *Marmion* in 1808, the *Lady of the Lake* in 1810, the *Vision of Don Roderick* in 1811, *Rokeby* in 1812 and *Lord of the Isles* in 1815. In this year he had also published anonymously the *Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold*—a rich crop of poetic enterprises which ensured his reputation and put his name permanently at the top of the catalogue of poets in his country. The sudden and meteoric rise of Byron in the poetic firmament eclipsed Scott, and he turned to a new line of composition, the prose fiction, in which he yet holds a place of unwonted magnificence and glory. The *third* period of Scott's life as an author witnessed the prolific outturn of that marvellous series of novels called by the general name of *Waverley*, which, more than anything else, got for their author the proud appellative distinction of the

Wizard of the North. The large income from his literary labours enabled him to realise the dream of his early childhood, to set up life as an ancient baron in a baronial abode, and he purchased Abbotsford, and was raised to the baronetcy in 1820. But reverses were at hand. Speculative enterprises made him connect himself with the publishing firms of Ballantyne and Constable, and, when the crash came, Sir Walter found himself ruined and over head and ears in debt. But with a fortitude and resolution which has scarcely been found to such an extent in the irritable race of poets, he determined to pay off his liabilities by the fruits of his literary labour, and the heavy work he thus put on himself, wearied out the force of life in him, and a stroke of paralysis hurried him off to the grave but not before he had had the satisfaction of knowing that the debts had all been cleared up. He died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832.

Since Shakespeare there has never been a genius so human and so creative, so rich in humour, sympathy, poetry, so fertile in the production of new and real characters, as Sir Walter Scott. "Scott is to Scotland what Shakespeare is to England, Goethe to Germany. It is not in respect of general excellence alone that he is worthy of comparison with Shakespeare. There are other points of resemblance. As a man, he had the same large-hearted humanity, the same healthy enjoyment of life, the same perfect sanity of genius. To both Scott and Shakespeare, life was more than literature. As writers both were possessed of a strong and vivid historical imagination, and a power of swift and sustained production astonishing beyond all record. Scott's imagination, like Shakespeare's, lived and delighted in the past. To both the past was a land of inexhaustible romance. If Shakespeare turned out his three dramatic masterpieces per year, Scott was not less equal to the annual task of three masterpieces in fiction. Like Shakespeare, he "never blotted a line." Where he differs from Shakespeare is in the want of speculative power. But his characters are as life-like, his scenes and incidents as dramatic, as those of Shakespeare; it is only in his dramas that Scott's dramatic faculty fails and forsakes him."

Merits and defects of Scott's Poetry :

Merits :

The chief excellence of Scott's poetry lies in its reproduction of the past made sparkling by a romantic halo caught from his own poetic genius. His pictures are always "strongly drawn"; his handling is always simple; there is plenty of intensity in his delineations of romantic situations. The materials of his verse were drawn from legends and exploits of mediæval chivalry, and the personages borrowed partly from history and partly from imagination, the former idealized by fancy, and the latter made more real by being associated with real men and women known to the reader.

His battle-pieces are perhaps unsurpassed in English except by those of Shakespeare.

His descriptions of nature have more of accuracy of detail than glow of imagination. They are often mere transcripts. Scott has sometimes no objection to play the moralist by drawing out a didactic lesson from a landscape.

His gallery of portraits is rich and various : his poetry has an unfailing wholesomeness and freshness about it; and his narrative moves on briskly and with an animation and vivacity which never flags.

Defects:

His defects are manifold but chiefly due to what he has himself called "a hurried frankness of composition." His rhymes are often bad; his grammar sometimes lax; his diction prosaic and commonplace: his verse without any rich music.

He generally hovers about the surface of things, and never cares to go deep into the subject. There is thus in him little psychological insight into character; the secret workings of the human mind are beyond his ken; he has not laid bare the inner spirit of modern life or probed the deeper passions. The result is none of his personages has made any lasting impression upon the public mind.

He never grapples with the mysteries of human life—and

never presents to the reader any of the harder problems of man's destiny on the earth.

Personal Reminiscences in the *Lay*.

The *Lay* may be considered as the "bright consummate flower" in which all the dearest dreams of the poet's youthful fancy had at length found expression for their strength, spirit, tenderness, and beauty. The choice of the hero was dictated by his own affection for the living descendants of the Baron of Craustoun. Margaret was dressed out in the form and features of his own first love. One of his ancestors had fallen at Killiecrankie; and it was when he was returning from "wandering on a foreign strand"—from Italy where he had gone to recruit health—that his heart burst forth into that passionate and rapturous admiration for his country which has for all times been indelibly recorded on all minds in the language of the *Lay*. In the last few lines of the poem where the minstrel's bower is said to have risen beneath proud Newark's tower, there is a pathetic reference to the failure of his early day-dream that he would be the sheriff or the *laird* of Bowhill. An estate near it was actually offered for sale about the date of the writing of the *Lay*, and many a time did the poet ride round it, inspecting it, in company with Lord and Lady Dalkeith.

"When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill."

But it was destined to be another's; and the Yarrow did not, as it rolled along, bear burthen to the song of the last of the Scottish minstrels.

The Composition of the *Lay*.

Its occasion. About 1800-2 Scott had deliberately relinquished all efforts for fame and eminence in his profession as a barrister, and resolved to "make some figure in the field of literature." He was casting about for a suitable subject when chance threw a subject in his way. The young countess of Dalkeith, wife of the Duke of Buccleuch's heir, suggested to the poet that he might write on the subject of Gilpin Horner, a tricky goblin whose antics the lady had heard of from one of her husband's tenants. "To

hear was to 'obey," says Scott whose enthusiastic admiration for the lady coupled with his natural sense of chivalry, his reverence for the feudal Lady of his clan and his ingrained love of romance, led him to accept the task with joy. His first idea was to make a ballad and to put it among the Border ballads and romances which he was then collecting and collating for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. But the subject grew rapidly on him, and it refused to be comprised within the short compass of a ballad. Friends encouraged him in the work and the poet made a larger bid for poetic fame than he had at first anticipated. Sir Walter had got the clue of the poem in the story of the goblin and he connected it with the House of Scott thus indirectly paying a compliment to the fair lady herself, the head of the clan at the time, who had inspired the song. In the sixteenth century a ladye of Buccleuch, Dame Janet Bethune, had created quite a bad odour for herself by her conversance with magic. Her daughter had married the head of the Cranstons thus healing a bloody and perpetual hostility between the two families. The idea struck the poet to make the goblin page of Lord Cranstoun and while "waspish, arch and litherlie" to everybody, faithful to him. Thus the fiction of the goblin was woven into an historical narrative and a picture of Border customs, and manners. The poet refers to this origin of the poem in ll. 262-3,

—"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me"

Its date. The poem was first published in 1805. It was inscribed "to the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, and had an immense and unprecedented run yielding to the poet a clear income of nearly Rs 12,000.

Its name. It appears that Scott had at first no idea of calling it by its present name. After he had struck off the first few stanzas he handed them over to two very estimable friends for their criticism and opinion. None of them "said much" on the subject of these stanzas and the poet attributed their silence to their disgust "which was greater than their good nature chose to expose." Looking upon his effort as a failure, the poet consigned the manuscript to the flames. Sometime afterwards one of those friends "enquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress

of the romance" and told the poet that if they had remained silent it was not because the writing was bad but because they could not then arrive at a definite opinion about a poem which was so much "out of the common road." Thenceforth Scott resumed his work in right earnest. The friend in question suggested "that some sort of prologue was necessary to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem." And recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser had used to announce the contents of the chapters of his *Fairy Queen*. The poet agreed in the matter of a prologue being necessary but having doubts as to the suitability of the Spensarian mottoes, brought in the old minstrel "as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom the Lay might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos, might remind the readers at intervals, of the time, place and circumstances of the recitation. The supernatural machinery would also have sounded strange and puerile except in the mouth of one supposed to be living in days when superstitions were not altogether discredited and singing of times when they were rampant. This species of *cadre* or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of "the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Characteristics of the Lay.

Sir Walter Scott himself describes the poem (see the preface) as—

(1) *Being a Romance* :

It is indeed the truest type of a romance. A romance as defined by Scott is "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon *marvellous* and uncommon incidents." It is thus distinguished from a *novel* in which "the events are accommodated to the *ordinary* train of human events and the modern state of society." But a romance because it deals with the marvellous must not be grotesque—there ought to be some probability, at least inconsistency and congruity, in it. In the *Lay* the human story is utterly probable. Not once or twice in the annals of mankind love has been the healing and cementing principle of life, and mothers however strong-willed have failed to thwart the decrees

of fate. Even the supernatural element in the story may in a sense be regarded as not being wholly improbable. It may be taken as symbolical of the mysterious but nevertheless undesirable force or power which does prevail in human actions and control them with an irresistible dominance,—in this resembling the witches in *Macbeth*.

(2) *Having a supernatural element :*

The Goblin Page. Critics from the very first fell foul of what is called the machinery of the poem—the supernatural element in it, the magic, the spirit voices, the wizard and the book, and last but not least the goblin page of Lord Cranstoun. Indeed the goblin has been the subject of universal condemnation. Jeffrey took the lead in the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ and called him “the capital deformity of the poem” and entreated Scott to “purge the *Lay* of this ungraceful intruder.” The poet was so bewildered by this universal voice of censure and condemnation that he began to think that the critics were right and he wrong and that the Dwarf Page was indeed an “excrecence.” But an excrecence in any sense of the word, the Dwarf Page was not—he was and is an essential, integral part of the story as he was the historical origin of the *Lay*. He comes to Lord Cranstoun as a visible messenger from the ‘supernatural powers who have decided that he should marry the daughter of his enemy. Reconciliation was so incredible in days of border feuds that such an alliance would have sounded improbable except through spiritual interference, a mode not ill in harmony with Border superstition. He makes love’s interviews possible ; he seduces the child, lets him fall into the hands of the English, and thus paves the way for the combat on the chances of which lies the hope of his master’s success in getting the hand of Margaret ; and it is he who by the one spell which he could pick out of the secret book, makes it possible for Cranstoun to impersonate Deloraine without stirring the least suspicion that he was not what he looked to be. He, as he is, is certainly no excrecence and no after-thought, but as the story stands, could hardly have been purged off from the poem.

The Magic. Nor is the ladye’s magic unnecessary. The story turns upon the decree of the supernatural powers

to give Margaret in marriage to Cranstoun, and this they well knew could not be till "pride was quelled." The ladye is able through her magic to hear and understand the spirit-voices and she resolves to fight Fate by a spiritual agency. But Fate is irresistible and she fails and finally in great bitterness of heart she wreaks her vengeance on the visible beadle of Fate in the goblin by invoking the great wizard of her clan to take him to perpetual imprisonment. It must be noticed too that the magic is restrained from excessive disturbance of the action. The Ladye is not allowed by its help to foresee and prevent the English invasion for that would have made the main complication of the plot, Cranstoun's suit, impossible. The supernatural machinery may be childish, and even ridiculous but not excrescent. It interpenetrates the human story; the two hang together inseparably. Moreover let the fastidious reader bear in mind that Scott, like all great geniuses, like Homer, for instance, and Shakespeare, refused to be confined within the pinfold of demonstrable knowledge. He knew, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.

(3) *A picture of Border manners and customs.*

Scott says that the *Lay* "is intended to illustrate the manners and customs which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland." But it can not be admitted that the picture is, as it is, a true one,—the poet has embellished it with the "fairy fictions" of mediaeval romance. The stark moss-troopers were "a vigorous race living in uncertain tenure of property and life, divided into clans often at feud one with another and owning obedience to no central authority their chiefs sheepfarmers who eked out their subsistence by phender, roughly fed, roughly housed, roughly armed, and roughly mannered." The magnificence of Branksome Castle is thus out of place, and the description of Deloraine as "a good knight and true, of noble strain," however much it might be complementary to a Scott and flattering to the poet's own clan instincts, cannot be accepted without question. Though the *Lay* is thus highly coloured in its broad aspects through the lurid atmosphere of poetic fancy, suggestions of a true Border life crop out frequently as in the episode of how the Scotts "won fair Eskdale,"

the burning of Walt Linlim " Liddel Tower," the superstitious, the unappeasable ferocity of border feuds, the constant raids, the vigilant watch, the warning beacons, the grey blood hounds "trained to war," the gathering of the clans, the rapid interchange of hospitality and animosity, and perhaps, their rough loyalty, to a chief who might lead them to victory and spoil. Scott has lent not a little of the civilizing influences of his own time to soften the angularities and idiosyncracies of ancient border life,—not a little, indeed, of the glow of "poetic ornament. It can not but be said that Scott was preserving the truth of poetry at the cost of truth of history.

The picture of Border life as drawn by Scott here, may be thus summed up. A border castle was most strongly defended by the stoutest fortifications with its "embattled portal-arch," its "ponderous grate and massy bar," its dungeon keep and the moat going all round it. It was always in a state of armed readiness against raids and predatory incursions. A most elaborate system of watch-fires and beacons gave warning and acted as a summons. Clans were at enmity with clans but romantic love sometimes sprang up in secret among the members of the hostile houses. Superstitions were rampant; the black art had not yet come to be eschewed with horror; and sins were sought to be atoned for by occasional pilgrimages and payments for religious purposes. The moss-troopers spared nothing and observed no holidays but regarded it as a privilege of border life to steal, burn and plunder at all times and in the most cruel, relentless manner. The Wardens found a hard and bitter work to keep them well in hand, and themselves often led expeditions for their punishment and reparation of the mischief done by them. Disputes were not unfrequently settled by a fatal combat between two chosen warriors or the offending parties, but despite of animosities and all bitterness of feeling, there seems to have been some redeeming features in border life, characteristic devotion to the head of the clan, chivalrous respect for the fair sex, open-handed hospitality, love of valour, and defiance of all dangers and predicaments.

(4) *Being put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel.*

To make the story seem probable to contemporary readers to whom all supernatural machinery seemed puerile, the poet

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wanted to impart an antique look to the *Lay*, and this he successfully achieved by putting the narrative into the mouth of an ancient minstrel who was living in days when the belief in supernatural powers had not finally gone out and readers brought with them an easy and childlike credulity. As the poet himself says, "At length the story appeared so uncouth that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poety, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old." The old minstrel serves as an appropriate prolocutor reminding the reader at intervals "of the time, place, and circumstance of the recitation." By making him survive the Revolution (of 1688), the poet gave to his spokesman something of the refinement of modern poetry, without making him lose the simplicity of his original model.

The Characters :

The Last Minstrel. With an admirable art, the poet strikes the key-note of sympathy in the reader by presenting the figure of the old minstrel, poor, neglected, broken down with age and its infirmities, with scarcely strength enough remaining in him to carry the harp, and accompanied, as he fitly might be, by a single orphan child. Yet he had known better days; had been courted by princes and high placed in hall; had sung to kings, lords and ladies gay; had known the laws of duel and had perhaps helped in many; and his eyes moisten with tears when he thinks of an only child, who might have been the prop of his old age but who had died fighting, but he promptly checks the source of grief in him for what Scotchman can regret one who has fallen by the side of "conquering Graeme"? The poet has imparted to the weak old man some of his own enthusiastic love of art and country, and we perceive the throbbings of his feeble heart when he bursts forth into the magnificent dirge of nature's lamentation over dead poets or the indignant condemnation of one, never so proud and great, who is not filled with raptures as "home his footsteps he has turned from wandering on a foreign strand." With great relief we leave him in peaceful enjoyment of the latter end of life in a simple hut beneath Newark's tower.

The Ladye. The sudden and bloody death of her husband, has left her at the head of a clan of restless desperate free-booters, and in the midst of "mortal jar", but with an admirable self-possession and command she keeps her followers well in hand and prosecutes the war with vigour and success. She has a stern resolute nature, a pride that refuses to be quelled even at the biddings of the supernatural powers, and a consciousness of her high position and responsibility that steels her heart against the natural apprehensions of the mother's heart. The impossible must happen before she would make her daughter her foeman's bride; she would much rather see an only son perish or be carried into perpetual imprisonment than tarnish the unsullied reputation of her husband's clan and castle by surrendering them to the enemy without a blow. She has a sincere whole-hearted sympathy for every individual member of the clan — she nurses Deloraine in his illness with a patient submission — through her, she was resolved, "no friend shall meet his doom" — and is loved and adored by her men with an equally sincere and whole-hearted devotion. Cool and self-possessed in danger, she has the characteristic hospitality of border life, all its virtues and vices — she is conversant with magic but she makes no unworthy use of it, and does not seem to have been dreaded or loved any the less for it.

Margaret. Margaret reminds one of Juliet. She also has given away her heart to a foeman, and finds a mother as a possible bar in her way. But love triumphs at the end and sweeps away all obstructions. In the pretty long list of Scott's maidenly creations, Margaret holds a remarkable place. "Lovelier than the rose so red, yet paler than the violet pale," the fairest maid of Teviotdale endears herself to the reader at the very first acquaintance with her: and though she does nothing, and could not possibly have done anything, her mother and fate against her, towards the achievement of the one great end for which she seems to live, the very helplessness of her position and the delicacy of her character are her noblest passports into the heart of the reader. Our hearts throb with her and we are ourselves stretched on the rack of suspense when the combat is being fought that is to decide her fate. And our joy is nonetheless at her success, for she has done what prayers and penances could

not do, brought peace where there was contention, reconciliation of ancient hostilities, and amity and hope and joy.

The Boy. A chip of the old block, the desperate courage of the border chieftain ran in his veins. He lisped from his nurse's knees his resolution to avenge his father's murder; he bestrode the truncheon of a spear, and rode round the hall, a fancied moss-trooper, giving promise of what he would be. When we next find him in the wood, he is nothing daunted by the strangeness of the situation, faces the bloodhounds manfully and beats them back, and treats the threats and menaces of the English archers with an amount of nonchalance which wrings admiration even from his foes. The boy scarcely rued his flight as the prize of the combat, the old blood was up in him, and he longed "to see the fight." We are concerned in the fate of so brave a boy, and with deep relief and satisfaction we see him restored to his mother's lap to be reared there as the redoubtable heir of a redoubtable clan.

Deloraine. Sir William of Deloraine was a typical border raider. A stark moss-trooping Scott, stout of hand and steady of heart,

Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride.
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime.

His epithet of 'good at need' was perfectly justified by his enthusiasm and promptness in the execution of his ladye's behests, and perhaps by his being the unconscious cause of the healing up of the blood feud between the Scotts and the Cranstouns. He was totally ignorant of even the rudiments of knowledge: he could not have saved his neck by reading a line of Latin. Mass or Prayer he knew none, nor cared for any, except 'to patter an Ave Mary' when out on one of his frequent forays. But he had a bold heart and was extremely servicable. Nothing daunted by even the supernatural sights and sounds which encompassed him in the chancel of the Abbey, he took the Book out of the Wizard's grave and without waiting to do penance or take rest, he rode off back again to his mistress. In the way a mishap befalls him. He is wounded and undone by a lance-thrust

from Cranstoun but not before he has given a marvellous exhibition of his own prowess. The reader who is in the secret has pity for him in his distress for he knows that the tale's necessity requires him to be vanquished and is perhaps not unwilling to concede a little to the waspish influence of the malignant Dwarf. The finest traits of his character come out in the duel scene when rather than suffer his mistress to jeopardise herself for his sake, he runs out of his sick-bed, unawares that somebody else has done the work for him; and when he finds the gallant Musgrave lying dead on the field, with a mixture of genuine regret and rough chivalry wishes his antagonist back again to life that he might have the honour of measuring strength with him and perhaps having his revenge on him for his slaying "a sister's son to him." Deloraine seems to have been dear to the poet who has given in him along with the natural wildness and love of adventure characteristic of a border raider, traits of character which lift him in the estimation of the reader far above the common level of "the stout robber of sheep and cattle" such as the border raiders generally were.

"He was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men at arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud."

Lord Cranstoun. He was the chief of a clan in mortal feud with the Scotts of Buccleuch. But he is represented in the story as the devoted lover of Margaret, the only daughter of the Ladye who was now the head of the Scotts. And a worthy lover was he, not a temporising, fortune-hunting, puny one but a sincere and passionate admirer of Margaret, with a sterling worth and essential nobility of character, an ingrained chivalry, a dauntless courage, a great physical prowess and an equally great moral elevation.

He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall.

His encounter with Deloraine shows him to the best advantage. He gives proof that he is no mean, sneaking coward, and, when the knight falls, "his noble mind is inly moved" and he promptly bids his page stanch the wound and carry him safely home to Branksome.

We next see him in the court-yard of the castle before the fateful morning of the duel has yet dawned, taking his leave of Margaret, resolved that he should fight for Deloraine, and, if possible, win the consent of her mother but winning the combat for her. In the "dire debate" he gives another and a more singular proof of his courage and strength, beats down Musgrave, carries the boy, the prize of the victor, to his mother the Ladye, and is promised the hand of Margaret in holy wedlock. He has of course none of the desperate bravado which characterised the old border chieftains—he is no young Lochinvar—in his secret trysts with Margaret he shows not the least hint of any idea to get her in any but the most legitimate ways,—and is thus perhaps a good deal embellished by the romantic imagination of the poet. But as he is we love him and wish him happy in the company of Margaret.

The Dwarf Page. The Dwarf was scarcely "an earthly man." He thrust himself on Lord Cranstoun in a preternatural way but "of his service full fain" was he, though he was "waspish, arch, and litherlie" to others as he was awfully distorted in appearance. He once saved the life of his master by carrying him surreptitiously 'off from St. Mary's Chapel of the Lowes when the Ladye of Branksome came to burn the knight in it. He brought about the secret meetings of love between Cranstoun and Margaret; put his master on guard by giving signal of the near approach of Deloraine; carried the wounded Scott to Branksome but not before he had learnt from the magic book one secret spell that could make things appear what they were not; lured the boy out of St. David's tower into a wood; and himself stayed in the castle and personated the young heir of Branksome in his stead. This secret spell was again of great service to his master when on the early dawn of the day of combat, he had a meeting with Margaret even in the courtyard of Branksome castle and the sentries took him for an ally and friend. In the last canto the Dwarf has his share of joy in his master's wedding but his pranks upon the servants and retainers of the castle become intolerable,—suddenly there are flashes of lighting in the sky and the rolling of thunder loud and deep and the hall is filled with "smouldering smoke," and in it the elvish Dwarf vanishes for ever.

Throughout all the time he moved in human society, he was heard to speak two words only, "lost, lost, lost", and "found, found, found". Critics have long felt puzzled as to what he had lost and what he had found. Perhaps it was Michael Scott, the traditional magician of the family, who still felt interested in the fortunes of his house that had sent the imp to help in reconciling the two hostile clans of Scott and Carr by a happy alliance between two of their chief members. Thus the cry of despair referred to his having strayed away from his master and that of hope to his having been restored to him again. That he is taken away by the sea and is evident from the fact that a shape was visible,

"A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound"

And this was the shape in which William of Deloraine had seen the wizard in his grave. The mighty master was pleased to let him know only one spell—because that would be helpful in bringing about the object of his quest—and when the Dwarf attempted to pry further into the secret book, the man of might smote him sore, a blow which corrected him for ever.

• The Date of the Tale.

"The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished" (Scott's Preface). From the Introduction we learn that when the minstrel sang his *Lay*, the rebellion of Monmouth was over; the Revolution of 1688 had taken place; and "a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne". But the *Lay* itself refers to a time much earlier, falling in reign of Edward VI., when the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland was yet a child and her mother, Mary of Guise, was the Regent of Scotland (see on iii. 391). The lady of Branksome, Dame Janet Beaton, actually lived at the time, actually assembled her clan for the burning of the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, and had acquired an unenviable notoriety by her conversance with magic. There was actually a warden raid led by the hot and obstinate Lord Deere, Warden of the West Marches, at the head of a mixed army of English archers and German mercenaries. Walter Scott of Harden who came to his Lady's help, lived about the time, and so Thirlestane "ready, aye ready, for the field". The battle of Ancrum Moor which is

referred to as a recent event, was fought in 1545, and the Gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, whose death is mourned in Fitztraver's song, was beheaded about that time. All these and such-like circumstances together with the superstitious air which hangs about the poem, and the tone of chivalry which runs through it, serve to create in the mind an impression of the Tudor times when the long Civil War of the Roses had unsettled the country and left the Debateable Land a prey to hordes of cattle-lifters and moss-troopers.

The Time of Action :

"The time occupied in the action," says Scott in the preface, "is Three Nights and Three days."

I. (1), First *night*.

The feast is over at Branksome at noon and Deloraine sets out for Melrose in the evening, reaches it at midnight, and starts back out break of day :

"When Hawick he passed, had carfew rung,
Now midnight lands were in Melrose sung" °

(I, 337-8)

"The knight breathed free in the morning
wind"

(II. 274)

(1). First *day*.

The combat with Cranstoun, and the seduction of the boy into the wood, take up a whole day : "So passed the day, the *evening* fell" (III. 305).

II. (2.) Second *night*.

The watch fires are visible ; the seneschal sends out for the gathering of the clans ; intimation is despatched to the Regent of the approach of the enemy : and active preparation are made on through the night : "welcome was the keep of *day*" (III. 420).

(2). Second *day*.

The English army marches on Branksome ; after words of defiance on both sides, the arrangement is made that a duel shall decide, the quarrel and so sunk down the sun's declining ray" (V. 127).

III. (3). Third *night*.

The revelry and merriment at Branksome; the making of the lists; Margaret had a broken sleep' and is the first to rise with "the dawning day" (V. 167).

(3). Third *day*.

The combat which takes place at "the fourth hour from the keep of dawn" (IV. 558); the spousal rites are ended before "the merry hour of noon" (VI. 81-2); the feast and the franks of the Dwarf occupy the rest of the day until the sun sinks (VI. 406).

With the vanishing of the Dwarf the action really comes to an end. The Bridal and the Day of Intercession are only attended to but do not fall properly within the compass of the story.

•
The Merits and defects of *The Lay*.

The merits of the *Lay* are obvious and its defects are obvious too. There is a simplicity and sincerity in the narrative which charms the reader. The figure of the poor, old minstrel, an orphan-boy his sole companion in life, at once strikes a chord of sympathy in us, which is strengthened by the picture of Margaret loving, as it were, hopelessly when a stern mother is seen to be sternly resolved against it. The characters are admirably drawn but with no attempt at subtle analysis. But perhaps the chief interest of the poem is centred, as Scott himself tells us, in its descriptions as that of *marmion* is in its delineation of character, and of *The Lady of The Lake* in the plot. There is also to be found frequently in the *Lay* as elsewhere in Scott what Ruskin has called "the subtle aroma of place names," --romantic associations about a name giving to it a charm which is irresistible. The halo of romance which hangs about and illuminates the story; the brisk movement of incidents which are never tediously prolonged; the successful disentanglement of an almost desperate catastrophe; the sudden outwelling of the poet's inspiration on love, the death of poets, and enthusiastic patriotism,—these constitute the sterling worth and fascination of the *Lay*.

The *defects* are those of style, due to Scott's habit of hurried writing. The language is often rude and un-

polished: the rhymes are sometimes defective and seem, to have been sought for; the right word does not always appear in the right place (see on v. 198): the proper names are many of them uncouth and unpronounceable; and the grammar is not infrequently lax. But if these were weighed against the solid merits of the *Lay*, there could be little difference of opinion that the balance would incline in favour of the latter.*

The language and metre of *The Lay*.

Language:

In his verse Scott professes to have followed a great aim that of "engrafting modern refinement on ancient simplicity". In other words, he would retain the vigour and energy of the old ballad poetry but substitute the rudeness of its diction by the more artistic language of his own time. And this he seems to have done successfully. The verse never becomes dull and languid, nor ever encumbered with the highly wrought poetic ornamentation of the eighteenth century. It moves sprightly along—a rich current with a rough and ready music all its own—and has a vigour and animation that ennobles it. We quote two illustrations at random.

- (i) Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar.
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To overwhelm the foe with deadly shower.

III. 397-400.

- (ii) The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep.

V. 514-19.

Metre:—

In 1800 Sir John Stoddart, travelling in Scotland recited to the poet, Coleridge's unfinished poem of 'Christabel' from the *Miss*. Scott found in the four beat metre in which this beautiful torso is written, a mode of making the old ballad metre more flexible and perhaps more animating; and ac-

cordingly he adopted, and improved it in *The Lay*. Coleridge had laid stress on the great principle that the accents alone are to be counted and the syllables ignored, in direct contravention of the regular English prosodial notation in which the number of stressed syllable determines the metre and character of the verse. *Lay* was constructed on the four beat principle : a line might consist of any number of syllables provided it had four beats or accents, and no more. The first stanza of Canto I, is an apt illustration :

The féast | was ó'er | in Bránk | some tów'r,
And the Lád | ye had góne | to her sé | cret bów'r :
Her bów'n | that was guard | ed by wórd | and by spéll,
Déad ly | to héar | and déad | ly to téll —

Judged by the ordinary rules of English Prosody this would be an impossible mixture of iambuses, troches and anapaests. But Scott cared little as long as each line had only four stresses

The great defect of Scott's verse is the frequent accurence of bad and imperfect rhymes. Perhaps the most notorious example is in the lines :—

• Say to your lords of high *emprise*
• Who war on women and on *boys*.

In one stanza, XXVIII of V., we notice four pairs of bad rhymes : wraith, breath : loved, proved ; heartlie, courtesy ; blood, withstood, feud. The fact is, as Scott has himself said, that there was "a hurried frankness of composition" about all his writings, calculated to please all, but in which the poet had little occasion for pause or hesitation and, one might fancy, for pondering over a rhyme that proved troublesome or refused to be accommodated to the idea.

The Story of the *Lay*.

Canto I. The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome Hall, and the first incident that occurs is a dialogue between the spirits of the adjoining mountain and river, who after consulting the stars, declare that no good fortune can ever bless the mansion "till pride be quelled, and love be free." The Lady, whose forbidden studies had taught her to understand the language of such speakers, over hears their conversation, and vows, if possible, to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a

gallant knight of her train therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the Abbey of Melrose, and there to ask from the Monk of St. Mary's Aisle, the mighty book that was hid in the tomb of the Wizard, Michael Scott. The remainder of the first Canto is occupied with the night Journey of the warrior.

Canto II. When he delivers his message the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels to the spot where the wizard was interred; and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tombstone, and is dazzled by the streaming splendour of an ever—burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the side of the deceased, and hurries home with it in his bosom. In the meantime, Lord Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats, and the lover rides away.

Canto III. Advancing he finds it to be the messenger from Banksome, with whom, as an hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to enter immediately into combat. The poor knight fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock and falls desperately wounded to the ground; while Lord Cranstoun, relenting to the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him to the castle, and gallops home before any alarm can be given. Lord Cranstoun's page is something unearthly. It is a little misshapen dwarf whom he found one day when he was hunting in a solitary glen, and took home with him. It never speaks except now and then to cry "lost! lost! lost!" and is, on the whole, a hateful, malicious little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded Borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in opening, and has hardly had time to read a single spell in it when he is struck down by an invisible hand, and the claps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This one spell, however, enables him to practice every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse and leads him into the castle, while the warders

see nothing but a wain of Lay. He throws him down unperceived at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleuch at play, and assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he assumes his own shape and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him, and carry him off, while the goblin page returns to the castle, where he personates the young baron to the great annoyance of the whole inhabitants. The lady finds the wounded knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of the disaster. The lovely Margaret in the meantime is sitting in her turret gazing on the western star, and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beacons that announce the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparations made throughout the mansion for defence.

Canto IV. The English force, under the command of the Lords Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the castle, leading with them the young Buccleuch, and propose that the lady should either give up Sir William of Deloraine (who had been her messenger to Melrose), as having incurred the guilt of March treason, or receive an English garrison within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever get admittance into her fortress. The English lords being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succours to the besieged, agree to the proposal of the combat, and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty or detained in bondage according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day, and a truce being proclaimed in the meantime, the opposing bands mingle in hospitality and friendship.

Canto V. Deloraine being wounded was expected to appear by a champion, and some contention arises for the honour of that substitution. This however, is speedily terminated by a person in the armour of the warrior himself, who encounters the English Champion, slays him, and leads the captive young chieftain to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half clothed and

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1805.

THE Poem now offered to the Public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author, than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient metrical romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the changes of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a poem, which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is three nights and three days.

INTRODUCTION.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy :
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer, courted and caressed, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne : 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door :
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25
The harp a King had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door 35
Against the desolate and poor.

The Duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well : 40
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied, 45
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :
 And he began to talk, anon,
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter, rest him God ! 50
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :
 And how full many a tale he knew,
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain, 55
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ; 60
 The aged Minstrel audience gained.
 But, when he reached the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied :
 For, when to tune his harp he tried, 65
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please ;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain. 70
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain 75
 He could recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to King Charles the Good, 80
When he kept court at Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed, •
And an uncertain warbling made— 85
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled.
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy ! 90
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost, 95
In the full tide of song were lost :
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. 100

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
Her bower, that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well ! 5
Nō living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loitered through the lofty hall, 10
Or crowded round the ample fire.
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor. 15

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall, 20
Waited, duteous, on them all :
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword and spur on heel ; 25
 They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day, nor yet by night :
 They lay down to rest
 With corslet laced,
 Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ; 30
 They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten : 35
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow :
 A hundred more fed free in stall :— 40
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
 Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?
 They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying ;
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying— 45
 To see St. George's red cross streaming,—
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming :
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, 50
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—
 Many a valiant knight is here :
 But he, the Chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall, 55
 Beside his broken spear.

Bards long shall tell
 How Lord Walter fell !
 When startled burghers fled, afar, .
 The furies of the Border war ;
 When the streets of high Dunedin
 Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

60

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
 Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal, .
 Can love of blessed charity ?
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew :
 Implored, in vain, the grace divine,
 For chiefs their own red falchions slew.
 While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
 While Ettricke boasts the line of Scott,
 • The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
 ' The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot !

65

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IX.

In sorrow, o'er Lord Walter's bier, .
 The warlike foresters had bent,
 And many a flower, and many a tear,
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent ;
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
 The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !
 Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had locked the source of softer woe :
 And burning pride, and high disdain,
 Forbade the rising tear to flow, .
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—
 " And, if I live to be a man,
 My father's death revenged shall be ! "
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

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X.

All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair, 95
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied ;
 For hopeless love, and anxious fear 100
 Had lent their mingled tide ;
 Nor in her mother's altered eye
 Dared she to look for sympathy.
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
 With Carr in arms had stood, 105
 When Mathouse Burn to Melrose ran,
 All purple with their blood.
 And well she knew, her mother dread,
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
 Would see her on her dying bed. 110

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came :
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :
 He learned the art, that none may name, 115
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.
 Men said, he changed his mortal frame
 By feat of magic mystery ;
 For when, in studious mood, he paced
 St. Andrew's cloistered hall,
 His form no darkening shadow traced 120
 Upon the sunny wall !

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
 He taught that Ladye fair,
 Till to her bidding she could bow
 The viewless forms of air. 125
 And now she sits in secret bower,
 In old Lord David's western tower,
 And listens to a heavy sound,
 That moans the mossy turrets round.

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide, 130
 That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
 Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?
 Is it the echo from the rocks ?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round ? 135

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl,
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight 140
 Swore that a storm was near,
 And looked forth to view the night,
 But the night was still and clear !

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chafing with the mountain's side, 145
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm,
 The Ladye knew it well.
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke, 150
 And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleepest thou, brother ?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Brother, nay ;
 On my hills the moon-beams play—
 From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-Pen,
 By every rill, in every glen, 155
 Merry elves their morrice pacing,
 To aerial minstrelsy,
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet ! 160
 Up, and list their music sweet !"

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream ;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam. 165
 Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars ?
 What shall be the maiden's fate ?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate ?"

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll, 170
 In utter darkness round the pole ;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt is dim ;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star ; 175
 Ill may I read their high decree :
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
 Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceased, 180
 And the heavy sound was still ;
 It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
 But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near ; 185
 For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
 She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throbbed high with pride :
 "Your mountains shall bend, 190
 And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride !"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay.
And, with jocund din, among them all, 195
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
In mimic foray rode. 200
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the gray warriors prophesied, 205
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high
One moment, and no more ; 210
One moment gazed with a mother's eye
As she paused at the arched door ;
Then, from amid the armed train,
She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scot was he 215
As e'er couched Border lance by knee :
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross :
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ; 220
In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one ;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride :
Alike to him was tide or time, 225
Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;

Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen. 230

XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
And in Melrose's holy pile 235
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the father well from me ;
Say, that the fated hour is come.
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb : 240
For this will be St Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

" What he gives thee, see thou keep : 245
Stay not thou for food or sleep :
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look :
If thou readest, thou art lorn !
Better hadst thou ne'er been born." 250

XXIV.

" O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
" Again will I be here :
And safer by none may thy errand be done, 255
Than, noble dame, by me ;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed, 260

Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
 And soon the Teviot side he won.
 Eastward the wooded path he rode ;
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod :
 He passed the Peel of Goldiland, 265
 And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dimly he viewed the Moat hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round :
 In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
 Behind him soon they set in night ; 27
 And soon he spurred his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark : —
 " Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark."
 " For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejoined, 275
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turned him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horsliehill . 28
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slacked his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed ;
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, 285
 And loosened in the sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crag the moon-beams glint,
 Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint ;
 Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest, 290
 'Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy ;
 Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
 The terrors of the robber's horn ;
 Cliffs which, for many a later year, 295
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine
 To ancient Riddell's fair domain, 300
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come :
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad, 305
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow ;
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ; 310
 For he was barded from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
 Never heavier man and horse
 Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say, 315
 Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
 Yet, through good heart, and our Ladye's grace,
 At length he gained the landing-place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the marchman won,
 And sternly shook his plumèd head, 320
 As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;
 For on his soul the slaughter red
 Of that unhallowed morn arose,
 When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;
 When royal James beheld the fray, 325
 Prize to the victor of the day ;
 When Heme, and Douglas in the van,
 Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
 Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear. 330

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurrèd fast,
 And soon the hated heath was passed ;

And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran :
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray, 335
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abnaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung,
The sound upon the fitful gale
In solemn wise did rise and fall, 340
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached 'twas silence all ;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall. 345

Here paused the harp ; and with its swell,
The Minstrel's fire and courage fell :
Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek in every eye 350
If they approved his minstrelsy ;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wandering long,
Had done his harp and hand some wrong. 355
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle ladye there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody ;
His hand was true, his voice was clear, 300
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the aged man,
After meet rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night, 5
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white :
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower :
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die . 10
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while --
 Then view St David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear, 15
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there :
 Little recked he of the scene so fair,
 With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
 He struck full loud, and struck full long. 20
 The porter hurried to the gate—
 'Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ?'
 'From Branksome I,' the warrior cried ;
 And straight the wicket opened wide :
 For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood 25
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
 And lands and living, many a rood,
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
 The porter bent his humble head ; 30
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
 And noiseless step, the path he trod ;

'The arched cloisters, far and wide,
 Rang to the warrior's clanking stride ;
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest, 35
 He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
 And lifted his barred aventayle
 To hail the monk of St Mayr's aisle.

IV.

'The Ladve of Branksome greets thee by me .
 Says that the fated hour is come, 40
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
 'To win the treasure of the tomb.'
 From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rea'd ;
 A hundred years had flung their snows 45
 On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the Knight looked he,
 And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide ;
 " And, darest thou, warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ? 50
 My breast, in belt of iron pent,
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
 For threescore years, in penance spent,
 My knees those flinty stones have worn ;
 Yet all too little to atone 55
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Wouldst thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear--
 Then, daring warrior, follow me." 60

VI.

" Penance, father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray : 65

Other prayer can I none ;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."—

VII.

Again on the Knight looked the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold, 70
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high :—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay ; 75
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glistened there, 80
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth ;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north. 85
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright, 90
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall ;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small ; 95
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;

The corbels were carved grotesque and grim
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around, 100
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon, and banner, riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
 Around the screened altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn, 105
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant Chief of Otterburne,
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !
 O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid ! 110

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliated tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand, 115
 In many a freakish knot had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint, 120
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moon-beam kissed the holy pane, 125
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
 A Scottish monarch slept below ;
 Thus spoke the Monk in solemn tone :—
 "I was not always a man of woe ; 130

For Paynim countries I have trod,
 And fought beneath the Cross of God ;
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

“In these far climes, it was my lot 135
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
 A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame ! 140
 Some of his skill he taught to me ;
 And, Warrior, I could say to thee
 The words, that cleft Eildon hills in three,
 And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone ;
 But to speak them were a deadly sin ; 145
 And for having but thought them my heart within.
 A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

“When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 His conscience was awakened ;
 He bethought him of his sinful deed, 150
 And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
 I was in Spain when the morning rose,
 But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
 The words may not again be said
 That he spoke to me on death-bed laid ; 155
 They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
 And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV

“I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
 That never mortal might therein look ;
 And never to tell where it was hid, 160
 Save at his chief of Branksome's need ;
 And when that need was past and o'er,
 Again the volume to restore.

I buried him on St Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright ; 165
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's Cross might o'er him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread, 170
When Michael in the tomb I laid !
Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast,"
Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled ONE - -
I tell you, that a braver man 175
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior ! now, the Cross of Red 180
Points to the grave of the mighty dead,
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night :
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."-- 185
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :
He pointed to a secret nook ;
An iron bar the Warrior took ;—
And the Monk made a sign with his withered hand, 190
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain. 195
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.

I would you had been there, to see
 How the light broke forth so gloriously,
 Streamed upwards to the chancel roof, 200
 And through the galleries far aloof !
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright ;
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
 And, issuing from the tomb,
 Showed the Monk's cowl and visage pale, 205
 Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
 And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay
 As if he had not been dead a day.
 His hoary beard in silver rolled, 210
 He seemed some seventy winters old.
 A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea.
 His left hand held his Book of Might ; 215
 A silver cross was in his right ;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee :
 High and majestic was his look,
 At which the fellest fiends had shook,
 And all unruffled was his face :— 220
 They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
 Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
 And trampled down the warriors slain,
 And neither known remorse nor awe ; 225
 Yet now remorse and awe he owned ;
 His breath came thick, his head swam round,
 When this strange scene of death he saw.
 Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
 And the priest prayed fervently and loud : 230
 With eyes averted prayed he ;
 He might not endure the sight to see,
 Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said : -- 235
“Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those thou mayst not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone.”
Then Deloraine, in terror, took 240
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound :—
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned ;
But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the Warrior’s sight. 245

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o’er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom ;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ;
And as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain, 250
They hardly might the postern gain.
’Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast ;
And through the cloi-ter-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall, 255
Low sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ; 260
I say the tale as ’twas said to me.

XXIII.

“Now, hie thee hence,” the Father said,
“And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done !”— 265
The monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped ;
When the convent met at the moontide bell—

The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead !
 Before the cross was the body laid, 270
 With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
 And strove his hardihood to find :
 He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray,
 Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ; 275
 For the Mystic Book, to his bosom pressed,
 Felt like a load upon his breast :
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
 Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day 280
 Began to brighten Cheviot gray ;
 He joyed to see the cheerful light,
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
 The sun had brightened the Carter's side : 285
 And soon beneath the rising day
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
 The wild birds told their warbling tale :
 And wakened every flower that blows :
 And peeped forth the violet pale, 290
 And spread her breast the mountain rose :
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale. 295

XXVI.

Why does the fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastily :
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ?
 Why does she stop, and look often around, 300
 As she glides down the secret stair ?

And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair ?
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ? 305

XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
The Ladye caresses the rough bloodhound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
The watchman's bugle is not blown, 310
For he was her foster father's son ;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn boughs are set. 315
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall ;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid, 320
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half-sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon pressed ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold— 325
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy ;
Your waving locks ye backward throw, 330
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :—
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale ;

And how the Knight, with tender fire,
 To paint his faithful passion strove ; 335
 Swore he might at her feet expire,
 But never, never cease to love ;
 And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
 And, half consenting, half denied,
 And said that she would die a maid :— 340
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
 My harp has lost th' enchanting strain ; 345
 Its lightness would my age reprove :
 My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold :—
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld, 350
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
 And held his crested helm and spear.
 That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,
 If the tales were true that of him ran
 Through all the Border, far and near. 355
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
 He heard a voice cry, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,
 A leap, of thirty feet and three, 360
 Made from the gorge this elfin shape,
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed ;
 'Tis said that five good miles he rade, 365
 To rid him of his company ;
 But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said,
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron stayed ; 370
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock ;
 And oft apart his arms he tossed,
 And often muttered, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie, 375
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
 And he of his service was full fain :
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,
 An' it had not been his ministry.
 All between Home and Hermitage, 380
 Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
 And took with him this elvish Page,
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes ;
 For there, beside Our Lady's lake, 385
 An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
 But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
 Of the best that would ride at her command :
 The trysting place was Newark Lee. 390
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,
 And thither came John of Thirlestane,
 And thither came William of Deloraine :
 They were three hundred spears and three,
 Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream, 395
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
 They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;
 But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
 They burned the chapel for very rage,
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page. 400

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
 As under the aged oak he stood,

The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high, 405
And signs to the lovers to part and fly ;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove :
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ; 410
Vaulted the knight on his steed again,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail 415
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine,
He raised the silver cup on high, 420
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see,
How long, how deep, how zealously, 425
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ,
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them, and laughed,
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul : 430
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old ;
 And said I that my blood was cold,
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor withered heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love ?— 5
 How could I to the dearest theme,
 That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false, a recreant prove !
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my harp to notes of flame ! 10

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ,
 In hamlets, dances on the green,
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove. 15
 And men below, and saints above .
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,
 He rode through Banksome's hawthorn green. 20
 But the Page shouted wild and shrill—
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray, 25
 Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay ;
 His armour red with many a stain ;
 He seemed in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live long night ,
 For it was William of Deloraine. 30

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;
 For his ready spear was in his rest
 Few were the words, and stern and high, 35
 That marked the foeman's feudal hate ;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seemed to know
 That each was other's mortal foe ; 40
 And snorted fire, when wheeled around,
 To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
 He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer ;
 The prayer was to his patron saint, 45
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sighed, nor prayed,
 Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid ;
 But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
 And spurred his steed to full career. 50
 The meeting of these champions proud
 Seemed like the hursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !
 The stately Baron backwards bent ;
 Bent backwards to his horse's tail, 55
 And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;
 The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
 Into a thousand flinders flew,
 But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
 Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ; 60
 Through shield, and jack, and acon passed,
 Deep in his bosom broke at last. —
 Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
 Till, tumbling in the mortal shock,
 Down went the steed, the girthing broke, 65

Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course ;
Nor knew—so giddy rolled his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he reined his courser round, 70
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state, 75
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate ;
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
“This shalt thou do without delay ;
No longer here myself may stay : 80
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.”—

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
The Goblin Page behind abode :
His lord's command he ne'er withstood, 85
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book !
Much he marvelled, a knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride : 90
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp ;
For when the first he had undone, 95
It closed as he the next began.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristened hand,

Till he smeared the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore ; 100
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read.
 It had much of glamour might,
 Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall 105
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth. 110

X.

He had not read another spell,
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.
 From the ground he rose dismayed, 115
 And shook his huge and matted head ;
 One word he muttered, and no more—
 "Man of age, thou smitest sore !"

No more the Elfin Page durst try
 Into the wondrous Book to pry ; 120
 The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,
 Shut faster than they were before.
 He hid it underneath his cloak.—
 Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
 I cannot tell, so mot I thrive : 125
 It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed,
 To do his master's high behest :
 He lifted up the living corse,
 And laid it on the weary horse : 130
 He led him into Branksome hall,
 Before the beards of the warders all ;
 And each did after swear and say,
 There only passed a wain of hay.

He took him to Lord David's tower, 135
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye, 140
Was always done maliciously ;
He flung the Warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport : 145
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For, at a word, he it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good ;
Seemed to the boy some comrade gay,
Led him forth to the woods to play ; 150
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook ;
'The running stream dissolved the spell, 155
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child :
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen : 160
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited ;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild ;
'The woodland brook he bounding crossed, 165
And laughed, and shouted, "Lost ! Lost ! Lost !" —

XIV

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frightened, as a child might be,

At the wild yell and visage strange,
 And the dark words of gramarye, 170
 The child, amidst the forest bower,
 Stood rooted like a lily flower ;
 And when at length, with trembling pace,
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,
 He feared to see that grisly face 175
 Glare from some thicket on his way,
 Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
 And deeper in the wood is gone,—
 For aye the more he sought his way,
 The farther still he went astray,— 180
 Until he heard the mountains round
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouthed bark
 Comes nigher still, and nigher ;
 Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound, 185
 His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
 And his red eye shot fire.
 Soon as the wildered child saw he,
 He flew at him right furiously.
 I ween you would have seen with joy 190
 The bearing of the gallant boy,
 When, worthy of his noble sire,
 His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire,
 He faced the bloodhound manfully,
 And held his little bat on high : 195
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
 At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
 But still in act to spring ;
 When dashed an archer through the glade,
 And when he saw the hound was stayed, 200
 He drew his tough bow-string ;
 But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy !
 Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'tis a boy !"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
 And checked his fellow's surly mood, 205

And quelled the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow deer
Five hundred feet him fro' ; 210
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face ;
Old England's sign, St George's cross, 215
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer. 220

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantily to his knee :
• And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he ;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span, 225
No longer fence had he :
He never counted him a man
Would strike below the knee ;
His slackened bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his bloodhound's band. 230

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm, •
That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently. 235
"Now, by St George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize !
'This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

"Yes, I am come of high degree, 240
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
 And, if thou dost not set me free,
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !
 For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
 And William of Deloraine, good at need, 245
 And every Scott from Eske to Tweed ;
 And, if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow !"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy ! 250
 My mind was never set so high ;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command,
 Our wardens had need to keep good order : 255
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
 I think our work is well begun, 260
 When we have taken thy father's son."—

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
 For so the Dwarf his part did play ;
 And, in the shape of that young boy, 265
 He wrought the castle much annoy.
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinched, and beat, and overthrew ;
 Nay, some of them he well nigh slew.
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire ;
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,
 And wofully scorched the hackbutteer.

It may be hardly thought, or said,
The mischief that the urchin made ;
Till many of the castle guessed
That the young Baron was possessed !

XXII.

Well I ween, the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled ;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine. 280

 Much she wondered to find him lie,
 On the stone threshold stretched along ;
She thought some spirit of the sky
 Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong, 295
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read ;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound, 290
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
No longer by his couch she stood ;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore, 295
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er,
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
'Twisted, as if she galled his wound.

Then to her maidens she did say, 300
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toiled ; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So passed the day—the evening fell, 305
'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;

The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
 Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour, 310
 Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
 Touched a wild note, and all between 315
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green,
 Her golden hair streamed free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star. 320

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
 Is yon red glare the western star ?— 325
 O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
 Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
 For well she knew the fire of death !

XXVI.

The Warder viewed it blazing strong,
 And blew his war-note loud and long, 330
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river rung around,
 The blast alarmed the festal-hall,
 And startled forth the warriors all ,
 Far downward, in the castle-yard, 335
 Full many a torch and cresset glared :
 And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
 Were in the blaze half seen, half lost ;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook. 340

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,
 Stood, in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud :—
 " On Penchryst glows a bale of fire, 345
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire ;
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout !
 Mount, mount for Branksome, every man !
 Thou, 'Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 350
 That ever are true and stout.—
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
 For, when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life, 355
 And warn the warden of the strife,
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise."

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread, 360
 While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung ;
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes, 365
 And out ! and out !
 In lasty rout
 The horsemen galloped forth ;
 Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north, 370
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,

And ruddy blushed the heaven : 375
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
 Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven.
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen, 380
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
 Each from each the signal caught ;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn, 385
 Haunted by the lonely earn ;
 On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ; 390
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel ;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang, 395
 Sent forth the larum-peal ;
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ; 400
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward ;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil, 405
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;
 Cheered the young knights, and counsel sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought, 410

Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.

Some said, that there were thousands ten ;
And others weened that it was nought

But Leven clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black mail ;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,

415

Might drive them lightly back again.

So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

420

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song ;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.

Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer ;

425

No son, to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way ?—

“Ay ! once he had—but he was dead !”

Upon the harp he stooped his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.

430

In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot ! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill, **5**
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn. **10**

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime.
Its earliest course was doomed to know
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid ! —
Enough—he died the death of fame :
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread ;
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.

From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy, 35
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side, 40
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock,
At his lone gate, and prove the lock ;
It was but St Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night, 45
But fled at morning ; well they knew,
In vain he never twanged the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said, 50
"I think'twill prove a Warden-Raid."

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag, •
That through a bog, from hag to hag 55
Could bound like any Bilhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain ;
A half-clothed serf was all their train :
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, 60
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed, and lean withal :
A battered morion on his brow : •
A leathern jack, as fence enow, 65
On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
A Border-axe behind was slung ;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore ;

His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength, 70
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe :—
"Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear. 75
And all the German hackbut men,
Who have long lain at Askerten :
They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower ;
The fiend receive their souls therefor ! 80
It had not been burned this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight ;
But I was chased the live-long night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme, 85
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh-Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite ; 90
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale ;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand 95
Three thousand armed Englishmen.—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettricke shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste, 100
There was pricking o'er moor and lee ;
He that was last at the trysting place,
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,
 From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height, 105
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave
 Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
 The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
 To wreath his shield, since royal James
 Encamped by Fala's mossy wave, 110
 The proud distinction grateful gave,
 For faith 'mid feudal jars ;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
 Would march to southern wars ; 115
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
 Hence his motto shines revealed,—
 "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

• An aged knight, to danger steeled, 120
 With many a moss-trooper came on ;
 And azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower, 125
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
 His wood-embosomed mansion stood ;
 In the dark glen, so deep below :
 The herds of plundered England low :— 130
 His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows and blood.
 Marauding chief ! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight :
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms, 135
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms :
 And still, in age, he spurned at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet pressed,
 Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow. 140

Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band ;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, 145
 Came trooping down the Todshaw hill ;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Hearken, Lady, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.— 150
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude ;
 High of heart, and haughty of word, 155
 Little they recked of a tame liege-lord.
 The Earl to fair Eskdale came,
 Homage and seignory to claim :
 Of Gilbert the Galliard, a heriot he sought,
 Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought." 160
 "Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he helped me at pinch of need ;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
 I can ra'n Bucksfoot better than thou."
 Word on word gave fuel to fire, 165
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's fire,
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there then lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ; 170
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see !
 Full fain avenged would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke, 175
 Saying, "Take these traitors to thy yoke :

For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattison's clan,
 If thou leavest on Esk a landed man ! 180
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone.
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon."
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
 To Eskdale soon he spurred amain, 185
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
 He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,
 And bade them hold them close and still ;
 And alone he wended to the plain,
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train. 190
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said ---
 "Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ,
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due, 195
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 If my horn I three times wind,
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn :
 "Little care we for thy winded horn. 200
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot." ---
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse, 205
 That the dun deer startled at fair Craikcross ;
 He blew again so loud and clear.
 Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear !
 And the third blast rang with such a din,
 That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn, 210
 And all his riders came lightly in.
 Then had you seen a gallant shock,
 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
 A Beattison on the field was laid. 215

His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through :
 Where the Beattison's blood mixed with the rill
 The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
 The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan, 220
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
 The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 And warriors more than I may name ; 225
 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
 From Woodhousele to Chester-glen,
 Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear :
 Their gathering word was " Bellenden !"
 And better hearts o'er Border sod 230
 To siege or rescue never rode,
 The Ladye marked the aids come in.
 And high her heart of pride arose :
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend. 235
 And learn to face his foes
 " The boy is ripe to look on war ;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff : 240
 The Red Cross, on a southern breast,
 Is broader than the raven's nest :
 Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield."—

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily Page 245
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
 He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
 And moaned and plained in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told, 250

Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
She blushed blood-red for very shame :—
“ Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn’s lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e’er be son of mine !”

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad,
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omened elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain, 205
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile :
● But as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream, 270
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost ! "
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft ●
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, ● 275
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again,
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain ;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, 280
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaimed the approaching south an foe. 285
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men ;

While broke at times the solemn hum, 290
 The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum :
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear ;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green, 300
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear. 295

XVII.

Light forayers first, to view the ground.
 Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round .
 Behind, in close array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast, 305
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band.
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand .
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 With kirtles white, and crosses red, 310
 Arrayed beneath the banner tall,
 That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall .
 And minstrels, as they marched in order,
 Played, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, 310
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array.
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay 315
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, owned no lord .
 They were not armed like England's sons,
 But bore the levin darting guns ;
 Buff-coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er, 320
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade :
 All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung, 325

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, . 330
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
 There many a youthful knight, full keen
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,
 With favour in his crest, or glove,
 Memorial of his lady-love. 335
 So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthened lines display ;
 Then called a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, "St George, for merry England !"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent, 340
 On Branksome's armed towers was bent.
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;
 On battlement and bartizan
 Gleamed axe, and spear, and partisan . 345
 Falcon and culver, on each tower,
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower .
 And flashing armour frequent broke
 From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
 Where upon tower and turret head, 350
 The seething pitch and molten lead
 Reeked, like a witch's caldron red.
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
 The wicket opes, and from the wall
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal. 355

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
 His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
 He ruled his eager courser's gait ;

Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance, 360
 And, high curvetting, slow advance :
 In sign of truce, his better hand
 Displayed a peeled willow wand ;
 His squire, attending in the rear,
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear. 365
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array,
 To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you 370
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band, 375
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?
 My Ladye reads you swith return :
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest,
 As scare one swallow from her nest,— 380
 St Mary ! but we'll light a brand,
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word :—
 "May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal, 385
 To seek the castle's outward wall :
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,
 Both why he came, and when we go."—
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall's outward circle came ; 390
 Each chief around leaned on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.
 All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
 The lion argent decked his breast ;
 He led a boy of blooming hue— 395

O sight to meet a mother's view !
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said :

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,	400
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords ;	
But yet they may not tamely see,	
All through the western wardenry,	
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,	
And burn and spoil the Border-side ;	405
And ill beseems your rank and birth	
To make your towers a flemens-firth.	
We claim from thee Wilham of Deloraine,	
That he may suffer march-treason pain :	
It was but last St Cuthbert's even	410
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,	
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,	
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.	
Then, since a lone and widowed Dame,	
These restless riders may not tame.	415
Either receive within thy towers	
Two hundred of my master's powers,	
Or straight they sound their warrison,	
And storm and spoil thy garrison,	
And this fair boy, to London led,	420
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.	

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,	
And stretched his little arms on high ;	
Implored for aid each well-known face,	
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace,	425
A moment changed that Ladve's cheer,	
Gushed to her eve the unbidden tear ,	
She gazed upon the leaders round,	
And dark and sad each warrior frowned ;	
Then, deep within her sobbing breast	430
She locked the struggling sigh to rest ;	

Unaltered and collected stopd,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood :

XXVI.

“Say to your lords of high emprize
Who war on women and on boys, 435
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
Gainst Musgrave, for his honour’s sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good, 440
But William may count with him kin and blood,
Knighthood he took of Douglas’ sword,
When English blood swelled Ancram’s ford :
And but that Lord Dacre’s steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight, 445
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome’s line,
God be his aid, and God be mine !
Through me no friend shall meet his doom :
Here, while I live, no foe finds room. 450
Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
“ Take our defiance loud and high :
Our slogan is their ike-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.”

XXVII.

Proud she looked round, applause to claim— 455
Then lightened Thirlestane’s eye of flame ;
His bugle Watt of Harden blew :
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
“ St. Mary for the young Buccleuch ! ”— 460
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear ;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear :
Each minstrel’s war-note loud was blown,— 465
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

• XXVIII.

" Ah ! noble Lords ! " he breathless said,
 " What treason has your march betrayed ?
 What make you here, from aid so far, 470
 Before you walls, around you war ?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ; 475
 The lances, waving in train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain :
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good, 480
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come !
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home. 485
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wandered long :
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong ;
 And hard I've spurred all night, to show 490
 The mustering of the coming foe." —

XXIX.

" And let them come ! " fierce Dacre cried,
 " For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee, 495
 From Branksome's highest towers displayed
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid ;—
 Level each harquebuss on row ;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry, 500
 Dacre for England, win or die ! " —

XXX.

" Yet hear," quoth Howard, " calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear ;

For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back ? 505
 But thus to risk our Border flower
 In strife against a kingdom's power,
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
 Certes were desperate policy.
 Nay, take the terms the Lady made 510
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid :
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
 In single fight ; and, if he gain,
 He gains for us ; but if he's crossed,
 'Tis but a single warrior lost : 515
 The rest, retreating as they came,
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."—

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
 His brother-warden's sage rebuke ;
 And yet his forward step he stayed, 520
 And slow and sullenly obeyed.
 But ne'er again the Border-side
 Did these two lords in friendship ride ;
 And this slight discontent, men say,
 Cost blood upon another day. 525

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
 Before the castle took his stand ;
 His trumpet called, with parleying strain,
 The leaders of the Scottish land ;
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530
 Stout Deloraine to single fight ;
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said :—
 "If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine, 535
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.

Howe'er it falls, the English band, 540
 Unharming Scots,*by Scots unharmed,
 In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."—

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief, 545
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsayed ;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sa k they knew,
 How tardy was the Regent's aid ;
 And you may guess the noble Dame 550
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed
 That lists should be inclosed with speed. 555
 •Beneath the castle, on a lawn :
 They fixed the morrow for the strife,
 • On foot, with Scottish axe and knife.
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed, 560
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand,
 • Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
 Full many minstrels sing and say, 565
 Such combat should be made on horse ;
 On foaming steed, in full career,
 • With brand to aid, when as the spear
 Should shiver in the course :
 But he, the jovial Harper, taught 570
 Me, vet a youth, how it was fought,
 In guise which now I say ;
 He knew each ordinance and clause
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
 In the old Douglas' day. 575

He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
 Or call his song untrue ;
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride, 580¹
 The Bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's sides, in fight they stood,
 And tuneful hands were stained with blood :
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave. 585

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragged my master to his tomb ;
 How Ousenani's maidens tore their hair,
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him 590
 Who died at Jedwood Air ?
 He died !—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold silent grave are gone :
 And I, alas ! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore, 595
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envy heard before ;
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again 600
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain ;
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvelled the Duchess how so well
 His legendary song could tell— 605
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ; 610
 Of chiefs, who under their gray stone

So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled ; 615
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their toil 620
For the vain tribute of a smile ;
Even when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise.
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze. 625

Smiled then, well pleased, the Aged Man,
And thus his tale continued ran

— — —

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone, 5
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groan, reply : 10
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things manimate can mourn :
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale, 15
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the poet's faithful song.
 And, with the poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death. 20
 The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot.
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :
 The phantom Knight, his glory fled, 25
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead :
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle plain :
 The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song, 30
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own.
 His ashes undistinguished lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die :

His groans the lonely caverns fill, 35
His tears of rage impel the rill ;
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,
The terms of truce were scarcely made. 40
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march and martial powers :
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
Bright spears, above the columns dun, 45
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

'Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
' From the fair Middle Marches came : 50
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
'Vails not to tell what speeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.
'Their men in battle-order set ; 55
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet,
Nor list I say, what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lanimmermore, 60
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar.
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "a Home ! a Home !" 65

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went ;

To every chief and lord they paid
 Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid :
 And told them,—how a truce was made, 70
 And how a day of fight was ta'en
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine :
 And how the ladye prayed them dear,
 That all would stay the fight to see.
 And deign, in love and courtesy, 75
 To taste of Branksome cheer.
 Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
 Were England's noble Lords forgot.
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal,
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80
 'Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight
 Was never dubbed, more bold in fight,
 Not, when from war and armour free,
 More famed for stately courtesy : 85
 But angry Dacre rather chose
 In his pavillion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met ?
 Deeming it were no easy task 90
 To keep the truce which here was set :
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows:
 By habit, and by nation, foes, 95
 They met on Teviot's strand :
 They met, and sate them mingled down,
 Without a threat, without a frown,
 As brothers meet in foreign land .
 The hands, the spear that lately grasped, 100
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
 Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,
 And many a friend to friend made known.
 Partook of social cheer. 105

Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
With dice and draught some chased the day ;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play. 110

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown.
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged.
Had dyed with gore the green : 115
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death ;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share, 120
Had found a bloody sheath.
• Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day ;
But yet on Branksome's towers and town, 125
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
Decayed not with the dying day ;
Soon through the latticed windows tall, 130
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang •
With merry harp and beakers' clang ; 135
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watch word of their clan ;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim 140
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died ;
 And you might hear, from Branksome-hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ; 145
 Save, when the changing sentinel
 'The challenge of his watch could tell :
 And save where, through the dark profound,
 'The clanging axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn ; 150
 For many a busy hand toiled there,
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare,
 Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, 155
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;
 Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh :
 For many a noble warrior strove
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 160
 And many a bold ally.—
 With throbbing head and anxious heart,
 All in her lonely bower apart,
 In broken sleep she lay :
 By times, from silken couch she rose : 165
 While yet the bannered hosts repose,
 She viewed the dawning day :
 Of all the lundreds sunk to rest,
 First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, 170
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;
 Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
 Had rung the live-long yesterday ;
 Now still as death ; till, stalking slow,—
 The jingling spurs announced his tread,— 175

A stately warrior passed below ;
 But when he raised his plumed head—
 Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—
 Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 180
 With fearless step and free.
 She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
 Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
 His blood the price must pay !
 Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears, 185
 Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
 Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small — for well
 You may bethink you of the spell
 Of that sly urchin page ; 190
 This to his lord he did impart,
 And made him seem, by glamour art,
 A knight from Hermitage.
 Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
 The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed, 195
 For all the vassalage :
 But, Oh ! what magic's quaint disguise
 Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
 She started from her seat ;
 While with surprise and fear she strove, 200
 And both could scarcely master love—
 Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose had
 That foul malicious urchin had
 To bring this meeting round ; 205
 For happy love's a heavenly sight,
 And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found ;
 And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought
 Their erring passion might have wrought 210
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight.
 And to the gentle Ladye bright,
 Disgrace and loss of fame
 But earthly spirit could not tell 215
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven.
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly. 220
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die,
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, 225
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her Knight
 To tell you of the approaching fight

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan 230
 In haste, the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran :
 Thick round the lists their lances stood.
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood :
 To Branksome many a look they threw, 235
 The combatants' approach to view,
 And handied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favoured most

XV

Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;
 For now arose disputed claim, 240
 Of who should fight, for Deloraine,
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane :
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
 But yet not long the strife— for, lo ! 245
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
 Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,

In armour sheathed from top to toe,
 Appeared, and craved the combat due.
 The Dame her charm successful knew, 250
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
 The stately Lady's silken rein
 Did noble Howard hold ;
 Unarmed, by her side he walked, 255
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talked
 Of feats of arms of old
 Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
 With satin slashed, and lined ; 260
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
 His cloak was all of Poland fur,
 His hose with silver twined ;
 His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
 Hung in a broad, and studded belt, 265
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
 Called noble Howard, Belted Will

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground : 270
 White was her wimple, and her veil,
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale
 Of whitest roses bound ;
 The lordly Angus, by her side,
 In courtesy to cheer her tried ; 275
 Without his aid, her hand in vain
 Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
 He deemed she shuddered at the sight
 Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
 But cause of terror, all unguessed, 280
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
 The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch	
An English knight led forth to view ;	285
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,	
So much he longed to see the fight.	
Within the lists, in knightly pride,	
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;	
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,	290
As marshals of the mortal field ;	
While to each knight their care assigned	
Like vantage of the sun and wind.	
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,	
In King and Queen, and Warden's name,	295
That none, while lasts the strife,	
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,	
Aid to a champion to afford,	
On peril of his life ;	
And not a breath the silence broke,	300
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—	

XIX.

English Herald.

'Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,	
Good knight and true, and freely born,	
Amends from Deloraine to crave,	
For foul despicable scathe and scorn.	305
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine	
Is traitor false by Border laws ;	
This with his sword he will maintain,	
So help him God, and his good cause !'	

XX.

Scottish Herald.

'Here standeth William of Deloraine,	310
Good knight and true, of noble strain,	
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,	

Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;
 And that, so help him God above !
 He will on Musgrave's body prove, • 315
 He lies most foully in his throat.'

Lord Barre.

'Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
 Sound trumpets !'——

Lord Home.

——"God defend the right !"
 Then, Teviot ! how thine echoes rang, 320
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
 Let loose the martial foes,
 And in mid list, with shield poised high,
 And measured step and wary eye,
 The combatants did close. 325

XXI.

• Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear
 How to the axe the helms did sound,
 And blood poured down from many a wound ;
 For desperate was the strife, and long, 330
 And either warrior fierce and strong.
 But, were each dame a listening knight,
 I well could tell how warriors fight !
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing, 335
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
 And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
 To yield a step for death or life.

XXII.

"Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
 Has stretched him on the bloody plain ; 340
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !
 Thence never shalt thou rise again !

He chokes in blood —some friendly hand
 Undo the visor's barred band,
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp, 345
 And give him room for life to gasp !
 O, bootless aid ! —haste, holy Friar,
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven ! 350

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped ;—
 His naked foot was dyed with red,
 As through the lists he ran ;
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hailed the conqueror's victory. 355
 He raised the dying man ;
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer :
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye : 360
 And still he bends an anxious ear,
 His faltering penitence to hear,
 Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart, 365
 And bids him trust in God !
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er '—
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight, 370
 The silent victor stands ;
 His beaver he did not unclasp,
 Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
 Of gratulating hands.
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise, 375
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise
 Among the Scottish bands ;

And all, amid the thronged array,
 In panic haste gave open way
 To a half-naked ghastly man, 380
 Who downward from the castle ran .
 He crossed the barriers at a bound,
 And wild and haggard looked around,
 As dizzy, and in pain ;
 And all, upon the armed ground, 385
 Knew William of Deloraine !
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed :
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
 "And who art thou," they cried,
 "Who hast this battle fought and won ?" 390
 His plumed helm was soon undone—
 "Cranstoun of Teviot-side !
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,'—
 And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed, 395
 And often pressed him to her breast ;
 For, under all her dauntless show,
 Her heart had throbbèd at every blow :
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
 Though low he kneelèd at her feet.— 400
 Me lists not tell what words were made,
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard, said—
 For Howard was a generous foe—
 And how the clan united prayed,
 The Ladye would the feud forego, 405
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour
 Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She looked to river, looked to hill, •
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
 Then broke her silence stern and still,— 410
 "Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me ;
 Their influence kindly stars may shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
 For pride is quelled, and love is free."—

She took fair Margaret by the hand, 415
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ;
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :—
 "As I am true to thee and thine,
 Do thou be true to me and mine !
 This clasp of love our bond shall be ; 420
 For this is your betrothing day,
 And all these noble lords shall stay,
 To grace it with their company."—

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
 Much of the story she did gain ; 425
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
 And of his Page, and of the Book,
 Which from the wounded knight he took ;
 And how he sought her castle high,
 That morn, by help of gramarye ; 430
 How, in Sir William's armour dight,
 Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
 He took on him the single fight.
 But half his tale he left unsaid,
 And lingered till he joined the maid.— 435
 Cared not the Ladye to betray
 Her mystic arts in view of day ;
 But well she thought, ere midnight came,
 Of that strange page the pride to tame,
 From his foul hands the Book to save, 440
 And send it back to Michael's grave.—
 Needs not to tell each tender word
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;
 Nor how she told of former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose, 445
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows—
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell ;
 One day,* fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had wakened from his death-like trance ; 450
 And taught that, in the listed plain,

Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran, 455
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved, 460
He greeted him right heartilie :
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy ;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood, 465
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now, 470
When on dead Musgrave he looked down :
Grief darkned on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown ;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made : 475

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
I ween, my deadly enemy ;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
And when I lay in dungeon dark, 480
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was 'long of thee.
And Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I, 485
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die.
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know,
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here, 490

Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
 Thou wert the best to follow gear !
 'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind,
 To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
 Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way, 495
 And with the bugle rouse the fray !
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."

XXX.

So mourned he, till Lord Dacre's band
 Were bowing back to Cumberland. 500
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
 And laid him on his bloody shield ;
 On levelled lances, four and four,
 By turns, the noble burden bore :
 Before, at times, upon the gale, 505
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail ;
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul :
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode :
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trode ; 510
 And thus the gallant knight they bore,
 Through Liddesdale, to Leven's shore :
 Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
 And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hushed the song, 515
 The mimic march of death prolong ;
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear :
 Now seems some mountain-side to sweep,
 Now faintly dies in valley deep ; 520
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
 Now the sad requiem loads the gale ;
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell, 525
 Why he, who touched the harp so well,

Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand. 530

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer 535
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned, 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand !—
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood, 20
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand,
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been, 25
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray, 30
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek ;

Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
'Though there, forgotten and alone, 35
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorned like me ! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
'Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ; 40
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
'They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate, 45
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
'They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare 50
 'The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight :
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair, 55
And kirtles furred with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs, and ringing chainlets sound :
And hard it were for Bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ; 60
'That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace, 65
So much she feared each holy place.

False slanders these :—I trust right well,
 She wrought not by forbidden spell ;
 For mighty words and signs have power
 O'er sprites in planetary hour : 70
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.
 But this for faithful truth I say,—
 The Ladye by the altar stood,
 Of sable velvet her array, 75
 And on her head a crimson hood,
 With pearls embroidered and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist. 80

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
 And in the loft archèd hall
 Was spread the gorgeous festival.
 Steward and squire, with heedful haste, 85
 Marshalled the rank of every guest :
 Pages, with ready blade, were there,
 The knightly meal to carve and share :
 O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane.
 And princely peacock's gilded train, 90
 And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,
 And cygnet from St Mary's wave ;
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,
 The priest had spoke his benison.
 Then rose the riot and the din, 95
 Above, beneath, without, within !
 For, from the lofty balcony,
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;
 Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
 Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed ; 100
 Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
 To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
 The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
 The clamour joined with whistling scream,

And flapped their wings, and shook their bells, 105
 In concert with the stage-hounds' yells.
 Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
 From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
 And all is mirth and revelry. 110

VII.

The Goblin-Page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy ;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, 115
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly crossed,
 About some steeds his band had lost,
 High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill ; 120
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-sword ;
 He took it on the Page's saye,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose, 125
 The kindling discord to compose :
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood, 130
 His bosom gored with many a wound,
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found ;
 Unknown the manner of his death,
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath ;
 But ever from that time, 'twas said, 135
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The Dwarf, who feared his master's eye
 Might his foul treachery espie,
 Now sought the castle buttery,
 Where many a yeoman, bold and free, 140

Revelled as merrily and well
 As those that sat in lordly selle.
 Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
 The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes ;
 And he, as by his breeding bound, 145
 To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
 To quit them, on the English side,
 Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
 "A deep carouse to yon fair bride !"

At every pledge, from vat and pail, 150
 Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale ;
 While shout the riders every one,
 Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
 Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
 When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en. 155

IX.

The wily Page, with vengeful thought,
 Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew.
 And swore, it should be dearly bought,
 That ever he the arrow drew.

First, he the yeoman did molest, 160
 With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;
 Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
 And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife :
 Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
 At unawares he wrought him harm ; 165
 From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
 Dashed from his lips his can of beer ;
 Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
 With bodkin pierced him to the bone :
 The venom'd wound and festering joint, 170
 Long after rued that bodkin's point.
 The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
 And board and flagons overturned ;
 Riot and clamour wild began ;
 Back to the hall the Urchin ran ; 175
 Took in a darkling nook his post,
 And grinned, and muttered, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay. 180
And first stept forth old Albert Græme.
The Minstrel of that ancient name :
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debatable ;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin, 185
Whoever, lost were sure to win ;
They sought the beeves, that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said. 190

XI.

Albert Græme.

It was an English Ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun, 195
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ; 200
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see 205
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
 When dead, in her true love's arms she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all. 210

He pierced her brother to the heart,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;—
 So perish all who true love part,
 That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine, 215
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And died for her sake in Palestine,
 So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,) 220
 Pray for their souls who died for love,
 For Love shall still be lord of all !

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
 Afose a bard of loftier poë ;
 For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay, 225
 Renowned in haughty Henry's court :
 There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
 Fitztraver of the silver song !
 The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
 Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ? 230
 His was the hero's soul of fire,
 And his the bard's immortal name,
 And his was love, exalted high
 By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar, 235
 And oft, within some olive grove,
 When even came, with twinkling star,
 They sung of Surrey's absent love.

His step the Italian peasant stayed,
And deemed that spirits from on high, 240
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver ! Oh, what tongue may say 245
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down. 250
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came ;
Lord William's foremost favourite he, 255
And chief of all his minstrelsy,

XVI

Fitztraver.

'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high ;
He heard the midnight-bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art, 260
To shew to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim ;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him. 265

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light

On mystic implements of magic might ; 270
 On cross, and character, and talisman,
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright ;
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
 As watch-light, by the bed of some departing man. ;

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror, huge and high, 275
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;
 And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
 Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream ;
 Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
 To form a lordly and a lofty room, 280
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
 The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind ! 285
 O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
 All in her night robe loose, she lay reclined,
 And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
 Some strain, that seemed her inmost soul to find :— 290
 That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form
 And swept the goodly vision all away—
 So royal envy rolled the murky storm 295
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine, 300
 The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

XXI.

Both Scots and Southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song :
These hated Henry's name as death.
And those still held the ancient faith.— 305
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair ;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come,
Harold was born where restless seas 310
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !— 315
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim, Odin rode her wave ;
And watched, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
For all of wonderful and wild 320
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful,
In these rude isles might Fancy cull ;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's of roving war, 325
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food ;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave,
And there, in many a stormy vale, 330
The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,— 335
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;

Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;
 Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom 340
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
 Ransacked the graves of warriors old.
 Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 And bade the dead arise to arms ! 345
 With war and wonder all on flame,
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
 He learned a milder minstrelsy ;
 Yet something of the Northern spell 350
 Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

Harold.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. 355
 —“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
 “ The blackening wave is edged with white ; 360
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
 “ Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ; 365
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ” —
 “ Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ba'll,
 But that my ladye-mother there 370
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."— 375

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock, 380
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen :
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud.
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ; 385
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound, 390
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh •
The lordly line of high St. Clair, 395

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holv vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there, 400
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle,

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall, 405

Though, long before the sinking day,
 A wondrous shade involved them all :
 It was not eddyng mist or fog,
 Drained by the sun from fen or bog :
 Of no eclipse had sages told : 410
 And yet, as it came on apace,
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
 Could scarce his own stretched behold.
 A secret horror checked the feast,
 And chilled the soul of every guest ; 415
 Even the high Dame stood half-aghast
 She knew some evil on the blast ;
 The elvish Page fell to the ground,
 And, shuddering, muttered, "Found ! found ! found !"

XXV.

Then, sudden, through the darkened air 420
 A flash of lightning came ;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seemed on flame ;
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall ; 425
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone ;
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flashed the levin brand,
 And filled the hall with smouldering smoke, 430
 As on the elvish Page it broke.
 It broke, with thunder long and loud,
 Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,—
 From sea to sea the larum rung ;
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal, 435
 To arms the startled warders sprung.
 When ended was the dreadful roar,
 The elvish dwarf was seen no more.

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all ; 440

That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the Page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand, 445
 And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence prayed and shook,
 And terror dimmed each lofty look :
 But none of all the astonished train
 Was so dismayed as Deloraine ; 450
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return ;
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him, of whom the story ran,
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man. 455
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
 That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, 460
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
 And knew—but how it mattered not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling, heard the wondrous tale : 465
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,
 That he a pilgrimage would take 470
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
 Of Michael's restless sprite.
 Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some blessed saint his prayers addressed—
 Some to St. Modan made their vows, 475
 Some to St. Mary of the Lowes
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;

Each did his patron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take, 480
 And monks should sing, and bells should toll.
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en and prayers were prayed,
 'Tis said the noble Dame, dismayed,
 Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid. 485

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
 Which after in short space befell ;
 Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
 Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir :
 After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain 490
 To wake the note of mirth again.
 More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence and prayer divine,
 When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine. • 495

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
 The standers-by might hear uneath,
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath, 500
 Through all the lengthened row :
 No lordly look, no martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown ;
 Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide 505
 To the high altar's hallowed side,
 And there they kneeled them down ;
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the lettered stones were laid 510
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnished niche around,
 Stern saints, and tortured martyrs, frowned.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular, 515
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy Fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner, flourished fair 520
 With the Redeemer's name.
 Above the prostrate pilgrim hand
 The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
 And blessed them as they kneeled ;
 With holy cross he signed them all, 525
 And prayed they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal, 530
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose ;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song,— 535
 'DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;'
 While the pealing organ rung ;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain, 540
 Thus the holy Fathers sung ;—

XXXI.

Hymn for the Dead.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ? 545
 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day, 550
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be 'THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

HUSHED is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
 And did he wander forth alone ? 555
 Alone, in indigence and age,
 To linger out his pilgrimage ?
 No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
 A simple hut ; but there was seen 560
 The little garden hedged with green,
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
 There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;
 For much he loved to ope his door, 565
 And give the aid he begged before.
 So passed the winter's day ; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the blue bells on Newark heath ; 570
 When throstles sung in Hare head-shaw,
 And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
 And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
 'The aged Harper's soul awoke !
 Then would he sing achievements high, 575
 And circumstance of chivalry,
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day ;
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ; 580
 And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

THE END.

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NOTES.

(The letter **G** after a word indicates that it will be found in the Glossary at end).

Lay, song, a narrative poem whether set to music or not. **The Last Minstrel**. He lived in the time of William III. He was 'the last of all the bards' his 'tuneful brethren' being all dead and even his 'harmless art' branded as a crime. The story of his present lay runs back to the time of the unfortunate queen Mary of Scotland, when superstitions were yet rampant in the minds of men.

The thought strikes one that the *last* of the *race* was not *he* but the poet Sir Walter Scott himself!

INTRODUCTION.

The Introduction serves a fourfold purpose :

.1) It shows the old harper in an appropriate background. The weary length of the way, the chill wind, the minstrel's weakness, wrinkled face and withered looks, the harp his only consolation and that carried by an *orphan* boy, 'his *tuneful* brethren' all gone, his own profession so decried and dishonoured that he too wishes to be with them, the contrast between what he was and is - once on 'prancing palfrey borne' but now a footsore wanderer, - his old age under a strange monarch in an iron time, the oppression and neglect that have reduced him from the rank of an honoured, royal guest to mere beggary - all these at once demand the reader's fullest measure of sympathy for the forgotten art and its votaries, and show the poor survivor to the best possible advantage and in the clearest perspective.

(2) It, incidentally, gives a history of the art.

Once honoured by kings, and listened to with rapt attention by "high-dames and mighty earls", it fell upon adverse days under the Commonwealth when an Act of Parliament classed the minstrels with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." The Restoration witnessed a revival but after the great Revolution, a stranger sat on the throne of the Stuarts, old times were changed, old manners were gone, and the wandering harper, though not reprobated as a criminal, was no more cared for and left to beg a scanty and meagre livelihood from door to door.

(3) It prepares the reader for that picture of the feudal times which the poet draws so marvellously in the poem that follows. We almost see the stately tower with its 'ponderous grate' and 'massy bar', its 'embattled portal-arch', ready for a sudden Border raid and strong enough to roll back the tide of war. Nor are we left without an insight into the character of the inmates—their sturdiness and valour in war, their frank loyalty to their chiefs, their genial hospitality and warmth of feelings.

(4) It puts the mind of the reader in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem. Thus is avoided that feeling of artificiality and unnaturalness which would have impressed him disagreeably if the poet were to sing in his own person a song of romance and magic to a highly incredulous audience. Old times and old manners are aptly restored in a Border tale by a Border minstrel. We are asked to put us a few centuries back and we willingly concede.

The 'setting' of the poem is thus in all conscience admirable.

1. Notice that nothing is said about the minstrel's goal: he was a wandering harper, 'doon wast', going wherever his eyes might lead him.

2. **Minstrel**, a wandering poet much the same, at least in Scott's estimation, as a bard (for which see on l. 7): **G. infirm**, sick and feeble.

3-4. Though he was now old, his cheek withered and his tresses grey, he was once young and happy. The *cheek* and the *tresses* are spoken of as having known a better day: this is part for the whole or fig. *Metonymy*. **withered**, dried and wrinkled. **tresses grey**, white hairs. **tresses**, curls of hair. The word is from a Greek root meaning 'in three parts' a relic of the times when the hair was braided in three plaits. **Seemed** etc, indicated by traces yet remaining of careful tending that *he* had once known etc.

5. **sole**, only. **remaining joy**, surviving source of consolation. All other joys had passed away: he was living among "strange faces, other minds."

6. None but a parentless child *would* accompany him. Verily an *orphan* is a fit companion for a poor, solitary harper!

7. **bards**, wandering poets (like the *outs* of our country.) It is a Celtic name anciently given to a class of Druids who devoted themselves to celebrating in song the great deeds of their warlike fellow-countrymen. The custom of attaching such singers to a nobleman's family long continued in Scotland. Bards were held in high esteem among the Welsh (see Gray's *Bard*); and in Ireland, Spenser writing of the state of Ireland about 1598, speaks of them as "poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises and dispraises of men in theyr poems and rimes." The word is now simply equivalent to 'poet'.

sung, sang. **Border chivalry**, the contests and feuds perpetually waged between the dwellers on the borderland of Scotland and England. **chivalry**, adventure on horseback. The word is from Fr. *cheval*, a horse. It was about 1607 after the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne as James I. that a formal end was put to border raids by an Act of Parliament.

9. **well-a-day**, alas; **G. date**, time of honour and importance. **fled**, gone.

10. **tuneful brethren**, fellow-minstrels.

12. Wished that he too were dead and at rest for ever from all neglect and oppression.

13-14. No more riding on a gallant, high-mettled horse, he sang as lightly and merrily as a lark in the early morning.

prancing, bounding, spirited. Even the horse then felt and shared his joy. **palfrey**, a saddle or riding horse as distinct from a charger or war-horse. **carolled**, sang. **G. light**, merrily. English poets are profuse in their applause of the skylark's song.

15-18. No more was he treated with fondness and affection and received as a welcome guest in a gentleman's family. No more lords and ladies deigned to listen to his extempore songs. His art was now at discount and himself neglected.

courted, flattered. **caressed**, tenderly treated, fondled.

High placed in hall, honoured with a seat on the dais. In the time of the *Lap*, a gentleman dined in the same hall with his family and guests, servants and retainers. The former sat on an elevated platform on which a travelling minstrel would be accommodated.

poured, sang easily and freely. **lady gay**: 'gay' is an instance of what is called a permanent epithet, i.e. one always associated with a name. *E. G.* Sir William Deloraine is always called 'good-at-need'.

unpremeditated, extempore, impromptu, not composed or *meditated* beforehand. The expression occurs in Milton and Shelley.

19. **old manners** when minstrels were held in high honour.

20. **A stanger** is William III. who had been invited over in

1688 to sit on the throne of the Stuart kings ending with James II. The Stuart dynasty came in with James I. after the death of Elizabeth.

21-22. The Puritans condemned minstrelsy as all other amusements and arts, as a crime. An ordinance passed under Cromwell classed the strolling "fiddlers and minstrels" among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." Even the organ, the grandest instrument of religious music, was likened to the whining of a pig and removed from the church. The theatres were closed, bear-baiting made an offence, the festivities of the May-day suspended. The result was that the minstrels as a class, "neglected and oppressed," died out.

bigots, religious fanatics, men so addicted to their own views that they would persecute others who happen to think otherwise. **iron time**, the days of the Puritan domination. The Puritans were in the ascendant during the Commonwealth; their power declined after the Restoration; and revived after William III had taken his seat on the English throne. **iron**, stern and hard **called**, denounced. **harmless**, innocent.

23. **wandering harper**, strolling musician.

25-26. And now that he was fallen upon evil days, he sang to his harp to please, not a king but a peasant.

tuned the harp made music, sang to the accompaniment of his harp. **a king**, the reference in the case of this particular minstrel is to king Charles I to whom he had once sung (see l. 80). It might be taken generally also to mean that harpers had once been honoured guests even with princes and kings.

27-28. He passed by where the stately tower of Newark raises its head above the thick cluster of birches growing on the banks of the Yarrow. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, "Towers and battlements it sees, Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

Newark's tower, a ruinous square tower on the Yarrow, about three miles from Selkirk, built by James II of Scotland as a hunting seat. It came into the possession of the Buccleuch family after the battle of Flodden. **stately**, magnificent. **Looks out**, commands a wide prospect. **Yarrow**, a river in Selkirkshire, much celebrated in poetry. Wordsworth wrote three poems on it. **birchen**, of birch-trees (that grew so thick as to form a bower). *en* is an old adjectival termination surviving in *wooden*, *oaken*, *golden*, *earthen* &c. **bower**, a shady arbour; **G**.

29-30. Much is expressed in these two lines: the old, weather-beaten, weary minstrel's natural wish to rest and the fear that it might seem presumptuous to seek it in "a stately tower" alas! his happy days were gone! the hesitation, the desire that there might be an humbler resting-place, the wistful look, the trembling heart, and at last the desperate resolution to enter the castle.

gazed, looked at the castle. **wistful**, eager ; **G. nigh**, near

32. **embattled portal-arch**, arched gateway fortified or crowned with battlements. **embattle**=to set in battle array : hence to furnish with battlements.

33. **ponderous grate**, heavy portcullis, a moveable gate lowered down from above in front of the ordinary gate to guard it against assault. It was made of "crossed timbers ending in iron points" : hence *grate*. **massy**, massive, heavy. **bar**, the iron bar with which a door is closed.

34. Had in times of assault often foiled the attempts of the enemy to take the castle by storm. This is fig. *metaphor* or a 'compressed simile' : - Just as sea waves are rolled back by a sea-wall, so the advancing forces of the enemy were checked by the portcullis.

35-36. But though firm and unyielding to the enemy, the door was always open to the poor. **the iron door** : 'iron' is not an idle or ornamental epithet, (1) it was the material of which the door was made. (2) it by an implied metaphor tersely depicts the heart of the owner as not 'hard as iron' but 'soft and generous'. **desolate**, needy.

37. **The Duches**. Anne, first Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of James, Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II, who disputed the throne with James II. and was by his orders executed after his defeat at Sedgemoor in 1685. **marked**, saw.

38. **mien**, look, appearance. **reverend**, venerable, white bearded.

39. **Bade**, ordered. **Page**, a youthful servant. Probably derived from a Greek root meaning 'a little boy'. In Chaucer the word means 'an infant'. **the menials**, household servants, now restricted to mean those who do the lowest kind of work. May be from Lat. *manus*=hand or *mansio*=a place of abode, mansion.

40. **tend**, treat. **well**, becomingly, decently, tenderly.

41-44. She was so kind to the poor suffering minstrel because she had herself known what suffering is having in the very bloom of youth and beauty, wept over the execution of her dear lord and husband (the Duke of Monmouth). Personal experience of distress made her feel sympathy for one in distress.

41. She had known the bitterness of unkind days. **adversity**, poverty, sufferings.

42. Though born in such a high rank. **high degree**, exalted position.

43-44. She had known adversity because she had wept &c. **pride**, height. **beauty's bloom**, blossom of youthful charms. Byron has the expression, "O snatched away in beauty's bloom." **Monmouth**, her husband. See on l. 37). **bloody tomb**, execution.

45. When the kind Duches had given him proper food and drink, and thus supplied his wants. **kindness** is fig. *metonymy*, the feeling of the duchess being put for herself.

46. **gratified**, very pleased.

47. His pride as a minstrel began to rise in him. With pride he remembered that he was a veritable store-house of old traditions and forgotten reminiscences. See Canto iv. 601-616.

48-51. And he began to speak of some famous ancestors of the Buccleuch family, e. g., Earls Francis and Walter, brave fighters, braver none all the country round. **anon**, soon. Orig. 'at once.' **Earl Francis**, Francis Scott was the father of the duchess, and **Earl Walter** her grandfather. **rest him God**, may God give place to his soul. **A braver**, *i. e.* a soldier braver than Walter.

52-63. This is an indirect report of what the minstrel said: 'I know full many a tale of the old warriors of this noble family.'

full, very. **many a tale**, there is the same relation between 'many a tale' and 'many tales' as between 'every' and 'all', it 'brings' single members of the group more before us than 'many tales' which simply treats of them as one uniform mass. **Buccleuch**, for the traditional origin of the name, see *canto* vi. 154-5.

54-55. And if the noble duchess were pleased to listen to an old man's song. This is a modest request.

would, if she would. **deign**, be pleased, condescend. **strain**, song.

56-59. If the duchess would vouchsafe to listen, the old man could make music that would please her though he was old now and his voice weak, his hand stiff **stiff his hand**, his fingers rigid and therefore not capable of moving swiftly over the strings. **voice weak**, and therefore not capable of singing sweetly. **even yet**, in spite of these deficiencies. **the sooth to speak**, to tell the truth, to speak truly. 'Sooth to say' is more common but 'speak' is needed for rhyme's sake. **to her ear**, *i. e.* pleasing or agreeable to her.

60. The favour of singing asked for so humbly and modestly, was soon granted by the duchess. **boon**, 'a prayer' and then 'the thing prayed for.' **humble**, modest and modestly asked for.

61. **audience gained**, gained a hearing, *i. e.* the duchess replied in answer to his petition that she would hear him. The old minstrel did not ask the boon face to face but through one of the attendants who now carried back the reply of the lady to him.

62. **the room of state**, the hall, the reception room. Lit. 'the Durbar hall'.

63. **ladies**, 'bower maidens', companions.

64. In the presence of the duchess the old man was so bewildered that he wished that the boon had been *denied* (and not granted) him. **Perchance**, it may be.

65-70. For when he tried to tune his harp, (1) his hand trembled, (2) he lost that easiness of feeling which is necessary for pleasing others, (3) scenes and events long past crowded so perplexingly into his mind that he tried to tune his harp in vain.

66-7. **the ease...please**, the easy feeling which is a sure sign of one's confidence in one's power to please. When a man is sure that he has the ability to please others, he is easy: when he has not that confidence, he is not easy. And without 'easiness', good music is impossible. The minstrel was far from 'easy' in the exalted presence of the duchess. **security**, does *not* mean 'safety' but 'freedom from care' (*sine*, without, and *cura*, care). Cf. "Security is mortals' chiefest enemy": "man may *securely* sin but safely never."

68. Recollections of the varied scenes of his own life in the past.

69. **'wildering**, wildly, confusedly, in a puzzling way. *Wilder* is the simple form of the more common compound '*to bewilder*,' i.e. 'to lose in *wild* places or in a wilderness.' Comp. iii 15, "the *wildered* child." **aged**, weak.

71-2. We have already seen how very tender-hearted the duchess was: she had received the old man hospitably, had ordered her servants to tend him well, had condescended to listen to him, and now that he was puzzled and diffident, she praised his music, and gave him time, just to let him recover his lost confidence.

its chime, the harmonious sound of the harp: **G. heart**, courage, praised him that he might recover or confidence. **time** to recover self-possession.

73-4. (And so the minstrel recovered confidence and the full stream of music burst forth). The joyful note of every string agreeing and blending with the equally joyful note of every other string, produced a harmonious combination of sounds.

string, the harp is a stringed instrument of music. **according glee**, glad note according or agreeing with the glad note of the other strings. *According*, *concord*, *discord*, though implying musical harmony, are all from Lat. *cor*, *cord-is*, a heart, and *not* from *chord-a*, a string. Fr. *accorder*, to agree.

blended into harmony, mixed up or combined so as to produce a melody.

75. **would full fain**, wished heartily, eagerly, very much (that).

76. **recall an ancient strain**, remember an old song.

77. Which he never expected to sing again. 'Never thought'

because times were changed and the song being made not for churls but high-born ladies and noble lords, it was doubtful if any such would ever deign to listen to it.

78-9. The song was not meant for peasants but for high ladies and mighty lords.

framed, made. **churls**, (1) men *not* of noble birth, (2) rustics, (3) boorish fellows. Here it means (1). The *churls* formed originally the lowest rank of freemen.

80-1. He had sung that song to king Charles I when he held court in Edinburgh.

King Charles the Good. Charles I visited Scotland in 1633, and lived in the royal palace of Holyrood where the ceremony of the king's coronation was held with great state and solemnity. The minstrel calls him 'the Good' in no political sense but because the king had once condescended to hear him.

Holyrood, the royal palace in Edinburgh, so called probably because it was dedicated to the *'holy rood'* or 'cross.

82-3. He would but he dared not sing it since he had long forgotten it. **feared** lest he should fail. **melody**, song

84-90. The old man tried to reproduce that melody. His fingers moved among the strings and as they struck out a wrong tune (not the one he was hunting for) he nodded his head in sign of dissatisfaction till at last when he had caught the right note, he raised his face, smiled, and his eyes were aglow with a transport of joy. Pitt was greatly delighted with these lines and remarked, "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry."

84. **strayed**, moved in an uncertain way, loitered.

85. **uncertain warbling**, a harmony vague, meaningless, not to the purpose: a tune not the one he wanted. *Warbling* is more generally applied to singing, especially of a bird.

hoary, white. **shook** as one does by way of saying 'yes' or 'no'.

87. **caught**, lightened on, struck out. **the measure wild**, the romantic note. *Wild* might also be taken as = rough and irregular. This might almost be regarded as Scott's verdict on his own poem.

89-90. His faded eye lightened up with etc. **faded**, bleared, with age. **lightened up**, glowed, brightened. **a poet's ecstasy**, the inspiration and madness of joy felt by a poet, the poetic afflatus. Ecstasy is lit. being 'beside oneself' with emotion.

91-2. His fingers swept, moved rapidly, over the strings producing a varied music, now soft, now high. He struck out a melody ranging through all the notes of the gamut. **varying cadence**, changeful modulation, manifold notes such as soft and strong. **the sounding chords**, the music-making strings.

93-94. In the ecstasy of delight he forgot everything—his toils and wants in the *past*, the awe and grandeur of the *present* scene, the miseries awaiting him in the *future*. **forgot**, more properly 'forgotten' but the inflectional ending was clipped here for a rhyme with 'lot'.

95-96. The rapturous music indicated that he was no more diffident and that old age had neither deadened his spirits nor enfeebled his voice.

Cold diffidence, the want of confidence in his own powers which a little while before had damped his spirits, numbed his energies. He had lost his 'ease' with diffidence, it now came back to him when he had recovered complete self-possession.

age's frost, the natural weakening of powers due to old age. As frost renders the ground useless, so old age exercises a chilling deadening influence on men's spirits. This is a 'metaphor' or implied comparison between 'old age' and 'frost'.

97-98. Whatever he could not remember of the old song (he had once sung to King Charles the Good, l. 80), he supplied under the inspiration of the moment. The minstrel could sing an "unpremeditated lay": he could easily supply any of the forgotten verses of the old song.

blank, gap, forgotten link. **void**, not retained. **faithless memory**, memory acting faithlessly or disloyally to him in forgetting portions of the song.

glowing thought, inspiration, enthusiastic imagination.

99-100. **his harp responsive rung**, his harp rang in response to his song, *i. e.* bore time to it. **rung**, **sung**, the more proper past tenses are *rang* and *sang*. But the other forms are permissible in poetry and colloquial English. **Latest**, last. A distinction is now observed between the two words—*latest* applies to time, *last* to order. This minstrel was both the latest in time and last of all his 'tuneful brethren'.

CANTO I.

This Canto is heavy with magic and supernatural voices. We are told here that:

1. The custom of Branksome castle was to keep in readiness, night and day, 20 stout knights and as many squires and yeomen and a stable of gallant chargers all clad in complete steel.

2. This armed preparation was necessary against any sudden raid from the English side of the Border, such raids being too frequent in those days.

3. The chieftain Sir Walter Scott was dead having fallen in one of these raids.

4. There was a perpetual enmity between his family, the Scotts, and the Carrs.

5. The present owner of Branksome castle was an old Ladye, the widow of Sir Walter, who had

(1) a son, a chip of the old block, who had even on his nurse's knee taken an oath to avenge his father's death ; and

(2) a daughter of marriageable age, the flower of Teviot, who had secretly given away her heart to Lord Cranstoun, an ally of the Carrs.

6. The Lady was nobly descended and had learned magic from her father, a notorious wizard.

7. By the help of the black art she could divine spirit voices and now learned from a conversation between a mountain-spirit and a river-spirit that no good would come to Branksome till "pride be quelled and love be free" (*i.e.* till the mother gave her daughter's hand to Lord Cranstoun).

8. The Ladye resolved that it should never be so.

9. She then summoned to her Sir William of Deloraine, a 'stark moss-trooping Scot', and sent him to Melrose Abbey for a book to be dug out of a grave on St. Michael's night and conveyed to her in utter secrecy.

10. Sir William started immediately, and spurring hard over rough and smooth, reached Melrose at dead midnight.

The *motif* of the poem is thus suggested in this canto: the daughter of a house would marry an enemy, the chief of a hostile family, and the mother resolved by fair means or foul to prevent it. Around this simple plot develops a romance of marvellous beauty and picturesqueness.

1. **Branksome Tower.** Branksome or *Branyholm*, is in the valley of the Teviot. In the reign of James I of Scotland, the head of the Buccleuch family came in possession of it and made it his principal residence.

2. **the Ladye**, widow of Sir Walter Scott referred to in stanza vii. and at the time the owner of the tower. The final *e* is added to give the word an antique look in imitation of the old ballads. So *idlesse* for 'idleness' in l. 8. **secret**, where she carried on the black art in secret. **bower**, apartment ; **G.**

3-4. The bower was guarded against evil spirits and unland ghosts by terrible incantations uttered around it. The ladye had walked round it and uttered the charms by way of making an imaginary cordon to shut out the ghosts and spirits.

spell, a form of magic words, incantations supposed to possess magical powers of protection ; **G. word**, magic words **Deadly**.

such as may well cause our hairs to stand on end, a shiver to pass through us. Deadly for both the teller and the hearer.

5. "The direct invocation of Jesus and Mary seems to identify the reader with the knights or ladies crossing themselves as they looked at the magic bower." **Jesu Maria**, a composite invocation of Jesus and his Mother the Virgin Mary. This line Scott himself acknowledged to have taken from Coleridge's *Christabel* 54.

6-7. No man or woman save the Ladye, ever dared to enter the bower. **wight** person; **G.** **save**, except. **had dared**, would have dared. **the threshold stone**, the stone forming the threshold or entrance to the bower.

8. **drawn** aside from the centre to the sides of the hall, taken away since 'the feast was over'. **idlesse**, idleness. See on l. 2. **all**, perfect, complete.

9. "A well-born boy was placed at the age of 12 among the household of a knight, where as a **page** he fulfilled lowly offices. In two years he became a **squire**, and engaged in higher duties in attendance on the knight, whose arms he carried. Then at the age of 21 he might himself become a **knight**, thus attaining the last of the degrees of chivalry." **squire**, **G.**

10-11. **Loitered**, walked aimlessly. **ample fire**, big fireplace, large hearth.

12-15. The stag-hounds weary running after the game all day, now squatted upon the rush of the floor, and in dreams chased it over again from the Teviot to Eskdale.

the rushy floor, the floor covered with rush which at the time of the tale was used for carpets. **urged the forest race**, pursued or chased the game. **urged**, pressed on, ran rapidly after. **From** etc. all over the valley lying between the Teviot, a river in Roxburghshire falling into the Tweed, and Eskdale, a mountainous tract in the N. W. of the Esk valley. **stone**, bank. **moor**, swampy land.

THE CUSTOM OF BRANKSOME HALL.

Situated on the Scottish Border in the wild days of Border forays, Branksome castle was peculiarly exposed to sudden raids from the South. Hence it kept a large retinue of dependants and retained in constant readiness twenty-nine knights with as many squires and yeomen to attend on them. Ten of these knights in rotation never left off their armour, ate, drank and slept with steel armour on. Ten squires and ten yeomen also went completely armed ready to fetch them their gallant chargers from the stall. Ten warders kept watch over the castle ready to give the signal if the bale-fires were lightened, and the bloodhounds bayed and the war horn was sounded to proclaim the approach of the English enemy.

16. The lords of Buccleuch both for feudal grandeur and as a safeguard against Border raids, always kept a well-armed retinue in the castle. **Nine-and-twenty, 29. of fame,** famous.

17. **Hung their shields,** simply 'lived', were always kept ready.

18. **of name,** well-born.

19. The squires as personal attendants on the knights brought for them their war-horses from the stable to the bower or private apartments "where the knights mounted after bidding the ladies farewell."

20-21. **yeomen,** servants but not menials. They formed part of the army but were of lower rank than the knights and squires. Probably from *reo*, a village, meaning lit. 'a villager'. Many derive it from *yeongemen*, a young man. **duteous,** obediently.

22-23. These knights were related to the Buccleuch family and were men of high spirits. **mettle,** spirit. The same word as *metal*, now metaphorically *mettle* and literally *metal*.

24-33. Ten of these knights were clothed in complete armour with a sword dangling from the belt and spurs attached to their boots. They never left the bright armour either by day or at night. They slept with their breastplate on, laid their heads on a hard shield, cut the meat with gloved hands, and drank the wine through the bars of the helmet. Eating, drinking, sleeping, they never put off the armour. This, to be sure, is a bit exaggerated.

them, these knights. **sheathed in steel,** completely covered with steel armour like a sword in a sheath. **belted sword,** sword hanging from the belt. **spur,** the steel or iron contrivance to prick the horses for hastening their pace. **harness,** armour: **G. corslet,** armour for the breast and back. **laced,** strapped or fastened to the body. **Pillowed,** put their heads as on a pillow. **buckler,** shield with a boss or knob in the centre. **carved at the meal,** cut the meat into small pieces or slices. **gloves,** gauntlets worn to protect the hand in battle. **red,** sparkling. **the helmet barred,** the bars of the helmet. The helmet covered the whole face but the front or visor had bars through which the knights might breathe and see. These Branksome warriors were so watchful and ready that they did not even push up the visor but poured the wine into the mouth through the bars of the head-gear.

34-35. Ten squires and ten yeomen "sheathed in steel" were ready instantly to obey the orders of ten warders. **mail-clad,** clothed in mail armour. *Mail* armour as distinguished from *plate* armour, was made of iron rings fastened together. **beck,** call by nod. The common phrase is 'beck and nod': *beck* is a contraction of *buccon*. **warders,** sentinels or guards.

36-37. Thirty steeds were always kept ready in the stable. **fleet**, swift. **wight**, strong : **G.** **saddled**, with their saddle on, ready.

38-39. The horses were protected with a head-covering of steel and had a Jedwood axe hanging from the saddle. **Barbed with frontlet**, furnished with a protecting armour on the forehead. It is also spelt *barded*. **frontlet**, a covering for the forehead. **traw**, believe. **Jedwood axe**, a battle-axe with a long staff or handle, so called because the wood for the handles was got from the forest of Jedburgh or Jeddart. Arms are often called from the place of their manufacture, eg. *Enfield* rifle, *Toledo* rapier, etc. **saddle-bow**, the upper front part of a saddle.

40. A hundred more *horses* fed free, were kept well-fed.

42ff. Why do these warriors stand ready and the horses too ? Because they apprehend sudden raids from the south led by Scroop or Howard or Percy : they watch to hear the bloodhound that would bay at the approach of the enemy, to see the English banner that would betoken their advance.

42. **dight**, equipped : **G.** The interrogations are meant to draw special attention to the facts mentioned. They also give life and energy to the style.

44. Bloodhounds were trained in those days and used in pursuing enemies or detecting their approach or covert.

45. To hear the loud, blood-stirring note of the bugle.

46. They watch to see. **St. George's red-cross**, the English national banner bearing on it the figure of the red cross of St. George, the patron saint of England. **streaming**, floating in the air.

47. They watch to see the beacon gleaming as a sign of the enemy approaching under cover of the darkness of midnight. **beacon**, signals of the enemy's advance given by lighting fires on hill-tops. This would be done by the clansmen living around the castle. **gleaming**, burning.

48-51. They watch against an open or a secret raid upon Branksome castle led from the south by Scroop from Carlisle, Howard from Neworth or the Percies from Warkworth. **Scroop, Howard**, and **Percy** were at different times the Earls or Wardens of the English Marches, i. e. governors of the English side of the Border, just as Douglas and Buccleuch were of the Scottish side. **force**, open. **guile**, secret cunning. **Southern**, of the southern forces or the English. **Branksome** etc. Branksome castle was, from its position and the warlike character of its inhabitants, constantly exposed to attack on the part of the English. **merry**, on account of (1) its beautiful site, (2) its association with romantic adventures and border warfare, and (3) its bustling trade.

54-6. The chieftain was gone his sword and his spear lay rusting upon the wall. **he** is left without a verb and the sentence takes another turn ; hence *fig. Anacoluthon*. **rusting**, uselessly, covered with rust.

57-8. **How Lord Walter fell.** The origin of the feud which ultimately led to the murder of Sir Walter Scott in the streets of Edinburgh, was this :— In 1526 James V, then a minor and under the imperious domination of the Douglasses, wanted to escape their control and so secretly wrote to Buccleuch to come to his rescue. Buccleuch obeyed but his men were routed by the party of Douglas aided by the Carrs and others. In the pursuit the chief of the Carrs was slain by a servant of Buccleuch. In retaliation the Carrs slew Sir Walter in 1552 in the streets of Edinburgh. There sprang up thus a perpetual feud between the two clans.

59-64. The chief of Branksome was slain in the streets when the citizens fled in dismay from Edinburgh and the city ran blood, saw the furies of the Border war, and heard the dreadful war-cry of the combatants.

startled burghers, frightened citizens. **fled** from the furious and deadly feud. **high Dunedin**, Edinburgh (Celtic name). *Dun*=hill or hill fort, and *Edin* is for Edwin, a Northumbrian king ; hence the hill fort of Edwin who extended his kingdom to the shores of the Forth. **lances**, spears. **falchions redden**, swords become bright with red blood. A 'falchion' is a sword curved at the point. **the slogan**, the battle-cry. **deadly yell**, terrible shout. **chief of Branksome**, Lord Walter. **fell**, was slain.

65-77. Nothing can heal the discord or feud between the Scots and the Carrs neither their Christian sentiment of brotherhood, nor their ardent love of a common country, nor their vows and pilgrimages made to the shrines of blessed saints, nor their earnest prayers for God's mercy. Nothing ! the Scots and the Carrs shall never forget the slaughter of their chieftains, and the deadly feud shall continue.

65. The affirmative interrogation *denies* and the negative *affirms*. Can piety etc ? The answer expected is 'No.' **piety**, pious exercises, religious observances, e.g., prayers and pilgrimages. **the discord heal**, end the feud.

66. **stanch**, stop ; **G. death-feud**, a feud or quarrel to the death. Notice the metaphor : can piety stop or dry up the flow of blood—that is the exact sense of *stanch* caused by the deadly feud ?

67-68. **Christian lore**, the Christian doctrine, "Love thine enemies, do good to them that hate thee". **lore**, learning, wisdom. **patriot zeal**, zeal in the common cause of defending the country against a common enemy. **blessed charity**. 'Charity' is used in the Biblical sense of 'universal love or brotherhood'. **blessed**,

such as makes a man feel blessed. 'Charity' is doubly blessed it blesses him that gives and him that takes. **Can**, *i. e.* can all these heal the discord?

69-70. "The Scotts and the Kerrs agreed each to make four great pilgrimages of Scotland for the sake of the souls of those who had fallen in their feuds". But these pilgrimages availed nothing for the feud remained as it was. **shrine**, temple. **drew**, went.

71-72. Prayed vainly for God's mercy. **red falchions**, bloody swords. **For chiefs**, *i. e.* for the souls of chiefs. May it not mean also, 'Implored God's pardon for their slaughter of the chiefs.' In the first case the 'mercy' is for the 'chiefs', in the latter for 'themselves'.

73-74. *i. e.* as long as the hostile clans live in such dangerous proximity to each other. The Carrs lived in **Cessford**, a village in Roxburghshire; and the Scotts in that extensive tract which is called **Ettrick Forest** in Selkirkshire. **boasts the line of**, is proud of being in the possession of the Scotts.

75-76. The slaughter of their chieftains. See on ll. 57-8. **mortal jar**, deadly feud. **havoc**, ravages. **feudal war**, there are two senses combined in the expression: (1) a war in which the dependants of the two families, as bound by the terms of the *feudal* system, were involved, and (2) a war due or relating to a feud between two families. For derivation etc., see **G**.

77. The repetition for the sake of emphasis.

78-79. The warlike foresters had wept in sorrow over the dead body of Sir Walter. **bier**, coffin. **warlike** is not an idle epithet. It combines two senses: (1) the foresters themselves *warlike*, wept over the death of a hero, and (2) the foresters though not much given to weeping, stern and rough, as being *warlike*, yet wept over Sir Walter, his loss was so much regretted.

80-81. The maids and matrons shed many a tear and strew many a flower on the dead chieftain. "Many a flower" is a decided improvement on the reading of the first edition, "many a *sigh*." Flowers are even now strewn on graves, so in *Haml.* "Sweets to the sweet, farewell." **Old Teviot**, 'Teviot' is a river, 'old' is an epithet of affection. **lent**, gave.

82-87. But the Ladye, the widow of the slaughtered chieftain, shed no tear over him, strew no flowers. Why? she had the greatest reason to do so yet why was she so stern? Because the determination to avenge her slaughtered lord had dried up the source of tears in her tears were about to well up from the heart (*rising*) but with manly pride she steeled her heart against soft sentiments.

bloody bier, murdered body. **bier**, tomb. **Nor nor**, neither nor.

Vengeance, the spirit of revenge, the fierce resolve to be avenged. It is here personified. **deep-brooding...slain**, intensified by long musing on her dead lord. **locked**, shut or dried up. **softer woe**, tears. 'Woe' is a *softer* feeling than 'vengeance'. **burning**, fierce. **high disdain**, lofty scorn. **high**, haughty. **Forbade** etc, checked the tear that rose in her heart from flowing out through the eyes. This indicates that she felt the loss bitterly and would have wept if she did not think that it was time to be stern and not give vent to soft emotions.

88-93. She would never have wept if her little child did not then in its own broken words express its own determination to be avenged when it grew up. Then she could no more restrain herself all the mother came in her heart, and she wept copiously. (Scott never drew a truer picture of the female heart). Tennyson records a similar incident in a song in *The Princess*, "Home they brought her warrior dead" (*q. v.*). **clan**, family and kinsmen. **And if**, 'and' is an old word=*if*, and spelt *an*. **shall be** by myself. **seek**, fall. **dew**, wet. **kindling**, with anger. She wept as much to see that the child had been left orphan by its father's death as out of joy to learn its stern resolve.

94ff. (In splendid contrast with the stern resolve of the son is the daughter's wild grief on the murdered father. But Margaret's tears were not shed for the father alone - hers was a "mingled tide", for filial grief at her heart was mixed with disappointed love. As luck would have it, she had fallen in love with Lord Cranstoun, an ally of the Carrs in the battle of Melrose where Sir Walter fell and could never expect her mother's consent to an alliance in marriage with him. Rather would she see her dead at her feet than suffer her to wed a hostile chief.

94-5. **All**, adv. completely. **attire**, dress. **negligent**, out of order. **golden**, soft, brown.

96. **Hung**, bent over. **sire**, father. Lat. *senior*, another form of *sir*.

98-9. But filial grief alone had not supplied the bitter tear. Her tears were a "mingled tide" and not due solely to the loss of her father. **filial grief**, grief of a daughter for her father. Lat. *filia*, a daughter.

100-1. The grief for the father and the grief of disappointed love had combined to produce the tears in her. Margaret had fallen desperately in love with Lord Cranstoun who was at feud with the whole clan of Scott. This love was "hopeless" because her mother would never consent to her "uniting her destiny with his." **fear** lest the mother should break off the engagement.

102-3. Nor could she expect any sympathy from her mother **altered eye**, *i.e.* "eye that no longer looked on her with the same affection." See l. 211.

104-7. Lord Cranstoun had helped the Carrs, the enemy of the Scotts, in the battle of Melrose. **clan**, *i. e.* the Scotts.

Mathouse burn, the river named Mathouse. *Burn*, a brook ; **G. Melrose**, in the north of Roxburghshire, near the Tweed **purple**, red. The battle of Melrose was fought in 1526.

109-10. **Before**, rather than that, sooner than that she should wed Cranstoun. **dying**, death. "The Cranstouns are an ancient border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviot-dale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott." (Scott.)

111. The Ladye was born in a noble family. Her name was Dame Janet Beaton.

112. **a clerk of fame**, a famous scholar. **clerk**, learned man : **G.**

113. Her father belonged to the family known as the Bethunes or Beatons who traced their origin to France, to the province of Picardy.

114-5. He learned magic in Padua. **the art .name**, the black art. magic. None dared name it because magic was then supposed to be exercised through and by means of evil spirits. **Padua**, in North Italy, "was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy." (Scott.)

116-21. Men believed that he had changed his body by an extraordinary feat of magic, for whereas human bodies cast shadows, his cast none as he walked pensively in St. Andrew's hall.

116-7. **mortal frame**, human body. **changed**, it for a shadowless shape. **feat**, dint, deed. **magic mystery**, his mysterious art.

118. **studious mood**, thoughtful musingly. ●

119. The hall of the monastery at St. Andrews, a town in Fife. In the first edition it was *St. Kentigern's Hall*. **cloister**, a covered walk. A cloistered hall is thus a hall with a covered walk around it.

120-1. The vulgar belief was that at a certain stage in their training in necromancy the students ran through a subterranean hall and those who could do so without being caught by the devil, lost their shadow, and made the best magicians. The ladye's father had passed the test and was a magician of the first water. **traced**, drew, cast. **sunny**, bright with the sunshine.

122-5. Her father had taught the ladye something of his black art, and she had acquired great power over invisible spirits. **And of**, *i. e.* some of. This is the *partitive* use of *of*. **bards avow**, minstrels declare, say. **bidding**, command. **could bow**, *i. e.* cause to bow or yield. **viewless forms of air**, invisible spirits hovering through the air. Cf. *Macbeth*, "the sightless couriers of the air."

126. **secret bower**, see on l. 2.

127. In Branksome castle. The castle is called after old Sir David Scott because he had enlarged and strengthened it.

128-9. And hears a deep moaning sound around the old turrets of the castle. **heavy**, (1) deep, (2) foreboding ill. **mossy**, covered with moss (**मोस**), old. **turrets**, towers.

130-35. Who could say what sound was that? It was like the sound of the Teviot dashing against its hard banks, of the wind shaking the oak, of the echo from the rocks. But what it was none could divine. For the interrogative form see on st. VI.

chafes, dashes; G. **scaur**, rocky bank; G. **red**, bare. **swings**, shakes. **What** etc., the repetition pictures the perplexed state of the hearer's mind.

136-9. The dogs bark and the owls screech at that dull moaning sound.

"The howling of dogs and the screeching of owls were held to portend death or some disaster".

sullen, heavy, dreary. **ban-dogs**, mastiffs. Orig. a *band-dog*, *i. e.* a dog held in a chain or bound up. **bay**, bark. **whoops**, shrieks. **startled**, frightened (at that unusual sound).

141-2. **Swore**, boldly maintained (that the sound was that of an approaching storm). **forth**, out of the hall. **still**, silent.

144-51. The Ladye by the help of her magic knew that it was the sound neither of the river, nor of the wind among the oak, nor of the echo of the rock, nor yet of a coming storm. She knew that it was the mountain spirit speaking to the spirits of the river.

144. **From**, *i. e.* 'as distinguished *from*'.

145. Rolling up, against its rocky bank. See l. 131.

146. **groan**, sound, moaning noise. **wind-swung**, shaken by the wind.

149. The Ladye could well distinguish it.

150-1. **the Spirit of the Flood**, the river spirit (called also the water-wraith). **the Spirit of the Fell**, the mountain-spirit. **Fell**, hill, moor. In Scotland the belief in spirits, elves and fairies, survived down to Scott's time.

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE TWO SPIRITS.

The River-spirit asks the Mountain-spirit if he were sleeping, and the other answered that he could not sleep when all the hill-side and the valley was merry with the dancing of the fairies and ringing with the music of the "aerial minstrelsy," and wanted the enquirer to go up and enjoy the gladness of it. But the river-

spirit could not go up now as his stream was polluted by the tears of the forlorn Margaret. He asked the mountain-spirit to see if the stars "deigned shower" any kind influence on her. The stars were not then distinctly visible—they "shimmered through the mist"—but so far as he could divine supernatural influences were not likely to be favourable to Branksome until the mother's pride was quelled and she gave her daughter in marriage to her enemy.

154-9. Nay, I am not sleeping, I cannot sleep. • For all the stream and the valley from Craik Cross to Skelthill-Pen are awake with the dance and revelry of the fairies and elves. Merrily dance the elves in fantastic figures keeping time to aerial music and leave the impressions of their nimble feet touching the brown heath into green swards or rings. The allusion is to the old belief that the fairies left rings of grass of a deep green hue on spots where they had danced overnight.

154. **craik-cross** and **Skelthill-Pen**, are hills on opposite banks of the Teviot. **Pen**, hill or a hill-summit.

155. **rill**, mountain stream. **glen**, valley.

156-166. **elves**, supernatural beings of dwarfish size possessing magical powers. And so also fairies. In Scotland 'elves' are also known as 'brownies'. **morrice**, a kind of dance so named from *Moorx* who first introduced it in Spain whence John of Gaunt carried it to England. The dancers wore fantastic costume with bells attached which sounded as they moved. Also spelt *Morris*; **G.** Shakespeare refers to it in *Mids N. D.*, "the nine men's *morris*," **pacing**, i. e. 'pacing their morrice' = performing the paces of the dance. **To**, in accordance with, keeping time to. **aerial minstrelsy**, music in the air, music made by invisible beings of the air.

158-159. **Emerald rings** circular patches of green grass. For allusion see above. "The elves are extremely fond of dancing in the meadows, where they form those circles of a livelier hue which from them are called Elf-dance" (Keightley). Reference to this is numerous in old writers, e. g. Shakes., "Like elves and fairies in a ring" (*Macbeth*); Chaucer, "The elf-green, with hir joly compaignye, Dauncede full oft in many a grene mede". **brown heath**, dark meadows. **tracing**, leaving impressions of, imprinting. **Trip it**, dance. Really *it* is a cognate accusative, the phrase being 'trip a tripping', but as this is rather odd, it is abbreviated into 'trip it'. Comp. *I'All*, "Come and trip it as ye go"; and *Comus*, "Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves". **deft**, deftly, skilfully, cleverly.

160-161. Come up and see their agile dancing. **feet** put for for the dance. **list**, listen to.

162-163. I can not go up because my stream is gross and polluted 'with the blood shed in the feudal war'. Margaret shut up in Branksome castle swells my tide with her pears for an absent lover.

164-165. Margaret with a sorrow-laden heart moans sitting in the pale moonlight. **pale**, seems to be expressive of the moon's sympathy for a maiden as frail and delicate as herself. In classical mythology, the moon or Diana is the patroness of virgins, the goddess of chastity and virginity.

166. Thou canst see the stars from there. Tell me what the stars betoken as to the fate of Margaret. **viewest**, seest.

167. **feudal jars**, bloody hostilities. See on l. 76.

169. **mate**, husband.

170-179. The mountain spirit says in answer to the river-spirit's query as to the 'fate' of Margaret, that he cannot well 'read the stars' for they are now all shrouded in a thick mist. The Northern Bear is gloomy and the Orion dim. But as far as he can see he is sure that the stars are not well disposed towards Branksome castle they cannot be till the Ladye gives up her pride and agrees to Margaret giving her hand to Lord Cranstoun.

170-171. **Arthur's slow wain**, the seven bright stars of the constellation Ursa Major or the Great Bear (our *Sapta-rishi mandal*). It is also called *Charles's wain* from Charlemagne (Charles the Great). The Great Bear is called **Arthur's wain** either (i) because it looks like a *wain* or waggon driven by *Arcturus* (otherwise written *Arthurus* i. e. Arthur) which is the principal star in the constellation Boötes, or (ii) on account of a fancied association with the British mythical king and hero Arthur. The latter view is referred to in Tennyson's lines in the *Holy Grail*,

"The seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round--

For, brother, so one night, because they *roll*

'Thro' such a round of heaven, we named the stars,

Rejoicing in ourselves and in our king".

his course doth roll, revolve. **utter**, complete, as in the Bible. **round the pole**, i. e. round the *north* pole. The Great Bear is a circumpolar group. It revolves round the Pole.

172. **The Northern Bear** is the same as Arthur's wain. **lowers**, looks gloomily or frowningly. The word is suggested by *bear*.

173. **Orion** (our *Kalpurnush*) was the name of a Greek hunter translated to the skies. **studded belt**, belt set with stars as with jewels. The meaning is 'the stars that form the belt of Orion are dim.'

174-175. 'Each planet star twinkles faintly and seems to be far away as it shimmers through the mist'. **planet star**, *planet* is here used in its old Gr. sense of 'wandering.' In modern astronomy planets are wandering bodies but the stars are 'fixed.' The expression here means 'planet' as planets were in old astrology

supposed to have much more influence on men than the other stars. **distant far**, they seem to be farther away than usual on account of the mist. **Shimmers**, shines faintly and tremulously.

176. I cannot clearly read the decrees of the stars, interpret their meaning. **high**, important, though the other meaning 'given from on high' is natural.

177. But of this I am sure that they deign to shower no kind influence etc. **influence**, lit. 'the power of the stars *flowing in* on men affecting their destiny.' Comp. *L. All.*, "ladies whose bright eyes Rain *influence*". **no kind**, beneficent or benign but a cruel or unfavourable. **deign**, are pleased.

179. This line may be taken as the motto of the Lay. 'Till the mother's pride was quelled and the daughter was free to love,' there was indeed no happiness for Branksome but only mortal jar and cruel bloodshed. Her pride was quelled and love was free as the sequel will show.

180-1. **unearthly**, weird, ghostly, **heavy**, see l. 128.

182-3. The voice of the river spirit died on the river, that of the mountain-spirit on the hill-side. **died**, was no longer audible.

184. **Lord David's tower**, see on l. 127.

186. **rung**, echoed. See on l. 99 Intro.

188-9. She proudly raised her head (from the magic-books over which she was poring) and her heart beat loud with proud defiance. *Stately* is almost a transferred epithet (as shown above.) **throbbed**, pulsed, beat. **high with pride**, i. e. 'with high pride' or defiance.

190-192. The Ladye exclaimed, Margaret shall no more wed Lord Cranstoun than the mountain shall topple down or the stream rise up to the summit. These are all equally impossible. **Here, before**, **foeman**, enemy.

193. Having thus resolved to thwart the decrees of the stars, the Ladye sends for the magic book of Michael Scott hidden against emergencies in Melrose Abbey. She goes to the hall for William of Deloraine who will go for the books.

194. **retainer**, servant of a higher rank wearing the livery of a noble house.

195. **jocund din**, noisy merriment. The expression occurs in *L. All.* as "lively din" and in Wordsworth's *To A Boy*.

196. **pursued**, carried on. **infant** childish.

197-200. The boy fancied himself to be a border raider (like his father or any member of the family), rode on the handle of a spear as on a horse, and merrily rode round the hall in imitation of a predatory inroad.

fancied, fancying himself to be one. **moss-trooper**, border

raider or Marauder, so called because the border-lands where they lived in *troops* were marshy (*moss*=marsh). **truncheon**, the wooden handle or staff. **bestrode**, sat across. **right**, very, full. **mimic foray**, imitation raids, false or fancied plundering expeditions. A *foray* (which word is ultimately connected with *food* or food) is thus primarily 'a raid in search of food', and then 'a raid in search of any booty'.

201-204. Even old knights with hearts as hard as steel, took part in his childish gambols.

grown old, veteran. **bore share**, took part. **frolie gambols**, gay sports. *Frolie* is now the noun and 'froliesome' the adjective; though poets still use *frolie* as adjective, e.g., Tennyson in *Ulysses*, "a *frolie* welcome." **Albeit**, *although it be*. **of**, made of. **rugged mould**, hard stuff, deadened feelings and sentiments. **stubborn**, hard and unyielding (as their steel-swords)

205. **gray**, old. **prophesied**, foretold.

207-208. Should subdue the Carrs and glorify his own party, the Scotts. **The unicorn**, a fabulous monster with one horn, was the crest of the Carrs: that of the Scotts was a star of six points placed between two crescents.

209-212. The Ladye was so delighted with her son's childish pranks already of a heroic character, that for a moment but only for a moment she forgot her stern resolve. For a moment she stopped to see her son with all the joyful pride of a mother's heart.

her purpose high, serious determination. see ll. 190-2. **a mother's eye**, the affectionate pride of a mother. **arched**, vaulted.

213. **the armed train**, the company of armed warriors or retainers.

214. William Scott was so called from the lands of Deloraine in Ettrick Forest which he held as a grant from his kinsmen the Buccleuchs.

215. William of Deloraine was a valiant typical Scotch border raider. **stark**, strong, sturdy. Cf. "The starkest man in Teviot dale" (Old Ballad). The word now means 'th' completely, e.g., '*stark* naked.' **moss-trooping**, see on l. 197.

216. As ever wielded a Border lance. Of all borderers he was the stoutest. **couched**, to 'couch' is to hold in a horizontal position in readiness for a charge.

217-218. He had crossed and recrossed the border lands so often that he could now pass through them even blindfold.

Solway sounds, quicksands in the Solway that rise and subside rapidly and are therefore very dangerous and untrustworthy.

Tarras Moss, swampy lands on the Tarras, a rivulet in Dumfriesshire. **To cross**, for crossing. **Blindfold**, with eyes bandaged or shut.

219-220. He had often on raids been chased by the Percies and their bloodhounds but by dexterous manoeuvres baffled them all.

wily turns, cunning bouts. **bounds**, leaps. **Percy**, see on l. 109.

bloodhounds were in those days trained for chasing an enemy etc. See on l. 44.

221-222. There was not a ford in any of the border rivers but he knew where they might be waded across.

Eske, **Liddle** are rivers on the Border. **fords**, passable passages, places where a river may be walked across. **but**, that not. **ride them** is slightly ungrammatical for 'we ride *over* a ford.'

223-226. The season or the time of day, he was equally indifferent to both. The chill winter of December, the genial summer of July, dark midnight, and early dawn alike served his purpose. **time of day**, midnight or dawn. **tide**, season, December (winter) or July (summer). **pride**, sunny days. **matin prime**, early morning. **matin**, G.

227-228. Like the bravest of those who cattle-lifted in Cumberland, he was (mentally) valiant and (physically) strong.

Steady of heart unfaltering in his resolution, stubborn. **stout of hand** physically strong. **As ever**, like any (that). **drove prey**, stole or lifted the cattle.

229-230. He had been five times outlawed by the English king Edward VI, and the Scottish Queen Mary Stuart.

outlawed, put beyond the pale or protection of the law. Any man might then injure or even kill him with impunity. Mary was the unfortunate queen executed by Elizabeth.

231. The Ladye speaks **good at need**, useful in a crisis or emergency. This epithet will be henceforth permanently applied to him.

232. **the wightest steed**, strongest horse. See on l. 36. **thee** is reflective.

233. Ride as hard as thou canst. **spur** the horse. **stint**, cease. Cf. "When have I *stinted* stroke in foughten field."

234. The fair Tweed is a river on which stands Melrose Abbey.

235-236. Seek out the Monk in Melrose Abbey. **pile**, building; G. **holy pile**, the Abbey (described in cantos II) **St. Mary aisle**, St. Mary's church. **Aisle** is lit. 'the wing of a church', hence the church itself.

237. Respectfully convey my salutations to the holy man. **the Father**, the Abbot, the chief of the Monks.

238. **the fated hour**, the hour of need when the magic book of Michael Scott was to be dug out of the grave. Michael Scott had left an injunction 'never to tell where it (the book) was hid, save at his chief of Branksome's need" (Canto II. 162-3).

239-240. 'Tonight he shall bring out the book from the grave; **the treasure**, the book, of, hidden in, **the tomb**, Michael's grave.

St. Michael's night, Michaelmas, September 29th. This was the night on which the book could be dug out. So that the *time* was come, and the need was come too.

242. In the light of the moon, thou shalt get out the book.

243-244. 'Thou wilt know the grave from a blood-red cross planted over it.

Cross of bloody red, this was the cross which St. Michael held in hand when with his flaming sword he drove Satan out of heaven into hell. See Canto II. XI. **the mighty dead**, the great dead magician Michael Scott.

245. **see thou keep**, be sure to keep.

247. **scroll**, a roll of parchment.

249. **lorn**, lost; **G.** Nothing can save thee from the **fury** of the wizard.

250. It would have been better if thou wert never born at all—so tremendous will the penalty be if thou darest look into the book. The idea is 'thou wilt be damned eternally.'

XXIV. Sir William replies. Note the rapid rhythm of these lines appropriate to 'a stark moss-trooping Scot.' The 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th lines are what are called *leonine*, *i. e.* have a mid-line rhyme.

251-252. My steed that drinks the clear water of the Teviot can run swiftly. **speed**, run. **dauble-gray**, grey but chequered with spots of a darker colour. **Which** etc., this line does not seem to have any special significance. It is not on record that the horses of the Teviotdale were specially noted for their speed. In old ballads lines are often introduced that do not seem to have any meaning attached to them.

253. I will go and come back before morning. **beam of day**, dawn. **gan**, did; not a contraction of *began* but really the original A. S. verb *gin-nan*, of which *be-gin*, *i. e.* 'gin about', like set about, is the compound.

255. It was safe with him because there was no chance of his reading the scroll or book since he never could read a line. **errand** message.

257-258. I could not read a letter or a line even if my life depended on the reading of one. The allusion is this. The clergy were

formerly exempted from capital punishment. Criminals who claimed the 'benefit of clergy' were required to prove their clerkly scholarship by reading a portion of the Latin Bible, usually some verses of the 51st Psalm. In the greatest predicament, William of Deloraine says, he could not save his life by reading a letter or a line—he was quite innocent of even the rudiments.

know I never, is emphatic. **Were it**, even if it were. **neck-verse**, verse on which the safety of my neck (or life) lay. Scott tells us that the 'neck-verse' was anciently the beginning of the 51st Psalm. **Hairibee**, the gallows-hill at Carlisle, the hill on which criminals were executed. It was used down to the rebellion of 1715 and 1745.

259-60. Soon he mounted his steed and rode down the steep hill-side. **descent**, precipice, the hill on which stood Branksome castle.

261-2. **the Sounding barbican**, the tower over the gateway echoing the trampling of the horse's hoofs. See canto iv. 53. A 'barbican' is "a small round tower for the station of an advanced guard placed just before the outward gate of the castle-yard". **won**, gained, reached.

263. The road towards the east by a path covered with wood.

264. The haze's shook over his helmet. **basnet**, a small steel helmet fitting close to the skull. Diminutive of *basin*.

265. **the Peel of Goldiland**, a small square tower built for the protection of flocks and herds during Border forays situate on the right bank of the Teviot, and so called because the land belonged to the Goldies.

266. **old Borthwick** is a tributary of the Teviot. **strand**, shore, 'roaring' does not of course go properly with 'strand' but with the 'Borthwick'. The shores were filled with the roaring of the waters.

267-8. He saw far away the moat-hill where the ghosts of Druids still flocked.

the moat-hill's mound, an artificial round heap of earth near Hawick, probably used in days of yore, as its name signifies, as a place or hill of meeting (A. S. *mot*, assembly). **Druid**, the ghosts of Druids, the priests of the old Britons. **fitted**, flew.

269-270. He saw many lights twinkling in the town (Hawick) but he soon rode past it and the lights were no more visible.

Behind him, as he left them behind. **set in night**, vanished in darkness.

271-272. And soon he rode at full career to Hazeldean. **courser keen**, swift, eager horse. **Hazeldean** belonged to a family of the Scotts.

The night-journey of William of Deloraine.

Sir William of Deloraine was sent by the Ladye to carry back to Branksome a magic book hidden in the tomb of Michael Scott in Melrose Abbey. He took the errand right gladly and soon rode down the steep hill, crossed the echoing gateway, and reached the Teviot side. Thence turning eastward he rode through a wooded path to the peel of Goldilind, crossed the old Borthwick, passed by the town of Hawick and its adjoining moat-hill, and reached Hazeldean. There he was challenged by the sentry but allowed to pass as belonging to a friendly family. He left the Teviot behind him, and going northward mounted a hill and gained the moor at Horseliehill and rode on leaving the Watling street to his left. He then passed over Minto-crag and put himself in readiness for a possible attack from a notorious outlaw who lived there. Unchallenged he rode on to the "fair domain" of the Riddels, and swimming across the Aill, reached Bowden Moor in Roxburghshire. Thence he caught a sight of Hahdon Hill, the "noted heath" where first arose the hostility between the Scotts and the Carrs. Riding past it he saw below him the Tweed and in the dim distance rose the old Abbey of Melrose. It was just evening when he had started : it was deep midnight when he reached the Abbey.

273. The sentries of the castle hear the clattering of horse-hoofs, and cry 'Stand, whoever thou mayst be riding in the dark.'

courier, messenger. of the dark, either riding through the dark or riding to announce the approach of night.

275-276. Sir William replied that he was on the side of Branksome, and so was allowed to ride on.

For, belonging to the party of. **rejoined,** replied. **rejoined, behind,** a pair of faulty rhymes.

278. Guided by the tinkling or murmuring of the hill stream, the Teviot : he could not else in the darkness find out his way.

279. Rode up the dark hill lying to the north.

280. **the moor,** the swampy country. **Horseliehill,** north west of Hazeldean, between that and Minto-crag.

281-282. The broad Roman way stretched far away to his left.

the Roman way, the Watling street running through a part of Roxburghshire.

283-286. For a moment he slackened his speed, for a moment allowed rest to his tired horse. He tightened the girth which bound the saddle to the horse and the band that fastened the corslet to his body, and loosened his sword in the sheath. Well might he do so for here lived the notorious outlaw Barnhill, who might swoop down on him.

breathed, gave time to recover its breath. **Panting**, gasping with the furious ride. **Drew**, tightened. **Girth**, the strap that binds the saddle to the horse. **corslet**, see on l. 29.

loosened, etc., the sword was fastened in the sheath by a strap to prevent its falling off when riding. **brand**, sword; **G**.

287-292. He rode over the Minto crags then bathed in the moon light. There lived Barnhill the outlaw high up on the rocks whence he could survey a wide tract of country and throw himself on the unwary passer-by like the falcon swooping down on its prey.

227. **Minto crags**, rocks about 2 miles north of Hazeldean, close to the family seat from which Lord Milton, our late Viceroy, takes his title. **glint**, flash, glance.

Barnhill was a notorious outlaw who took refuge in the cliffs of Minto. **hewed...flint**, made a bed or abode for himself in the rock. **flint**, rock. This was long called *Barnhill's Bed*.

289-290. The outlaw flung himself to rest, made his abode, at a giddy height like a falcon. **falcon**, a bird of prey. **giddy**, *i. e.* at an extreme height so as to make the observer giddy.

291-292. **eagle**, keen, like the eyes of the eagle. **From whence**, 'from' is strictly unnecessary. **spy his prey**, see his victim. **league**, miles around.

293-294. He lived among cliffs that doubled or echoed the sound of the robber's horn, a sound that struck terror into the traveller. **doubling**, echoing, making one sound two by adding an echo of it. **on...borne**, goes with 'terrors'. , sounds causing terror to the passer-by. **borne**, carried.

295-298. These cliffs that once rang with the terrible notes of the outlaw Barnhill's horn, listened later on to the soft, melancholy, pastoral music of a love-lorn poet who had in vain attempted to drown the bitter recollections of disappointed love in the turbulent waters of political life. The reference is to Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the first Lord Minto, who in his song *Amynta*, speaks of his having broken his sheep-hook and forsaken all the gay haunts of youth, appealed to the wide world to "secure" him from love in the vain hope that Ambition would soon cure him of it. Ambition, a busy political life, could not cure him and he longed to go back to Amynta and peace. **The warbling Doric reed**, pastoral poetry (because Theocritus, the prince and founder of pastoral poetry wrote in a Doric dialect). Among the Greeks there were three styles of music, Lydian, Phrygian and Dorian. **hear**, verb to 'which'. **sad swain**, love-lorn peasant, in pastoral poetry often a young lover. **teach the grove**, sing songs in that woody retreat among the cliffs to the effect that the ambition of high political preferments cannot cure or make one forget the bitterness of unrequited love.

299. Unchallenged by the outlaw.

300. To the fair realms belonging to the old Riddel family. The Riddels are called *ancient* because they had for a thousand years been in possession of this domain.

301-302. The domain through which the Aill flowed with a loud roaring noise leaping down from its watershed right up on the hills of Selkirkshire. The *Aill* is a tributary of the Teviot. **the lake** on the hills where it took its rise. **raving**, murmuring.

303-304. Each wave carried on it brown foam and thus looked like the mane of a chestnut coloured horse. **Crested**, adorned like a crest. **tawny**, brown. It is just the word for the colour both of the mane and of a flooded stream. **mane**, long hair. **chesnut**, of a reddish-brown colour.

305-306. Nothing could check Sir William, no stream however deep or broad it might be.

In vain, the Aill roared and raved in vain— it could not check the moss-trooper. Read 'however' before 'deep'. **bar**, obstruct.

307-310. Sir William plunged, horse and man, into the Aill and sank in it so that scarcely even half the neck of the horse was above water.

the saddle-bow, see on l. 39. **broke**, rose. **ween** think **charger**, war-horse.

311-314. He sank so low because he was armed in complete armour and so was his horse,—never a rider and his horse so heavily armed plunged into and moved against a current in deep midnight.

barded, see on l. 38. **counter**, the chest of a horse; **G. mail**, see on l. 34. **stemmed**, checked, obstructed the flow. **midnight**, *i. e.* at midnight.

315-316. Even the feather on Sir William's helmet was wetted by the water as it splashed up when he plunged into it. 'Very' adds emphasis to the sense.

daggled, wetted, made to hang heavily down. From *dag* which is cognate with *dew*.

317-318. Through great courage and the favour of the Virgin Mary, he at last crossed over to the other side. **good heart** courage. **our Ladye**, the Virgin Mary. **grace**, mercy, favour.

319. **Bowden Moor** in Roxburghshire. **the marchman**, the borderer, men of the *marches* or borders; **G. won**, reached.

320-321. And looking at Halidon he sternly shook his head in token of the extreme grudge and implacable hatred he bore for it.

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Carrs. **plumed**, with the feathered helmet on. **sternly**, in a mood of fierceness.

322-330. The very sight of Halidon hill reminded him of that cruel battle of Melrose in which the chief of the Scotts going to

fight against the Douglasses in response to a request from James I to rescue him from them, first contracted with the Carrs who had come to help the latter and whose chief was killed by Elliot a retainer of the Scotts that unappeasable hostility which had led to a ceaseless flow of blood between the two parties. For the allusion, see *ante* on l. 58.

on his soul, in his mind. **arose**, wakened the recollection of. **the slaughter...morn**, the bloody massacre of that unlucky morning, the morning when the battle of Melrose was fought in 1333. **royal James**, the minor king James I of Scotland. **fray**, battle. **Prize to**, to be taken possession of by. James wanted to be rescued from the tutelage of the Douglasses; if they won, he was to be theirs, if the Scotts he would be freed. **Home**, a partisan of the Douglasses. **van**, front of the army. **Bored down**, drove before them, rushed upon. **retiring clan** retreating followers. **Till etc**, till the spear of the Borderer dark Elliott smoked with the warm life-blood of the gallant Cessford, the chief of the Carrs. **dear**, precious. **Reeked**, smoked, steamed. **dark**, referring either to his natural colour or to his being at the time begrimed with the smoke and dust of the field. **Elliot**, a retainer or servant of the Scotts of Buccleuch. **Border spear**, *i. e.* the fierce spear of the border-raider (which Elliot was).

331. In an angry temper of mind he rode on in full career.

332. **the hated heath**, the accursed waste land on the hill-side (where the mortal jar arose).

333. **far beneath**, him as he stood on the hill. **tustre wan** pale and dim, on account of the darkness of the night.

334. **old Melros** or Mel-ross, is the old form; *ros* being the Gaelic for a rock or headland. Here the final *e* is dropped to obviate the repetition of *rose*. The Abbey was founded by King David I.

335-336. The huge Abbey stood dim and dark like some tall rock made gray with lichens.

with lichens gray, rendered gray with lichens or mosses. Qualifies 'rock'. **dimly huge**, dim and huge. **dark**, with age and the darkness of night. **Abbeye**, archaic spelling of 'abbey'. Chosen for the rhyme with *gray*.

337-8. When he had just started it was evening: when he reached Melrose the monks were singing the midnight lauds. **Hawick**, see on l. 269. **Curfew**, evening bell; **G. lands**, the midnight service of the Catholic church; **G. sung** by the Monks.

339-42. The sound of the midnight hymns rose and fell in solemn cadence as the wind blew by fits and starts, and might be aptly likened to the music of the Aeolian harp which gives out weird sounds as the wind passes over the chords.

sound of the lauds. **did rise and fall** etc., came loudly or softly to Sir William as the cheerful wind now rose and now fell, the sound varied with the changes or 'fits' in the wind. **upon**, i.e. borne upon. **the fitful gale** the varying wind, the changeful breeze.

In solemn wise, in a solemn way or manner. **Wise** = way, we still retain such compounds as likewise, otherwise etc. **that wild harp etc** the allusion to the harp of Aeolus, the god of the winds, which is played on by no human hands but 'the viewless winds. **magic tone**, (1) weird notes. (2) notes awakened or produced by hands which none can see.

343. **all**, altogether, completely, total.

344. **meetly**, properly, carefully. **stabled**, put into the stable. Note the alliteration.

345. **the convent's lonely wall**, the sequestered monastery, the lonely abbey.

346-347. **with its swell**, as it ceased to grow or rise. When the music fell, the master's enthusiasm and courage left him. **fire**, poetic ardour (l. 90 *Intro.*) **courage**, self-confidence (l. 72 *Intro.*)

348-357. He cast down his looks on the ground and timidly awaited to know if they thought well of his song and music.

Dejectedly, sadly. Lit 'cast down'. **timid**, adj. for adv. **eye** which by its look would betray the feelings, the eye is a sure index of the mind. **approved**, praised.

352-355. Not feeling quite sure that he deserved praise, he modestly and humbly attributed the deficiencies in his voice and music to the effect of old age and poverty, not without a reference to his great successes in the past.

different...praise, not sure that his music in his **present**, old age deserved my praise. **present** is opposed to **former** in the next line. **done wrong**, injured.

357. See l. 63.

358-359. One after another the ladies praised his minstrelsy. **only**, properly.

Each after each, the ladies one after another. **in due degree** may be taken with either (1) each or (2) praises. In (1) the sense is each lady according to her rank. In (2) duly, meetly or properly praised.

360-361. These lines express their 'praises.' **true**, in its touch to bring out the required music. **longed**, desired. **rest** of the song.

363. **meet**, proper. See l. 344.

Canto II.

In this Canto the scene is laid partly in Melrose Abbey and partly in Branksome's "good green wood".

The informations we receive are these—

(i) *The scene in Melrose.*

(1) Melrose was an old abbey now almost in ruins and indebted to the Scotts for the chiefs of Branksome "had in battle stood to fence its rights", and endowed it with "lands and living, many a rood."

(2) The Abbot was a very old man of "a hundred years" had worn the cowl after many "noiseful arms and deeds of prowess done".

(3) The wizard Michael Scott was buried in the chancel there.

(4) He had entrusted the secret of his magic book to the Abbot who bore him brotherly love.

(5) His grave was marked out by a red cross carried on it to "scare the fiends" away.

(6) Sir William took out the book "iron clasped and with iron bound", and was greeted with unearthly voices and shrieks as he stepped out of the chancel. He started for Branksome in the very early dawn.

(ii) *The scene in Branksome grounds.*

(7) The scene here shifts to Branksome. Margaret is shown as privily meeting Henry Craustoun in the grounds adjoining the castle.

(8) A new character is introduced—the notorious Goblin Page—as waiting on the young Baron, and incidentally the story is told as to how he was found.

(9) The Dwarf waves his arm on high as a sign that the lovers should part as Sir William had spurred on close to the castle.

(10) A reference is also made to the burning by the Ladye of Branksome of a chapel where Craustoun was suspected to be—a sign that the love of Margaret and the Baron had begun quite unpropitiously and might terminate no one could say how.

References are also made to the pilgrimages that were then frequent and to the superstitious tendencies of the times.

A moonlight picture of the Melrose Abbey.

The gray ruins of the Abbey had to be seen in the moonlight if its solemn grandeur was to be realized. The strong wicket gate was reached through a garden where herbs and flowerets grew in plenty. There was a lofty *Gothic* tower in the centre. The windows were

oriel, and the buttresses ranging along the sides of the Abbey were, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts from the Bible. All along it ran an arched cloister where were the cells in which the monks lay each in his sack cloth. The arches supported on tall pillars were carved with all manner of flowers. The chancel was reached by "a steel-clenched postern door." The high roof of it stood on pillars, lofty and light, adorned with ornamental brackets from which arches sprang, the key-stone of each arch being cut into the shape either of a flour-de-lys or a quatre-feuille. The pillars were clustered round smaller ones and had their bases and capitals gaily flourished. The oriel windows of the chancel were protected by slender shafts of well-cut stone bound each to each by a sort of ornamental tracery through which the moonlight penetrating fell on the stained glass adorned with images of many a saint and prophet.

1-18. Notice how many circumstances are added to bring a solemn picture before the reader :—the pale moonlight, the gray ruins, the uncertain shower of light, the scrolls that teach thee to live and die, the ravings of the distant Tweed, the screeches of the owl, the dead men's graves and, last but not least, the utter loneliness brought home to the observer by his being 'alone' there at dead midnight.

1. If thou wouldst see Melrose in all its solemn awe and grandeur. This is addressed to the reader.

2. See it in the moonlight but not in the glaring light of day.

3-4. For the daylight would expose many an uncouth ruin which is hidden, at least, clothed in a mystic beauty, by the pale moonbeams.

gay is not an ornamental epithet as none in this remarkable paragraph is. It means 'lively', almost 'tell-tale', as opposed to the 'solemn' grandeur of moonlight. **lightsome**, full of light. Now rare in this sense and | gay, cheerful. **Gild** etc, "the same (day) light which gilds (adorns) also shows up all the defects caused by time, and so seems to mock at the ruins." **flout**, mock. **gray**, old.

5-16. In order that its beauty may be appreciated, Melrose must be seen when night conceals the flaws in the broken arches and the moonlight glimmers on the shafts of the oriel windows (5-6) ;

when the pale moonlight half conceals and half shows the ruins of the central tower (7-8) ;

when one side of each buttress looks like ebony in the shadows of the night, and the other like ivory in the moonlight falling upon it.(9-10) ;

when the silver moonlight hangs like frill on the sculptured images on the walls with appropriate Scriptural texts below (11-12):

when at dead midnight the ravings of the distant Tweed and the screechings of the owls from ivy-mantled church towers, create in the observer a sense of utter loneliness and solemn awe (13-14).

5. **When**, read with 'Then go' of l. 15. **black**, hidden. **arches**, vaults.

6. **Shafted oriel**, a projecting window resting on a corbel (or stone bracket—see l. 100) with two mullions or stone partitions dividing the lights. See ll. 114-5.

glimmer white with the moonbeams falling upon it.

7-8. **cold light**, silver moonlight. **uncertain**, either fitful or intermittent (on account of clouds), causing things to be seen indistinctly or vaguely. **shower**, a shower or flood of light. Comp. Shelley, 'a flood of melody.'

Streams on, falls in a stream or current. **ruined**, now in ruins.

9-10. **buttress**, a projecting support of masonry built on to the exterior of a wall, especially common in churches in the Gothic style. **Seem**, appear to be but are not really. **made of ebon**, black in the shadows of the night. **made of ivory**, white in the moonlight. **alternately**, one side of each buttress shines white in the moonlight, the other is dark in shadow as though the buttresses were made of two different materials, ebony and ivory.

11-2. **silver**, white moonbeams. **edges**, embroiders or hangs on the edge of. **the imagery**, the collection of images adorning the walls. **And**, together with. **the scrolls**, the texts or verses from the Bible. **that...die**, that contain lessons as to how a man may live happily and die in peace, live and die as a true Christian should. Comp. Gray's *Elegy*, "Many a holy text around she *strews* That teach the rustic moralist to *die*."

13. **distant sweet**, the Tweed in the distance; the sound being by distance made more sweet. **rave**, murmur.

14. The owl *is heard* to hoot. The owl, as a bird of ill omen, is supposed to build its nest in old church towers and yews in the graveyards of churches.

15. **go alone**, see above. The loneliness of the spectator brings home to him the awful solemnity of the scene. This is just the most significant touch to the whole description. **the while**, then.

16. **St. David's ruined pile**, the old broken abbey at Melrose. David I, king of Scotland, founded and liberally endowed the Abbey. He was never canonised but is called Saint on account of the many religious establishments connected with his name.

17-18. **soothly**, truly, sincerely. Declare the truth that there never was a scene so sad and fair—*sad* on account of the ruins and *fair* both for its essential beauty and the splendid moonlight.

19. Deloraine did not stop to see the beautiful scene lying before him.

20. He little cared for any beautiful scene. He was a rough borderer with no delicate taste for beauty etc. **reckoned** of, cared for.

21-22. With the hilt or handle of the dagger, he knocked loudly and long at the strong wicket door.

the wicket, a small gate in a large one which can be opened without opening the latter. **full**, is intensive.

23. The gate-keeper came hastily to the door and said. **late**, at night.

25. 'I come from Branksome'. **straight**, immediately.

27-8. **stood to fence**, defended, protected. **rights**, lands with which the monastery was endowed.

29-30. The chiefs of Branksome had endowed the monastery with many a league of lands to secure the happiness of their souls after death. The allusion is to the old custom of making rich bequests of money and lands to religious establishments on condition that 'masses' should be sung for the repose of the souls after the death of the benefactors.

living, benefices, endowments (may be in money) for the support of the clergy. **rood**, mile. **gifted**, presented as gifts to. **shrine**, temple, abbey.

31. **his errand said**, *told* his errand or the message he bore from the Ladye to the Abbot.

32.. **bent his humble head**, humbly bowed at the mention of the name of Branksome castle.

33. **feet unshod**, without shoes. **torch**, lighted brand.

35-36. The arched cloisters echoed the clanking sound of Deloraine's iron heels and steel armour.

arched cloisters, roofed or covered walks running round the walls of certain portions of monastic and collegiate buildings. **to**, in answer to.

Rang to, echoed. **clanking stride**, the clanking noise caused by his iron shoes and armour striking on the walls and pavement of the cloisters. For a similar picture, see *The Passing of Arthur*.

37-38. **stooping**, bending. Generally an intransitive verb, here used transitively. The cell being a small one, he had necessarily to stoop. **ancient priest**, old abbot.

39. **barred**, see on canto I. l. 33. **aventayle**, the moveable part of the helmet ; **G. hail**, greet. **aisle**, see on canto I. l. 236.

41. **by**, through.

42. **the fated hour**, see on canto I. l. 238 ; also canto II. 160-64.

44. **the treasure of the tomb**, the magic book (of Michael Scott), see on canto I. l. 240.

45. **sackcloth couch**, a bed made of the coarse rough cloth used in making sacks or bag. This was worn and used as a sign of mourning. Comp. the phrase, "sackcloth and ashes".

46. He raised (*reared*) his limbs stiff with age with great labour and difficulty. He could not move his limbs easily, the youthful vigour being gone.

47-8. He was one hundred years old--his hairs were thin and white, his beard long and "silvered over with age."

flung their snows, whitened, turned gray. **thin locks**, shows that he was 'bald with antiquity'.

49-50. **strangely**, amazed. **gleamed**, sparkled. **wild and wide**, with utter amazement.

51-2. Warrior, darest thou seek the accursed magic book hateful alike to the gods and the devils. **alike**, equally. **hide** from men's views.

53-8. The construction is confused, there is no predicate to 'breast.' But the sense is clear. The monk enumerates the several forms of penance he had for 60 years undergone for knowing what should never be known--the belt of iron, the shirt of hair, the scourge of thorns--and adds that even these are "all too little" to atone for the great and unpardonable offence.

pent, enclosed, bound. **shirt of hair**, in the extreme cold of winter he had worn naught but a shirt of hair as a penance. **scourge of thorn**, whipped also occasionally with such a scourge. **three score**, 60. **penance**, physical tortures undergone by a penitent. **My knees** etc, he had knelt ceaselessly on the ground until the very stones of the pavement have worn away under him. **flinty**, hard. **yet** all these have been. **all too little**, as nothing. **to atone**, to make amends, expiate; G. **For knowing** etc, it will appear later on that Michael Scott dying had left the magic book to the monk to bury it with him, and the monk had done it for the man "he loved so brotherly".

59-62. If thou wouldst spend all the remaining years of thy life in ceaseless prayer and painful, excruciating penance, and not hope even then to have atoned for thy offence but look forward to death with a terror-stricken conscience, then and not otherwise, come along with me, I will conduct thee to this accursed magic book.

Wouldst thou, if thou dost resolve or agree (to do this). **every** is emphatic. **drie**, pass in suffering, endure; G. **wait**, await, wait for. **thy latter end**, death. *Latter* is strictly redundant. It may be justified as put in contrast to what may be called 'the *former* end' or birth.

63 ff. This little speech of Deloraine is intentionally made rough and harsh in metre just to make the contrast marked between the religious solemnity of the old monk and the rude manner of the unlettered knight. 'Prayer' is a disyllable in the 2nd and 6th lines and monosyllable in the 3rd.

63. **will I none**, I will do none.

64. **hardly one**, not even one.

65-7. When I ride out on a foray I can hardly wait for mass or prayer except a short one spoken hurriedly.

65. **mass**, the Roman Catholic communion service, *i.e.* a prayer spoken when the elements, bread and wine, are consecrated, the Eucharist; **G. rarely tarry**, scarcely wait.

66. **save**, except. **to patter**, to say rapidly and without any attention to sense; **G. an Ave Mary**, a prayer of the Roman Catholic church beginning with these two Latin words which mean 'Hail! Mary', the salutation of Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. See *Luke* i. 28.

67. **Border foray**, plundering expedition in the border countries.

68. **can**, know. A. S. *cunnan*, to know.

69. **speed...errand**, quickly finish the business I come here for, hasten *for* me the doing of my errand. *me* is dative = for me. **begone**, speed back on my journey home. *be gone* is more emphatic than *go*.

70. **the churchman**, the monk. The word now means 'all who belong to the church, clergy and others, but once only the former.'

71. He sighed deeply as the recollection of his youthful might, now gone, arose in his mind.

73. **in Spain** where in those days there was a deadly struggle between the Christians and the Moors. **and (in) Italy**, where rival noble families contended for supremacy. As a soldier of fortune, he would find proper and tempting employments there.

74. **by**, gone by, past. **thought on**, remembered.

76. Notice how the bounding anapaests describing his youthful strength and agility, suddenly change into iambs.

77. **cloistered round**, surrounded with arched cells with a covered walk running round it.

78-9. The arches supported on pillars were over their heads and at their feet were the tombs of the dead. The cloisters were often used as burial places. **the bones of the dead** put for 'the graves' as also in Tennyson, "where lay the mighty bones of ancient time."

80-1. In the garden were herbs and flowers growing luxuriantly and moist with the dew of night. **flowerets**, small flowers. **glistened**, sparkled in the moonlight falling upon the dew on them.

82-3. There was no herb or flower in the garden that was not as beautifully carved in stone on the cloister arches. In other words, the flowers carved on the arches and walls were as life-like as the natural flowers blossoming in the garden.

But, that was not. **carved**, cut in stone, sculptured. **as fair**, as fairly or beautifully as the actual flowers.

84-5. The monk looked up to the moon, - at midnight she was overhead - and then at the far away dark horizon. **into the night**, i. e. the darkness of the northern sky.

86-7. Looking out towards the northern horizon, he saw that it was ablaze with the aurora borealis. The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights (l. 93), is a luminous phenomenon visible in the northern sky towards day break and now attributed to electrical causes. They are called "streamers" because the rays sometimes take the appearance of bands or ribbons. They are described as "dancing" because the rays move from east to west and change their size ; hence they are also called 'The Merry Dancers'.

88-91. The rays of the Aurora as they shoot and dart in the northern sky, are here compared by the poet to a band of young Spaniards dressed in splendid armour charging each other in mimic warfare on speedily-running horses that are suddenly wheeled round, and throwing the javelin at a foe when he is off his guard. Milton in *Par. Lost* II gives a similar but much more sublime comparison. Indeed, Scott's reads almost like a *bathos*.

88. **fair Castile**, Spain, especially the centre and north of it. **fair** refers *not* to the soil which is comparatively barren but to the romantic associations of the country.

89. **The youth**, the young fighters. **glittering squadrons** ranks shining in their splendid armour. A 'squadron' is a body of troops drawn up in a square. **start** on the mimic warfare.

90. 'Wheel the flying jennet suddenly'. **Wheel**, turn round, check the progress of a horse and make it run in another or opposite direction. **flying**, running in full career. **jennet**, a small Spanish horse.

91. And hurl the dart or spear at a foe who hardly expected it. Or *unexpected* may be taken adverbially as = suddenly, modifying 'hurl'.

92-3. An old-world superstition attributed the Aurora Borealis to the action of spirits. **shot** through the northern sky. **riding** as a man rides a horse. **northern light**, see on l. 86.

94-5. By a backdoor *steel-clenched*, i.e. strengthened or secured

with steel bands fastened across, the monk and the knight now entered the high-roofed chancel.

postern, a back door, hence any small door. **chancel**, the east end of a church in which the altar (*বেদী*) stands ; **G.** tall, high-roofed.

96-7. The roof of the chancel was high up standing on pillars that were lofty and slender.

aloof, far away, at a distance, here, aloft, up ; **G.** light and small, slender, not massive.

98-9. The central stone of each arch, the stone at the apex, that *locked* or held together the *ribs* or the stones that went to make up the arch itself, was cut into the shape of a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille.

key-stone, is so called because like a *key* it *locks* the ribs. **ribbed aisle**, the ribs of each aisle or vault. **ribs**, pieces of stone or timber supporting an arched roof. **Fleur-de-lys**, lily, the royal flower of France. The architectural lily is an ornament "consisting of three leaves, separated from three short stems by a cross-bar." **quatre-feuille**, an architectural ornament consisting of 4 leaves joined to form a rounded cross.

100. The corbels were cut into fantastic shapes. **corbels** are the projection or ornamental brackets from which the arches spring. They are usually basket-shaped ; hence the name. Sometimes they are cut in the shape of fantastic faces or masks, as here.* See any illustrated Dictionary. **carved**, shaped. **grotesque**, fantastic, odd.

101-3. And the pillars were made of slender columns standing or clustered together, and, with their tops and bases splendidly decorated with floral ornaments, looked like bundles of lances bound with garlands of flowers.

clustered shafts, a crowd of small or slender pillars. **trim**, neat, nice, adorned. **base**, foot of the pillars. **capital**, tops or head. **flourished around**, decorated all round with flowers carved on them (not actual flowers or representations on stone as in l.l. 82-3). **garlands**, wreaths of flowers.

104-6. In the chancel was the altar screened off from the rest of the hall, and around it shook in the wind many a shield and torn banner hung up there as signs or trophies of victory. "The coats of arms, armour, and banners of dead noblemen were often hung above their tombs in churches."

scutcheon, shield on which the family arms are painted. **riven**, torn in battle. **to**, with the force of, in. **heaven**, sky. **screened**, divided or separated from the rest of the building by a screen or partition. **pale**, the fence or enclosure of the altar. See *chancel* in **G.**

107-110. And there within the chancel at the foot of the altar

burned the lamps low but perpetually before the tombs of James, Earl of Douglas who fell at Otterburne and of William Douglas called the knight of Liddesdale.

the dying lamps, dying but never dead, burning always but burning low. These lamps never allowed to go out, were looked upon as symbols of the never-dying soul. This was a custom of the Romish Church. **urn**, tomb. An 'urn' was a vessel used by the ancients to hold the ashes of the dead after cremation. Shakespeare and Milton use it as =grave (so here). **chief of Otterburne**, James, Earl of Douglas, who fell in the battle of Otterburne fought in 1388 between him and Harry Percy. The latter was taken prisoner. Douglas was buried beneath the high altar at Melrose. **dark knight of Liddesdale**, William Douglas known as the flower of chivalry for his courage and valour. He is called 'dark' because he tarnished his good name by murdering Sir Alexander Ramsay, sheriff of Teviotdale, his friend and brother in arms. He was killed by his own godson while hunting in Ettrick Forest, and buried in Melrose abbey with great pomp.

111-12. How transitory is human honour - how vain human ambition ! A moral reflection on the untimely death of the two great Scotch chieftains named above. Read Shirley's verses on *Death the Leveller*. The honours of the dead fade away, and they, however great they were in life, come in time to be forgotten. However high his ambition might be, man is at last "lowly laid" in the grave - he only waits for "the inevitable hour."

113-20. These lines give a moonlight picture of the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. It was a three-sided projecting window with slender shafts of well-cut stone dividing the lights, connected with each other by ornamental stone-work delicately carved in imitation of wicker-work. It would seem to one as if some fairy had twined the osier fantastically around a cluster of straight poplars and when the work was over, had suddenly by a spell transformed the willows into stone. Here 'the slender stone shafts' are compared to 'the poplars' and 'the ornamental tracery' to 'the osier-wreaths'.

113-14. **oriel**, see on *canto II*. l. 6. **shapley**, well-cut or chiselled. "*Shapely* sculpture" occurs in *The Elegy*. These shafts or mullions stand *on* the window dividing the lights.

115. The shafts were fastened each to each by ornamental stone-work delicately cut in the shape of wicker-work. "The tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work." (Scott).

117-18. That is, 'had twined in many a freakish knot, the osier wand' twixt straight poplars. **twined**, fastened. **a freakish knot** fantastic twisting, fanciful shapes. **the osier wound**, a wreath.

or garland of the osier which is a species of the water-willow. **poplars**, a common name of 'sundry well-known trees.'

119. **framed a spell**, made by a magic formula of words, made use of a charm to change etc.

121-23. The pale moonlight fell on the glass of the window stained with the images of saints and prophets. **silver**, soft, white moonlight. **image**, picture. **glass** of the window. **dyed**, painted.

124-26. Full in the midst of the images of saints stained on the glass was that of the archangel Michael triumphantly brandishing his Red Cross on Satan, the apostate angel. Satan is called "The Apostate" by Milton in *Par. Lost* vi. where the combat between Michael and him is described. The *apostate* = the deserter from faith. Satan had forsworn his faith and allegiance to God. **cross of red**, shining, cross-shaped sword. **Triumphant**, over Satan. **brandished**, flourished. **trampled** under foot. **the Apostate's pride**, *i. e.* the proud apostate, the rebellious Satan, arch-enemy of God.

127-28. The moonbeam fell on the stained glass window and cast upon the floor a red reflection of the red cross.

pane, window. **a bloody stain**, a red impression, *i. e.* a reflection of the red cross of Michael.

129-30. They sat on a stone beneath which slept a Scottish monarch. This was Alexander II, king of Scotland, 1216-1249. A stone in the chancel is still pointed out as the monument of the great king.

131. **in solemn tone**, gravely, seriously.

132. **a man of woe**, a penitent (in sackcloth and ashes.) See ll 53-61.

133. **Paynim**, pagan, heathen; **G.** The reference is to the ancient monk's having once "fought in Spain and Italy" (l. 73). After ten years' hard struggle the Christians succeeded in driving away the Moors from Spain.

134. Fought among the Christians against the Moors of Spain.

135-36. But now, in his days of 'woe', a man in arms was a strange sight to him.

The story of the Monk.

The Monk of St. Mary's aisle had not always been a Monk, "a man of woe" In his youthful days he had been 'a warrior bold', and had fought in Spain and Italy against the Moors. It was in Spain that he fell in with the notorious wizard Michael Scott who had power over all creatures visible and had received from him his last injunctions to bury 'the mighty book' along with him,

to keep it a secret from all except the chief of Branksome in his hour of need, and had kept the orders to the letter. In horror of this association with the black art—"for knowing what should ne'er be known"—he had turned Monk and inflicted on him terrible penances of the most excruciatingly tortouring kind. He dug up the book for William of Deloraine on St. Michael's night and, how it was no one could say,

"When the convent met at the noon-tide bell,
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead."

137. **far climes**, distant countries.

138. **wondrous Michael Scott**. Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie was physican and astrologer to the great kaiser Frederick II. He wrote several treatises on natural philosophy, and hence passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Boccaccio speaks of him as "a great master of necromancy", and Dante places him in Inferno among the famous diviners or sorcerers. His prophecies were said to have been in many cases fulfilled long after his death.

The story of Michael Scott.

Michael Scott had learned magic in Salamanca. His powers were wonderful. If he waved his wand in Spain the bells would ring in Notre Dame at Paris. He is said to have caused a mighty spirit to split Eildon hills in three and to set up a dam across the Tweed. He cast no shadow, dressed himself like a palmer, and lived to a good old age. He died on St. Michael's night at one, and was buried at Melrose with his 'book of might' in his left hand and the cross in his right, with a lamp burning perpetually. He left death-bed injunctions with the Monk never to tell where the book was concealed except "at his chief of Branksome's need".

139. **wizard**, magician; **G. of...fame**, so notorious and powerful.

140-42. He was so powerful a magician that by waving his magic wand in Spain he could make the bells ring of the cathedral church of Paris.

Salamanca's cave, Spain was once accounted a favourite residence of magicians. There was a famous school of magic and magical learning at Salamanca held in a deep cavern the mouth of which was subsequently walled up by Queen Isabella.

Him listed, it pleased him. **list**, please; **G. wand**, rod. **Notre Dame** de Paris, the central Cathedral church of Paris. *Notre Dame* = our Lady, the church was dedicated to Virgin Mary.

144-46. Michael Scott was once much embarrassed by a spirit for whom he had to find constant employment. Two of these are mentioned here. The first was to divide Eildon hill, and the con-

cal summit of Eildon was split up into 3 picturesque peaks (which it now bears) in the night. The second was to dam the Tweed, and in one night a dam-head was thrown across the Tweed at Kelso. (The third task was the hopeless and endless one of making ropes out of sea-sand- this vanquished the indefatigable fiend). For such demoniac activities, read *Il. Pens.*

I could say because M. S. taught me these words. **cleft**, split up. **bridged** checked the course of. **curb**, dam. The fact is that the art of bridge-building in which the Romans excelled having been lost by the Celts and the Saxons, many stupendous bridges and ramparts came to be attributed to the labours of demons.

147-9. But to speak those words would be a most unpardonable sin—even for recollecting them, as I tell you the story, I will have to do a thrice severe penance. **but**, only. **treble**, three times more severe than the penance I have already inflicted on myself.

151. **awakened**, roused within him. Remorse overmastered him that he had once busied himself with magic.

152. **bethought him**, remembered. **sinful deed**, i. e. black art.

153. **gave me a sign**, beckoned me magically.

154-5. Michael lay dying in Scotland, I was then in Spain. But no doubt by some magical charm I was hurried over the seas and suddenly found myself standing by his bed. **close**, end, i. e. the close or end of evening.

157. i. e. when *he* was *laid* on his death-bed. **may not be said** or repeated : they are so terrible, they would rend the abbey into fragments.

158. **massy nave**, massive or huge roof.

160. **the Mighty Book**, the magic book containing his charms etc.

161. **mortal**, men. **look**, read, see.

163. **his**, as a Scott Michael would acknowledge the Scotts of Branksome as his chief.

165. **to restore**, to put back into the grave.

166. **St. Michael's night**, Sep. 29th.

167. At dead midnight when the bell struck *one*.

168. **his chamber among the dead**, his grave.

169. When the moonbeam streaming into the room through the stained or coloured window glass, made red the floor of the chancel (see on l. 95). See ll. 124-6.

170-1. The moonbeams cast the reflection of St. Michael's cross painted on the glass, on the grave of the wizard—as though

St. Michael himself was brandishing his cross of red over him scaring the fiends away. As a magician Michael would be especially liable to be preyed upon by evil spirits; his own patron saint protected him in his grave with that triumphant cross with which he had once driven the fallen angles out of heaven. **his patron.** Michael Scott naturally took his name-sake the great archangel Michael as his patron or protecting saint. **fiends,** evil spirits. **wizard,** magician.

172. It was a dreadful, terrible night.

174. These were the phantom sounds of fiends exulting on the death of the wizard.

175. **banners** of l. 104. **without a blast** of wind. To be sure, then, the banners were moved by the fiends.

176. **still spoke,** i. e. he was still speaking.

177. **good at need,** see on canto I. l. 231.

179. Never rode against an enemy.

180-1. **yet.** Though the bravest of the brave on the battle-field, Deloraine was cold with fear and his hairs stood on end in the midst of those phantom sights and sounds. **chilled,** cold, damped. **bristle,** stand erect (like the *bristles* of a porcupine).

The story of the rescue of the buried book.

Sir William of Deloraine was sent by the Ladye of Branksome castle to get the magic book of Michael Scott from Melrose Abbey. The knight demanded the book of the old monk, and was led by him into the chancel where the grave of the wizard was marked out by a red cross, the cross of St. Michael, carved on it. It was St. Michael's night; the bell had struck one, when, with phantom sights and sounds around them, the monk and the knight stood before the awful tomb. The knight shoved away the flagstone by an iron bar and a blaze of weird sepulchral light dazzled him. There lay the wizard, fresh as if buried not a day, with the mighty book in his left hand. The knight took away the book and rode back as fast as he could. But the monk was dead before noon of the next day.

182-3. "Behold" says the monk, "the red cross of St. Michael traced on the wizard's grave marks it out from among the rest." **the mighty dead,** the wizard Michael Scott.

184-7. Within the tomb of the wizard burns perpetually a wonderful lamp to scare the fiends away. That lamp shall burn there until the end of the world.

"It was formerly believed that in some old sepulchres there had been found lamps which had burned for hundreds of years. The method of preparing such lamps was part of the magical art." Scott adds a motive to suit the case, "to chase the spirits" with whom the magicians had been too familiar.

spirits. ..**night**, evil spirits that wander over the earth under cover of the darkness of the night. **unquenchably**, without ever going out, perpetually. **the eternal doom**, the end of the world, the last judgment. Shakespeare calls it "the crack of doom." **be**, come about, happen.

188-9. Slowly walked the Monk to the flagstone on which was traced the bloody cross.

flag-stone, paving-stone, broad piece of stone on the pavement or floor. **traced**, drawn, carved, depicted. **the bloody**, the Red Cross of St. Michael.

190. **a secret nook**, a far-away corner. **took**, picked up.

192-3. **withered**, old and dried. **to expand**, *i.e.* for the knight to open wide. **hug portal**, broad mouth. The 'large stone' on the tomb is here called the portal or gate of it.

194. The knight applied himself to the task with a heart beating with anxiety.

195. He bent his strong body over the grave. **sinewy frame**, muscular, strong structure.

196-7. He heaved amain with the iron bar till he perspired copiously.

heaved, pushed at the stone. **amain**, with great strength ; G. **toil-drops**, sweat (caused by toil).

198. **by dint of passing strength**, by virtue or force of exceedingly great strength. Cf. "*Passing* rich with forty pounds a year." *passing*=surpassing.

199. **massy**, massive, heavy.

200-3. The poet wishes that the reader had been there to see how as soon as the stone was pushed away the light blazed forth up to the roof and through the galleries.

gloriously, splendidly. **streamed** *i.e.* how the light streamed. **galleries**, passages along the walls. **aloof**, aloft. **far aloof**, high up.

204-5. No earthly light was ever so bright--it was as resplendent as the sun itself.

flame, fire. It was a fire lighted by magic. **heaven's own blessed light** the sun. This expression in connection with a sepulchral light, does not seem to be proper.

206-9. Coming out of the grave the light fell on the monk and on the armour and crests of the warrior.

issuing from, coming out of. **cowl**, hood ; G. **visage**, face. **pale**, with age and with fear. **mail**, armour made of steel rings fastened together. **Kissed**, fell on. **waving plume**, dancing crest.

211. As if he had been buried fresh. Magic preserved his body from putrefaction.

212. He had a long, flowing white beard. His white beard looked like "rolling ripples on a silvery stream."

213. **some**, more or less. **winters**, 'old age' is calculated in winters as 'manhood' in summer and 'youth' in spring. So Tennysons speaks of "the white winter" of Sir Bedivere's age.

214-6. His dress was like that of a pilgrim. He was wrapped in an amice bound round him with an ornamented Spanish shoulder belt.

A palmer's amice, an amice such as is worn by a palmer. An *amice* is 'a hood lined with gray fur', the characteristic garb of a pilgrim; **G.** Comp. Milton, "Morning fair came forth with pilgrim steps in *amice* gray." **palmer**, pilgrim. So called because he "bore a palm-branch in memory of his having been to the Holy Land" (Skeat).

wrought, "ornamented, embroidered." **baldric**, richly-ornamented shoulder-belt; **G.** The *Spanish* baldric shows that he had been "beyond the sea."

217. **the book of Might**, *i. e.* of mighty spells or charms.

220. **High and majestic**, grave and grand. **look**, appearance.

221. The fiercest devils would have quaked with fear at his grand and awful appearance. **fellest**, most terrible.

222. **all unruffled**, most tranquil, perfectly calm and composed.

223. Magicians were believed to sell their souls to the devil for ill-got powers. But the tranquil look of Michael Scott as he lay dead indicated that he had died at peace with God and his soul, that he had found divine favour and mercy. **gotten grace**, received the pardon of God.

227. 'And known neither remorse nor awe.' **remorse**, pity. **awe**, fear.

228. **owned**, felt. The man who had never known fear was now struck down with it.

229-31. When he saw the strange scene of death, he gasped heavily, he felt dizzy, he was puzzled and even paralysed. **His breath came thick**, he panted (under great fear). **swam**, round was giddy. **unnerved**, paralysed.

232. The monk prayed loudly and vehemently. **fervently**, ardently.

233-5. The monk prayed with eyes turned away from the dead body because he could not bear to see the sight of one he once loved so tenderly and affectionately.

averted, turned away. **might**, could. **brotherly**, *i. e.* 'brother-like.'

236. **his death-prayer**, prayer for the soul of Michael.

238-39. 'Do what thou hast to do speedily or we may have to pay dearly for it.'

speed thee, hasten. **thee** is dative = 'for thyself.' **dearly**, **rue**, bitterly repent. **we may**, *i. e.* 'we may have the cause to.' The cause is named below.

240-41. For the invisible fiends are fast gathering round the gaping tombstone.

those, etc, the evil spirits. **mayst not** for fear or because they are invisible. **yawning stone**, opened grave.

244. The mighty book fastened with iron clasps.

245. Scott notes that William of Deloraine might have been strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. A Jew is said to have attempted to pull the whiskers of the statue of this great Christian champion when the corpse started up and half unsheathed his sword.

246-47. It was not perhaps the dead man's frown. It was probably the blaze of the weird light in the grave that had dazzled the sight of the warrior.

glare, blaze. **sepulchral light**, dismal lamp in the grave.

248-50. **sunk**, was placed again. **gloom**, darkness. There was no more the light of the lamp and the light of the moon.

252. **wavering**, trembling. **dizzy**, whirling, giddy.

253. They could scarcely reach the small back-door by which they had entered the chancel (see ll 94-5). This was partly due to the darkness and partly to their intense anxiety at the time.

254-5. **aisles**, vaults, arches. **on the blast**, in the wind. See l 174.

256-9. And through the galleries which ran half way up the walls all round, were heard sobs and laughter unlike those of men.

cloister-galleries, see on l. 203. **mid-height**, midway between the floor and the roof. **thread**, go or run round. It also implies narrowness. **unlike** etc, *i. e.* weird or ghostly.

260. The spells being revealed, they had lost their power over the fiends. The loud laughter might be that of the spirits who had thus been freed from their bondage.

kept holiday, were glad. **brought to day**, no longer secret.

262-3. See Intro. for the origin of the 'Lay.' **how**, what was the truth about these weird sights.

264. **hie thee hence**, hasten home (as fast as thou mayst). **Father**, monk.

266-7. **our dear Ladye**, the Virgin Mary **sweet St. John** the Baptist. **the deed** etc, for knowing what should never be known. See l. 58.

268. **returned him**, *i. e.* 'himself' (dative), brought himself back.

269. **sped**, did speedily. This is really a *Zeugma*, 'offered up many a prayer and *did* many a penance'. See my *Prosody and Rhetoric*, 2nd ed., p. 51.

270. **the convent**, the monks. The word now means 'the dwelling-place of the monks'. **tide**, time. **met** for prayers.

272-3. The dead body lay before the cross with hands clasped still in the attitude of power. The anxiety was much too much for the poor man of hundred winters.

274. **free**, freely. The close damp atmosphere of the house of dead had cast a blight on his spirits.

275. And in the free air outside, he tried to recover his wonted boldness of heart. **hardihood**, boldness, courage. **find**, get back.

276-7. He was glad when he passed the graveyard lying around the old abbey.

tombstones gray, old graves. **girdle round**, lie like a belt around. See ll. 77-9.

278-79. The mysterious magic book lay like a heavy burden on his bosom. It was not so much the actual, physical weight of the book that oppressed the knight as the intolerable mystery associated with it.

280-81. And his joints though made of iron muscles, shook and trembled like aspen leaves.

nerves of iron, strong muscles. **twined**, bound, made by the twisting of the nerves round them. Qualifies 'joints.' **the aspen leaves** require no wind but are always trembling. This is a favourite comparison with Scott. Cf. *Marmion*, "the shade By the light quivering aspen made."

282-83. **Full fain**, very glad. **Cheviot**, a hill 30 miles east of Branksome.

284-85. **joyed**, was delighted. **said**, pattered. **Ave Mary**, the stark moss-trooper's only prayer. See l. 64. **might**, could.

286. ff. Notice how lovely and exhilarating is the fresh cool morning landscape after the horrors of the spell-guarded tomb and chancel. The very metre is changed to suit the new subject.

287. **the Carter Fell**, one of the Cheviot hills, "on the border of England, above Jedburgh" (Scott).

288. **the rising day**, the sun above the horizon.

289. Branksome castle stands on the Teviot.

290. The wild birds sang their songs melodiously.

291. Every flower that blows, wakened. **blows**, blossoms, grows. **wakened**, put forth its petals, opened.

292. The pale violet peeped forth, *i. e.* blossomed.

293. The mountain rose spread her breast, *i. e.* opened herself or blossomed.

294-7. Margaret, the flower of Teviotdale, left her bed early. She was lovelier in her natural complexion than the rose but now paler than the violet partly with the sweet anxiety of love and partly with sleeplessness.

sleepless bed, a bed on which Margaret could not sleep with thoughts of love and the appointment to meet her lover under cover of darkness. *Sleepless* is a bold *hypallage*.

298. ff. For the interrogatories, see note on canto l. VI.

299. Why does she put on her gown so hastily? **don**, wear; **G. kirtle**, "our modern gown, a waist, and petticoat." **hastilie**, for the antique look of the word, comp. 'Ladye,' 'litherlie' etc.

300-1. Why tremble her slender fingers to tie the silken knots which she would bind in a hurry. **slender**, delicate. **the silken knots** of the dress. **make**, tie up.

303. As she steps slowly and silently down the secret stair-case at the back of the house. The *secret stair* was a flight of stairs at the back of the house serving as a secret passage as opposed to the main stair-case for general use.

304-5. As the bloodhound rouses itself up from its den at the sound of human footfall, Margaret pats and caresses it to lull it into silence. **pat**, stroke, caress. **shaggy**, hairy. **lair**, sleeping-place, kennel.

306-7. Though she gets out of the house by the back door, the watchman is silent.

postern, see on l. 94. **blown**, sounded.

308. ff. The answers are given here. The mystery is cleared up.

308-9. Margaret "glides down" softly and hesitatingly lest her mother should hear her footsteps. She was going to see Lord Cranstoun, a match which her mother had sternly interdicted. **The Ladye**, Margaret. **tread**, footfalls.

311. **the castle round**, all the inmates of the castle now asleep in the rooms *around* her. *round* is an adverb.

313. The watchman was the son of the husband of the woman who had nursed her in infancy. Such relations are often the basis of strong affection in the old romances.

foster-father, husband of her foster-mother, the nurse.

314-5. **light**, day, *i. e.* very early morning. **true knight**, devoted lover.

317. **are set**, have seated themselves. The hawthorn is the customary trysting-place of lovers, as evening is the time.

318. **fairer pair**, lovelier couple (of lovers). *green* is adj. to 'hawthorn.'

321. **in hall**, *i. e.* in peace. The beloved of all, the observed of all observers, in peace ; the dread of foes in battle.

322. **And she**. This is an instance of 'anacoluthon'. (See my *Prosody* P. 51). 'She' is left without a verb, the construction being suddenly changed. Notice also the rhetorical question which heightens the effect.

322-29. When her cheeks were reddened by an effort of the soul to conceal the love which she could not all conceal, when a half-suppressed sigh heaved against the silk dress which by a gentle curvature showed the youthful breasts, when her eyes overhung by her yellow locks betrayed in their sweet amorous looks the secret of love in her heart, -there was not to be found on earth a woman of statelier beauty than Margaret of Branksome.

322-23. **scarce told, scarce hid**, which she could not express in words, nor quite conceal. The expression portrays her natural bashfulness. And the colour on her cheeks, was the effect of this struggle. **livelier** than usual.

324-25. **half sigh**, not a full-drawn but a suppressed one. The 'sigh' was partly the effect of her consciousness that after all the love might be doomed to be disappointed. **swelling**, youthful. **ribbon**, dress. **prest**, heaved, rose.

326-7. **their secret**, the secret of love. **told**, indicated. **locks of gold**, yellow ringlets.

328. **the peerless fair**, the paragon of beauty, the nonpareil. **peerless**, matchless. **fair**, *i. e.* 'fair one'.

329. **compare** in beauty.

330. The minstrel speaks. The mention of love seems to have roused the attention of the high Dame and her ladies in the fate of a young couple.

330-1. **Methinks I see**, it seems to me. The expression of the ladies' gladness was so great as to be visible. **minstrelsy**, song.

332-3. You show by your attitude that you begin to take interest in my song. **waving locks**, flowing hairs. **sidelong bend**, incline to a side (like one listening). **necks of snow**, snow-white necks.

334-5. **ween**, expect. **melting**, pathetic, moving. **in**, *i. e.* 'met' in.

336-9. You expect to hear how Lord Cranstoun tried to express his love and how he swore that he would much rather be killed at her feet than cease to love her.

with tender fire, tenderly and yet warmly. **strove To paint**, tried to give expression to. **faithful passion**, true love. **expire**, be killed by his enemies (her mother). Even death could not put an end to his deep and true attachment.

340-5. You expect to hear how Margaret blushed and sighed, how in the confusion of love she faltered out 'yes' and 'no' to his suit, and swore that she would much rather die unmarried than marry anybody else. The bloody feud between the two families subsiding, she was resolved to marry Lord Cranstoun and him only.

341. **half consenting**, almost agreeing to accept him. **half denied**, almost refused to be betrothed to him. This line admirably pictures the confusion natural to her at the time. She would take Cranstoun, yet she dared not own it partly on account of her youthful bashfulness and partly because she knew her mother would cross the love.

342. **die a maid**, because there was no hope of her marrying him --and she would marry none else.

343. **might**, if it might be that. **the bloody feud**, 'the mortal jar', see on canto l. 75.

345. **choice**, chosen husband.

346-51. If you expect to hear a tale of love, you are fated to be disappointed. For I am too old and my voice too languid to do justice to the warmth of love.

347. **the enchanting strain**, the bewitching note (fit for love). It is now dull and languid and thus unable to do justice to love.

348. Love is a slight and not a serious subject. My old age is hardly suited for such a trivial theme. **reprove**, cast a slur on. **Its lightness**, *i. e.* of the strain of love.

350-1. **My heart is dead**, my feelings are no more warm. **my veins are cold**, I have lost the buoyant spirits of youth, the blood is cold in my veins. **may**, can.

352. **mossed o'er by eld**, covered over with moss on account of old age.

353. **The Baron's Dwarf**, Lord Cranstoun's goblin page. "It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs." The original was Gilpin Horner. See Intro. for an account of him and his being brought in here. Suffice it to say that the 'Lay' was written out of deference to a lady's wish to celebrate him. **courser**, steed, horse.

The Story of the Goblin Page.

See Intro.

354. **crested helm**, helmet with the plumes or feathers on.

355-7. If the Border tales about him be credible, the dwarf was not a human being but a weird phantom. **earthly**, mortal.

358-65. It is said that when the baron rode a-hunting through the unfrequented glens of Reedsdale, he heard a weird cry, 'lost, lost, lost,' and suddenly saw falling at his knee from a height of about 33 ft., like a tennis ball tossed up, an abnormal, misshaped being in look more like a monkey than a man.

358. **a-hunting**, in such phrases *a-on*.

359. **rarely trod**, solitary, scarcely trodden. **glens**, valleys.

361. **racket**, the tennis bat or battledore. **tossed**, cast or beaten up.

363. **the gorge**, the chasm, an opening in the mountain side. **this elfin shape**, this diminutive being. An *elf* is a being of extraordinarily small size.

364. In shape ugly like a small monkey. **Distorted**, misshaped. **ape**, monkey.

365. **lighted**, alighted, got down, fell.

366. **some whit**, somewhat, a little. **whit** : G. **dismayed**, taken aback.

367-8. **five good miles**, full five miles. **rade**, rode. This was the O.E. past tense. **rid him**, get rid of, rid himself.

371. The dwarf was the first to arrive at the door of Lord Cranstoun's castle.

372. It is a common saying that when we become familiar with a marvellous thing, we cease to regard it as marvellous. The proverb is "familiarity breeds contempt." Lord Cranstoun also in time became used to the goblin and found nothing extraordinary or startling in him.

373. **staid**, continued to live. **elvish**, adj. from *elf*.

375. **the menial flock**, the troop of servants.

376. And often threw his arms apart as if he had lost something. But what he had 'lost' and what at last he 'found', are both alike mysterious. See Intro.

377. He was *waspish*, quick to resent a trifling injury ; *wr/h*, mischievous ; and *litherlie*, malicious ; G.

378. But he was faithful to Lord Cranstoun.

379. And he, Lord Cranstoun, was also very pleased with him and his service. **fain**, glad.

380-1. For once the baron would have been taken prisoner or killed but for his goblin page. The incident is told in the next stanza. **had**, would have. **taken** captive. **An** if ; **G. ministry**, service, management, aid.

382. All those who dwelt on the Border. **Home** castle is in Berwickshire at the N. E. extremity of the Border. **Hermitage** castle in Roxburghshire near the S. W. end of the Border.

383. **Goblin**, elvish.

384. **For**, *i. e.* how he would have been taken or slain (l. 380).

386. **Mary's Chapel of the Lowes**, a church dedicated to St. Mary and standing on the 'Loch of the Lowes', a small lake adjoining St. Mary's Lake.

387-9. He went to the chapel because he had vowed to make a pilgrimage and offer his prayers there. Such pilgrimages were frequent in those days either as a sign of gratitude for a victory or escape or by way of penance for wrong done. (See canto VI).

our Lady's lake, *i. e.* St. Mary's Lake. **offering**, a present, may be of money, at the altar. **would**, was willing. **vows**, prayers.

390. "This attempt is historical. It took place in 1557." The ladye came with a band of two hundred armed men of the Scott clan to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, and broke open the doors to apprehend Lord Cranstoun "for his destruction", "out of ancient feud and malice prepense". For this attempt the ladye and her men were indicted.

The effect of this episode is threefold : (1) it shows the hatred of the Ladye for Cranstoun making the match with his daughter as hopeless as could be ; (2) it shows the power of the dwarf ; (3) it leads by a natural transition to the exercise of the same power on this occasion.

392. **trysting place**, the rendezvous, the meeting-place ; **G. lee**, a grassy plain.

393. **Wat of Harden**, an ancestor of the poet himself, a Scott. **amain**, speedily.

394. **John of Thirlestane**, Sir John Scott, especially honoured by James V. of Scotland.

396. **spears**, spearmen. They were altogether 303.

397-8. Their horses prance, their lances gleam through etc. **burn**, a stream. The Douglas falls into the Yarrow below St. Mary's Lake. **prance**, run at full career. **gleam**, flash. This is the historic present.

399. **ere day**, before the break of day.

400. **void**, empty. They had expected to catch Baron Cranstoun there but the goblin page, knowing it beforehand in a mysterious way, had anticipated them and hurried away with his master.

401. **very**, extreme, great. **rage**, anger. They vented their anger on the church.

402. Cursed the page because they thought they had been cheated of their due through his wicked instrumentality.

403-4. **good green wood** is a stock phrase in ballad poetry. **aged**, old.

405-6. The horse erects its ears as though it hears a distant noise. **pricks**, points upward. Notice the confusion in tense, *stood, pricks, hears*. They should all be either present or past.

407-8. **the long lean arm**, dwarfs have always disproportionately long arms. **signs**, waves his arm as a sign. The dwarf had in his own mysterious way, divined the approach of Sir William.

409. To vow love or sigh at a sudden parting.

410-11. Fair Margaret fled like the cushat-dove precipitate'y through the grove or cluster of hazel-nut trees.

startled, frightened. **cushat-dove**, wood-pigeon.

412. The dwarf held the stirrup and the rein for the baron to jump up on the horse. **stirrup**, the strap hanging from the saddle with a suitable appliance for the feet.

413. The knight leapt up on the horse as speedily as he could. **Vaulted**, leapt up.

414.* And musing deeply on the interview with Margaret. **pondering**, thinking; G.

415. **Rode eastward**, and therefore was likely to meet William of Deloraine who was now coming back from Melrose by the same way he had taken to it. See I.

263. This meeting was momentous and forms the subject of canto III. **green**, *i. e.* 'good green wood.'

The poet skilfully leaves his readers on the tip-toe of expectation as to what made the dwarf part the lovers so soon and unexpectedly.

416. **he poured the lengthened tale**, the minstrel sang his song eloquently and unbrokenly (in a full current or stream).

417. **to fail** partly with age and partly with excitement.

418-21. The attendant page smiled and put into his old withered hands a vessel filled to the brim with the warmest and best wine of Velez in Spain.

418. **Full slily**, in a cunning (not arch but good-humoured) way. **the observant page**, the attendant servant of the *Intro* l. 39. The page saw that the old man required a heartening-up, and gave him a warm cordial.

419. **of age**, of the old man.

420. **Goblet**, cup. The *et* is a diminutive suffix. **crowned**, full to the brim, brimful. **mighty**, warm and ardent.

421. This line illustrates 'wine'. The *blood*, juice, of the vine *scorched*, ripened by the sun, in *Velez*, a town in Malaga, the best wine producing district of Spain. The 'juice of the grape' is metaphorically called the 'blood' since as the blood circulates in man and is his life, so the juice circulates in the grape and forms its essence, or virtue.

423. **the big drop**, the tears of gratitude for the Duchess' generosity.

424. **to bless long**, *i. e.* to bless her with long life and prosperity.

425. And to bless all etc. **a son of song**, a minstrel.

426. **maidens**, *i. e.* the bower maidens. See Intro. l. 63.

827-8. How long and how heartily he drank off the wine. **zealously**, warmly, ardently. **precious juice**, rich wine. **quaffed** drank (in large draughts).

429-30. The minstrel heartened up by the glass, looked cheerfully at the ladies and smiled.

emboldened by the draught, cheered by the glass of wine.

431-2. The warm wine fired his blood and cheered his soul.

cordial, heart-warming. **nectar of the bowl**, wine in the glass. The 'nectar' was the drink as 'ambrosia' the food of the gods. Hence nectar = any delicious drink. **swelled his old viens**, warmed the languid blood in him, filled his veins with an increased flow of blood.

433-4. Before the minstrel began his song again, his fingers lightly passed over the strings of the harp striking out a short, delightful strain of music. This 'lighter' strain was appropriate to the love interlude with which he began.

prelude, prologue or set of notes on the harp. **ran**, was struck out rapidly.

CANTO III.

If the first two Cantos are full of weird *descriptions*, this is full of *action* though the magic element is not altogether absent. But even magic here is productive of action.

We learn :—

(1) That, as might be expected, Cranstoun and Deloraine meet and fight and the latter is worsted.

(2) Cranstoun leaves the elfin page "to stanch the wound" of Deloraine and see him safe to Branksome castle.

[Here are two noble traits in the character of the baron. If he were shown as a mean sneaking coward vanquished by Deloraine, our sympathy for him as a lover of Margaret would suffer. His merciful conduct after the skirmish shows the essential nobleness of his heart. Valour and virtue both entitle him to the possession of the flower of Teviot.]

(3) The goblin spies the magic book, and gets a spell out of it - one that can cast a "blear illusion" and make things seem what they are not.

(4) Deloraine is brought to the castle and left at the door of the Ladye's secret bower.

(5) The goblin sees the child (l. 88), and leads it astray out of the castle into a thick wood where it is left alone.

(6) The child falls into the hands of strange archers who turn out to be Englishmen - the first indication that an English force is advancing towards Branksome.

(7) The Dwarf takes the place of the child in the castle, assumes his look, and plays countless mischievous pranks to the bewilderment of all.

(8) The ladye might have found him out by her superior magic but she is now busy tending Deloraine—an excellent and noticeable trait in the ladye otherwise so stern and resolved.

(9) Deloraine comes round slowly but steadily.

(10) The midnight 'bale-fires' indicate the coming of a foe--the hurried preparation in Branksome, the gathering of the clans, uncertainty as to who the foe might be.

[Note how this uncertainty prolongs the interest in the action].

1. These lines refer to ll. 346-351. The *And* reminds the hearers of what he had said before and prepares them for some modification of it.

3. **kindly fire**, natural warmth of heart or enthusiasm.

4. My affections are cold, dead and gone, in old age.

6-8. I am surprised that I said I could not sing of love because I was old and weak, no longer possessing the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. It was base and false and treacherous on my part, a minstrel that I am whose proper function is to sing of love, to say so in respect of the grandest theme that ever fired the imagination of a poet. '

the dearest theme, the most delightful, cherished subject (love). **warmed**, kindled, fired. **dream**, imagination. **recreant**, false traitor ; **G.** 'Love' being the minstrel's proper subject, to decline to sing of it would be for him to desert his duty ; hence 'a traitor.'

9-10. I wonder that I could mention the word 'love' without feeling myself stirred to sing in rapturous strains of it. **wake** etc., feel myself roused to sing enthusiastically of love.

Scott's lines on love.

Few English poets have spoken more rapturously of love. It is the dearest subject to a poetic soul. It sets it on fire. Love is omnipresent and omnipotent, there is none on heaven or earth that does not feel its sway. All alike are subject to it, lords and ladies, the rich and the poor, the warrior and the shepherd. Indeed, human love is but an affluence of divine love, and God is the perennial fount and source of all love.

11-17. Love is all powerful. Lords and ladies, warriors and shepherds, the rich and the poor all alike are subject to love. The mightiness of love is seen at all times in war and in peace, and everywhere, on earth below and heaven above.

11. In times of peace, the shepherd sings of love. Pastoral poetry is the poetry of the love of shepherds and shepherdesses. **reed** is a crude musical instrument made by several stalks joined together by wax. It symbolises 'pastoral poetry'.

12. In war, it is love that inspires the warrior to his bravest deeds. The soldier is warmed to his noblest achievements by the recollection that the eyes of his lady love are on him.

13-14. The *halls* of the rich are contrasted with the *hamlets* of the poor. The rich in their halls and the poor in their country dances, are alike amenable to love. **gay attire**, gala dress. **green**, meadows.

15. The power of love is seen on all men—the rich courtiers, the gallant soldiers, and the studious poets and philosophers. **the grove** is here put either for the ladies or such men as seek solitary nooks and corners, e. g., poets etc.

16. **above**, in heaven. **below**, on the earth.

17. 'Heaven' is in this epigram used in two senses. **love is heaven**, *i. e.* heavenly, supremely sweet. **heaven is love**, *i. e.* God is the source and fount of love, is love itself. Another meaning is also possible, 'love gives the happiness of heaven and heaven is so happy because there we love and are loved'. Cf. Tennyson, "Strong son of God, immortal Love".

18. **So**, that heaven is love etc. **ween**, think.

19. Thinking deeply of the love interview. *Ponder* now requires *on* or *over* after it. See ii 414.

21. The goblin page *shouted* because he understood that a bloody skirmish was imminent. He would put his lord on his guard. **wild and shrill**, adverbially used.

22. Lord Cranstoun had hardly time enough to put on his helmet. Except when actually engaged a knight did not wear his helmet. **don**, put on; **G.** Cranstoun was taken unawares because (1) he was lost in thought and (2) Deloraine moved down a *shady* hill.

23-24. When he saw a knight riding down the hill. (This knight was Sir William of Deloraine).

the shady hill, the wooded hill-side. **stately**, grand. **pricking**, riding, spurring. This line is an echo of Spenser's, "A gentle knight was pricking on the plain."

25-26. The horse of dapple gray colour, was smeared all over with clay and sweat (showing that it had run hard even through miry pools).

dapple-gray, see on I 251. **dapple**=spotted. **splashed**, wet, covered.

27. **stain**, blood-mark.

28-9. It appeared from his wretched look at the time as though he had ridden all night long. **weary plight**, state of exhaustion. **live-long**, the long night through.

Cranstoun's encounter with Deloraine.

Hastily retreating from an interview with Margaret in Brank-some's 'good green wood,' Cranstoun saw Deloraine before him returning back from Melrose. No sooner had their eyes met than the old ill-blood rose in their minds. They dashed against each other with all the tremendous fury of mutual hostility and their "meeting seemed like the bursting thunder cloud." Deloraine gave a heavy blow to Cranstoun sending him reeling back, and his tough ash-spear broke into "a thousand flinders". But Cranstoun soon recovered self-possession and sent his lance through the Borderer's mail as though it were of silk, and broke it in his bosom.

Deloraine sank down on the ground gasping for breath. Cranstoun left with instructions to his goblin page to tend the knight and "stanch his wounds."

31-4. He did not seem to be in the least weary when he saw the crane on the crest of Lord Cranstoun waving in the sun. For he at once couched his spear for attack. (The sight of an enemy had roused the fierce blood of the moss-trooper in him).

31-2. **nó whit**, not at all. On **whit**, see ii. 366. **sunny beam**, rays of the sun. The sun was just up. **marked**, saw.

33. **crane**, "the crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot." (Cranstoun = crane + stone).

34. **ready spear**, 'ready' is a proleptic epithet, it anticipates the notion of the verb. 'His spear was *readily* in his rest.' The *rest* was a part of the saddle against which the butt-end of the spear was placed when it was brought in position for a charge.

35-8. Few words they spoke and these full of ire and indicative of their intense hatred for each other. These few fiery words were the prelude to a violent and bloody strife.

35. **high**, angry, scornful.

36. **marked**, showed. **foemen**, the opponents. **feudal hate**, (1) hatred which they felt for each other on account of the *feud* subsisting between the two families, or (2) the hatred which a vassal felt for the enemies of his lord (*feudal* having the sense it has in 'feudal system').

37. **question** and **reply** exchanged between the two.

38. **dire debate**, dreadful, bloody contest. **debate**, strife, now generally in words ; G.

39-40. The horses felt their riders' enmity toward each other. **coursers**, horses. **mortal**, deadly.

41-2. The horses snorted violently when they were turned and taken to a distance from each other to let each combatant obtain the necessary momentum for the attack. (When the horses were standing too near to each other, this space was not available.)

snorted, breathed. **wheeled**, turned. **vantage-ground**, space enough to allow him to charge his opponent at full speed.

43. It is natural for a man to bend towards the centre of the earth when he wheels round rapidly.

45-6. He prayed to his guardian saint ; he sighed recollecting fair Margaret. In the days of chivalry when a knight "loved one maiden only and clave to her", the love of the lady was an inspiration warming him for the bravest deeds. On *patron saint*, see ii 170.

47. Sturdy Deloraine has already declared that "prayer knew

he hardly one" (ii. vi). He was a stark moss-trooper, and cared more for the effectiveness of his blows than prayers or vows.

49-50. **stooped**, bent (like one attacking an enemy). **couched**, brought it on a level with his enemy for the charge. See i. 216. **spurred**, ran. **steed**, horse. **to**, at. **career**, speed : **G**.

51-2. The crash with which the heavy-armed combatants met was like the sound of a thunderbolt.

champions, warriors. **bursting**, noise, crash.

53. Heavy was the blow Sir William gave to the baron. **dint**, blow : **G**. **lent**, inflicted, gave.

54. **backwards bent**, reeled back (under the force of the blow).

55-8. He fell back on the horse. The feathers on his helmet were scattered in the air. The strong lance of Sir William was broken into fragments.

56. **plumes**, feathers. **gale**, wind.

57. **tough**, strong. **ash-spear**, spear the handle of which was made of the ash. This was the Borderer's spear. **stout and true**, strong and faithful (in having pierced many a foe).

58. **finders**, pieces, splinters. **flew**, broke.

59-60. **of more avail**, stronger, of greater strength. **like silk**, as easily as though the Borderer had worn a silk dress and no mail armour. **mail**, see *ante*.

61-2. Passing or penetrating through the borderer's shield, jack, and acton, broke in his bosom.

jack, a leathern coat worn *over* the mail. **acton**, a leather jacket worn *under* the coat of mail.

63. **the warrior** Sir William. **saddle-fast**, firm in the saddle. **fast**, firm, as in 'play *fast* and loose'.

64-6. Under the force of the terrific charge, the horse fell, the girthing broke, and the rider and the animal lay on the ground in a heap.

stumbling in, stunned by. **mortal**, not actually causing death but likely to cause it, tremendous. **shock**, charge. **girthing**, a strap passing under the horse and keeping the saddle firm. **on**, more strictly *in*.

67. The baron unable to check the horse, passed onward on his course, *i. e.* rode for some distance beyond Deloraine.

68. **giddy rolled his brain**, he felt so dizzy.

70. When he checked the course of the horse and wheeled round. **reined**, stopped and wheeled, turned the horse round by pulling at the reins.

72. Lie as senseless as the dust red with his blood.

73-6. He bade his goblin page (1) to stanch the wound, (2) to stay beside the warrior, (3) to tend and nurse him, and (4) to see him safe to Branksome.

to stanch the wound, to stop the flow of the blood from the wound. 'To' is now omitted after 'bid'. **doubtful state**, critical condition, in which he was hovering between life and death.

77. **inly 'moved**, moved within himself. He felt pity for Deloraine who was a Scott and thus a relative of Margaret.

80-2. I may not stay here long : it is so close to Branksome : they may get scent of me ; and then they will allow me little time even to confess my sins before they kill me.

the swifter, *i. e.* I must run away swifter than I should otherwise because I have almost killed one of their kinsmen. **short shrift**, little time for me to confess my sins and get absolution before I am killed. Confession before death is a practice of very great importance in the Roman Catholic church. **dying day**, to-day will be my dying day and death shall come on me too soon.

84. **abode**, stayed.

85. **withstood**, opposed, gainsaid.

86. Therefore for doing no good to Deloraine he stayed behind benevolent motives were unknown to him - but because he dared not oppose his master.

87. **the corslet**, armour for the body. **took off**, removed.

88. **espied**, saw. **the Mighty Book**, the book of magic.

89-90. The dwarf was amazed to see that a knight should ride like a priest with a book (The Bible) next to his bosom. **a knight of pride**, a proud knight. **a book-bosomed priest**, a priest carrying the Bible or the mass-book in the folds of his gown. This was a custom with the priests when they came to Melrose "to baptise and marry in the parish". They were thence called *Book-a-bosomes*.

91. **search**, examine the state of. **stanch**, see on l. 73.

92. **the secret**, as to what the book was and what it contained.

How the Goblin came to know his one spell.

When Cranstoun had left him behind to tend the wounded Deloraine, the goblin had hardly taken off his corslet when he found a book fastened close to the knight's bosom. It excited his curiosity to know what the book was and what it contained. The iron clasp and the iron band long resisted him and opened only when he had smeared the cover over with the Christian blood of the knight. The goblin took a hasty glance into it, and

could get only one spell out of it but it was a spell powerful enough to make things appear what they were not, a lady a knight, a knight a lady, a cobweb a tapestry, a nutshell a barge, a seed a palace, etc. etc. He but just tried to read another spell when a heavy 'buffet' came down mysteriously on him, and the book shut up again.

93. See ii. 244.

94. **the elfin grasp**, the unholy grasp of the goblin. He tried long and industriously to unfasten the iron bands but failed.

95-6. When he had unfastened one band, it closed again as soon as he betook himself to the next.

97-100. The book would not open to any but those who had been duly baptized. It would not open to the Goblin until he had smeared it with the blood of the Christian Sir William. Baptism conferred on Christians the power of resisting and overcoming spells. Deloraine was a Christian, his blood had therefore an efficacy over magic.

unchristened, not baptised. **hand** of the Goblin. **smeared**, wet. **curdled gore**, frozen blood.

101. **A**, for one (moment) only. **spread**, opened.

102. **spell**, magical charm or incantation. The Goblin could just get a glimpse of one short charm but this was enough for his purpose -it made men see things what they were not, e. g., a knight a lady. This enabled the Goblin to seduce the child out of the castle when the warders thought that only a terrier and a lurcher were passing out. See II. 150-2.

103. That short spell had a great magical might or virtue. **glamour**, enchantment, delusion : **G**.

105-6. Could make the cobwebs on a prison wall appear as rich tapestry in a stately hall.

cobwebs, the net-work spun by a spider. **tapestry**, rich hangings.

107. A nutshell appear as large as a splendid boat.

108. A shepherd's hut seem as magnificent as a palace.

sheeling, a rustic cot.

109. Young men appear as old, the old as young.

110. All seemed false, nothing real or as it was, under the magic power of that spell. **delusion**, optical error. **naught**, nothing.

112. **a buffet**, a blow.

115-16. He rose bewildered and shook his large head with its matted hair. A disproportionately large head is the mark of the *brownies*. **matted**, with the hairs twisted and tangled like a mat.

117. **word**, short sentence. **muttered**, spoke grumblingly.

118. 'Old man, that blow was a heavy one'. The goblin had a sort of supernatural intuition that the blow was struck either by the spirit of the magician or the devil to whom he had sold himself.

119-20. No more dared he to look into the mighty book. **pry**, look, see.

122. **faster**, *i. e.* tighter.

124-6. **who gave the stroke**, *not* 'by any living man (1-126) but by an invisible spirit either that of Michael Scott himself or one of those mentioned in ii 255—261. Perhaps it was the former. **mot**, may ; **G. so...thrive**, so may I prosper, almost an oath implying that even the 'naming of an evil spirit is unpropitious.

The Goblin's pranks in Branksome Castle.

Under his master's orders which he could not gainsay the goblin carried Deloraine to Branksome Castle but, true to the ingrained malice of his nature, flung the warrior on the ground so that "the blood swelled freshly from the wound". He then seduced the young heir of the castle and in the shape of a comrade took him to the woods to play. There he left him and came back to Branksome, and played all manner of foul tricks on the inmates, they all the while under the impression that it was none other than their master's young child. He well-nigh slew some of the young Buccleuch's comrades, tore Dame Maudlin's silken dress, lighted the match of the bandelier and wofully scorched Sym Hall. The Ladye might have dispelled the charm but she was much too busy tending Deloraine.

127. **unwillingly**, see l. 86. **addressed**, set about, made ready.

128. **high behest**, stern command. **High**. Scott uses the word in a variety of senses, it may mean here, besides what is suggested above, 'worthy of attention and respect'.

129. **the living corse**, the living body which appeared as dead, one more dead than alive.

corse, corpse, a dead body ; **G.** This is fig. oxymoron.

132. **beards**, faces (by fig. synecdoche, part put for the whole.)

134. **wain**, waggon. See on i. 170. This was a delusion caused by the short spell the goblin had learnt.

135-6. **Lord David's tower**, see on i. 127. **secret tower**, see on i. 2.

137. **but that**, if it were not that. Before the superior spell

with which the ladye guarded her bower (see i. 3.), the goblin's short charm was powerless. And he, as a *goblin*, could not enter the magic cordon. **spread** like a net.

139. He would have and could have laid him on the ladye's own bed.

140. **gramarye**, magic : G.

141. He had nothing good but all malice in his composition. He could do no good. He would have *soiled* the ladye's bed, he *flung* the warrior upon the ground.

143. **welled**, flowed or bubbled out like water.

144. **repassed**, recrossed. **court**, courtyard.

145. **spied**, saw. **child**, son of the ladye. **sport**, play.

146. **to tra'in**, to lure, to draw away, entice. This is an obsolete sense.

147-8. For, in one word, he was always malicious, never had any good intentions in him.

at a word, in short, briefly. **for** *i. e.* 'for doing.'

149-50. It seemed to the boy that some gay comrade was leading him forth into the woods. This is another delusion caused by the *spell*.

comrade, playmate.

151-2. Another delusion. The warders thought that a terrier and a lurcher were passing out. **drawbridge**, a moveable bridge over a moat at the entrance to a castle. **stout**, brave. **terrier** and **lurcher**, two kinds of dogs. A 'terrier' was named from its habit of pursuing rabbits into their holes, from *terra*, earth : and a 'lurcher' from the dogs lurking or lying in wait.

153-4. **fell**, rock. **woodland**, in the wood.

155-6. No enchantment can subsist in a living stream. "If you can interpose a brook between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety." **dissolved the spell**, rendered the charm ineffective or nugatory. So that the dwarf could no more appear to the boy like 'a comrade gay' but resumed his elfish shape.

157-8. If he could have indulged in his malicious intentions, he would have broken the limbs of the child. **vilde**, a corruption of 'vile'. **crippled**, broken, mutilated.

159-60. Or strangled him to death in mere spite. **lean**, thin, withered. **strangled**, choked him to death. **fiendish spleen**, devilish malice. The *spleen* was of old supposed to be the seat of anger.

161. But the dwarf was mortally afraid of the ladye. **had**, held.

163-4. **but**, only. **scowled**, looked grimly, frowned. **startled child**, the child who was startled at the frown. **darted**, fled, shot.

165-6. **bounding**, at a leap. **Lost** etc., see on ii. 376.

The Boy's adventure in the wood.

When the goblin had suddenly changed his shape at a woodland brook, the boy was "full sore amazed" and for a time knew not what to do. He then tried to retrace his steps back to Branksome but went deeper into the wood. Just then a dark bloodhound came running and baying at him but the boy gallantly hit it off with his little bat. Two archers approached—one was for shooting him, the other checked him. It transpired that they were English archers, and when they learned from the boy that he was 'the heir of bold Buccleuch,' they carried him off as a prisoner to Lord Dacre of whose party they were.

167. **Full sore amazed**, greatly puzzled. **change**, of the dwarf into his proper shape.

162-70. Frightened at the wild etc. **wild yell**, hideous shout. **visage**, face. **dark**, mysterious, unintelligible. **words of gramarye**, magic spells, 'lost, lost' &c. **gramarye**, see on l. 140.

171-2. The frightened child stood in that shady arbour or wood like a lily rooted to the soil. This is a beautiful comparison. **bower**, see on i. 2. **rooted**, motionless (like a tree with its roots deep down in the soil).

175-6. He was afraid he might see the hideous scowl glaring at him from some thicket. **grisly**, horrible. **glare**, scowl (at him). **thicket**, bush.

177-8. Thus startled at every step, he walked on till he had wandered deeper into the wood.

startling, being startled.

179-82. The more he tried to find out the way to Branksome, the deeper he went into the wood, until at last he heard the barking of a grey-hound echo among the rocks around him. **aye**, always. **astray**, in the wrong way. **ring to**, resound with, echo. **baying**, barking.

183-4. **the deep mouthed bay**, the loud barking. **nigher**, nearer (to the boy). **still**, continually.

185-7. Then suddenly ran out of the wood a dark blood-hound, his brown mouth and nose scenting his track and his eyes flashing fire.

tawny, brown-coloured. **muzzle**, the projecting mouth and nose of an animal. **tracked the ground**, scented its way along the ground. **shot fire**, looked fiery.

188-9. As soon as the bloodhound saw the strayed child, he sprang at him very furiously.

soon as, *i. e.* as soon as. **wildered**, 'lost in the wild,' gone astray; *not* bewildered = puzzled. **flew**, sprang. **right**, very. **furiously**, for the archaic spelling see on i. 2.

190-3. I think the reader would have been glad if he had seen the gallant attitude of the boy at the time, a chip of the old block, worthy son of a heroic father, when his cheeks glowed with fear and anger.

ween, believe. **bearing**, conduct. **noble sire**, heroic father. He was the son of Sir Walter Scott mentioned in i. 58. **wet**, with sweat or with tears. **twixt**, under the joint influence of. **ire**, anger.

194-5. **faced**, met, opposed. **manfully**, like a man, with valour. **bat**, which he carried in his hand and with which he was playing (l. 145).

196-8. He struck the dog so sore with his bat, that the animal fled back to a safe distance and thence barked loudly though still couching in readiness to spring.

cautious distance, such a distance as it was cautious or prudent for the dog to flee to. **hoarsely**, loudly (though with a broken voice). **in act to spring**, in the attitude of springing upon the child.

199-203. Suddenly shot out of the wood a bowman who, when he saw the bloodhound was struck back, drew his arrow and was about to take aim at the child when a rough voice bade him stop.

dashed, ran out. **glade**, bower or wood. **stayed**, held at bay. **tough**, strong. **bow-string**, string or rope of the bow. **hoy, ho**, are exclamations used by a commander to order the cessation of hostilities, *e. g.*, in *The Princess*, "my father's clamour at our backs with Ho!" and in *The Coming of Arthur*, "Ho! they yield." •

204. **issued from**, came out of.

205. **fellow**, companion. **surly mood**, angry, hot temper.

206. **quelled**, checked, put an end to. **ban-dog**, mastiff; see on i. 137.

207. **yeoman**, see on i. 20. **good**, stout. But very often used without any distinct sense.

209-12. He was an excellent marksman—no one better—he could hit a fallow deer five hundred feet off from him.

a fallow deer, *i. e.* one of a brownish colour. **fro**, from. Now used only in the phrase 'to and fro'. **hand and eye**, for 'aim.' **eye more clear**, a surer aim. **bended**, *i. e.* bent. To 'bend a bow' is to strain it by fastening the string, as in taking aim or shooting an arrow.

213-14. His black hair cut short adorned his brown face. **shorn**, cut, cropped. **close**, short. **set off**, showed to the best advantage.

215-16. The red cross of St. George adorned his small flat cap. **old**, is a term of affection. **St. George's Cross**, see on i. 46.

barret cap, a little flat cap usually worn by archers; **G. grace**, adorn.

217-18. His bugle hang by his side tied to a wolf-skin belt. **bugle-horn**, usually contracted to 'bugle.' **All**, is intensive. **baldric**, see on ii. 215.

219-20. And his short sword, bright and sharp, had given the death to many a deer.

falchion, see on i. 62. **clear**, bright.

221-28. He was dressed like an archer—he had all the qualities of the character of one. His green-coloured tunic hardly came down to the knee; he carried at his belt a bundle of bright arrows; he had no bigger a shield than one scarcely a span in breadth. He regarded it as cowardly and against the law of arms to wound an antagonist on his thigh or leg. Scott imitated this description of an archer from Drayton's Polyolbion.

221-2. **kirtle**, tunic. **forest green**, green cloth such as foresters wore. It was usually called 'the Lincoln green' or 'Kendal green' from the places where it was made. **scantily**, barely.

223-4. A furbished sheaf of keen arrows he wore at his belt. **furbished**, polished, bright. **sheaf**, a quiver to hold arrows. **keen**, sharp-edged.

225-6. **buckler**, small round shield. **span**, the space from the point of the thumb to that of the little finger when extended; about nine inches. **fence**, protection, weapon or shield to guard himself. Lat. *fendere*, to ward off.

227-8. The man that would strike below the knee was not a man, *i.e.* not manly but cowardly, in his estimation.

229-30. He now carried in his hand his slackened bow and the thong to bind the bloodhound.

the leash, lit. 'a loose rope.' **band**, strap to bind the bloodhound.

233. That the child might neither offer violence nor run away, *i.e.* just to secure the child.

234-5. For when the child saw the Red Cross of St. George, he took the man for an English foe, and struggled hard to get free from him.

the Red Cross is the Cross of St. George, the patron saint of England. **spied**, saw. **strove**, struggled.

236. **by St. George**, in the name of. This is an adjuration.

237. **a prize**, a prisoner or hostage for whom we may demand a large ransom. **methinks**, an impersonal verb—it seems to me.

238-9. His beautiful appearance and his courage, indicate that he is of high rank. **of high degree**, of a noble descent or birth.

240. The child says.

241. The heir of the late Sir Walter Scott, the redoubtable owner of Buccleuch Castle.

243. **False Southron**, cowardly southerner, a name then contemptuously given by the Scots to Englishmen. **dearly rue**, bitterly repent. **rue**, grieve ; **G**.

244-5. **Wat of Harden**, see on ii. 393. **good at need**, an old ballad phrase : see on i. 231.

246. **every Scott**, *i.e.* every member of the Scott clan.

248. **Despite**, in spite of:

249. I will have thee hanged on a tree and leave thy dead body there to be fed upon by crows and vultures.

250-1. Many thanks for thy kind wishes, fair boy, but I never thought I had the honour of having such a valuable prize as thou art.

gramercy, thanks ; **G**.

252-5. But if thou art the chief of such a warlike clan and the son of such a great father, when thou dost really come to thy chieftdom, thou wilt surely make an excellent raider, and the wardens on the English side shall have much ado to keep peace and order.

254. **ever command**, dost become the chief of Buccleuch in deed as in name. **command**, *i.e.* chieftdom.

255. **wardens**, guardians or keepers of the peace on the border (between England and Scotland). See on i. 51. The borderland was divided into parts each under a governor called a warden. **had**, will have.

256-7. I will wager my strong bow against a frail hazel wand, thou wilt surely keep them employed on the border, give them work enough to keep peace against thy raids. The wager (**बाजी**) means that if the child would *not* make them work, he would part with his bow, use it no more, and take up a wand. So in Shakespeare, Richard III exclaims, "My dukedom to a beggarly dennier."

259. **good Lord Dacre**, Lord Dacre of the North, evidently the leader of the present English party.

260-1. We have made a good beginning when we have captured the son and heir-apparent of the very clan against which we

are now marching. The English came to demand the surrender of Deloraine for a breach of border rules.

263. **seemed**, appeared to other. The dwarf had come back and taken his place.

266. He caused a good deal of harm and annoyance to the inmates of the castle. **annoy** is here a noun. In modern English, it is a verb, 'annoyance' being the substantive.

267-9. He pinched, beat, overthrew and almost slew some of the comrades.

pinched, pressed hard between the ends of his fingers. Cf. *Il Pens.*, "She was pinched and pulled, she said." **well-nigh**, very nearly.

270. **Dame Maudlin**, probably the nurse. Maudlin is a corruption of Magdalene. **tire**, head-dress.

271-3. And as Sym Hall the hackbuteer, stood by the fire, he lighted the match of his bandelier and wofully scorched him.

Sym is a shortened form of Simon. **bandelier**, a belt worn across the breast, with a leather pouch attached in which powder, etc., were carried. He set fire to the powder.

wofully scorched, frightfully burned. **hackbuteer**, a soldier armed with a hackbut, a kind of gun.

274-5. The mischief the naughty fellow made, can hardly be described. **urchin**, lad ; **G**.

276-7. Many thought that the child was under devillish influence. They had never seen him so mischievous.

possessed with an evil spirit.

278-81. 'The Ladye might by her superior magic have easily dispelled or rendered ineffective the charm of the goblin, if she were not now busy tending Deloraine.

281. **To tend to**, the usual phrase is 'in tending.'

282-3. She was much astonished to see Deloraine lying on the threshold of her magic-guarded bower.

284-5. She thought that the bold forager was wounded by some invisible spirit hovering in the air. **of**, hovers in. **sky**, air.

the bold moss-trooper, see on i 215.

286-9. At the first sight of the wounded hero it struck her that he had probably tried to read in the mighty book in spite of her strict commands to the contrary and, as a penalty, had been wounded by some airy spirit, but when on closer scrutiny she saw the splinters of the lance in his bosom she knew that it was an earthly, and not an airy, foe.

despite, in spite of. **precept dread**, strict orders. See i. 245-50. **earthly**, material, not such as might be expected to be wielded by spirits.

The cure by sympathy.

It was a method of surgery practised even down to the beginning of the 17th century. By it, the salve was applied not to the wound but to the weapon which had caused it. Thus the ladye took the broken fragments of the lance out of Deloraine's bosom, washed away the clotted gore, and "salved the splinter o'er and o'er." Deloraine all the while turned round and round on his bed as if writhing with agony as though "she galled his wounds."

290. **splinter**, fragments of the lance.

291. With a magic spell, stopped the flow of blood.

292. **gash**, wound. **bade** her attendants. **bound**, bandaged.

294-6. She took the broken lance, washed it clear of the blood-spots on it, and smeared it over with an ointment.

This method of surgery by which *not* the wound but the weapon which caused it, is dressed, is called 'the cure by sympathy.' It was believed in even at the beginning of the 17th century. Scott refers to it here on the authority of Sir Kenelm Digby.

clotted gore, frozen blood. **salved**, "annointed with a healing ointment."

297-9. Deloraine who was in a fit of unconsciousness, twisted and writhed on the bed as though he felt pain when she turned the splinter round and round. **trance**, swoon. **galled**, rubbed, hurt. Indeed the splinter had taken the place of the wound.

301. **whole man**, cured. This is the Biblical sense of *whole*; "They that are *whole* need not a physician but they that are sick." Carlyle defined *whole* as "without a hole."

303-4. **did rue**, was sorry for (a calamity to so loyal a partisan).

306. **curfew bell**, evening. See on i. 337.

308. **smooth**, unruffled (because "the wind was calm.") **balm**, soothing (like an ointment to a wound).

309-10. Even the rough sentinel who possessed no delicacy or refinement of feeling, owned the soothing influence of evening.

313-6. She sat on the roof of the castle, and played on the lute. She touched up a romantic tune, and her mind naturally wandered to the green hawthorn under which in the early dawn she had enjoyed the company of her lover.

turret, roof. **lone**, alone. **waked**, touched up, played. **soft tone**, sweet music. **Touched**, produced (on the strings). **wild**, not boisterous but romantic. **note**, strain. *all between*, all the time between her snatches of playing on the lute.

317. **streamed free from band**, floated loosely behind her.

318. **rested**, was placed.

319-20. She looked at the evening star, Venus or Hesperus,—the star loved by all lovers. The evening star is 'the star of love' because it announces the approach of the hour of silence and rest when lovers expect to meet. Campbell calls it the "star of lover's soft interviews"; Longfellow, "the evening star, the star of love and rest"; Scott, "the star of love"; Tennyson, "Love's white star".

The English invasion : the gathering of the Scotch clans.

The English advanced on Branksome Castle and the beacon-blaze of war flamed up in the western sky : there was no mistaking it. The warder blew his war-note and the knights hurried out of 'the festal hall.' The grey old seneschal stood in the midst of them and issued forth his "loud mandates." Messengers ran out in haste calling the clans together—the Johnstones and the Scotts of Liddesdale, the Elliots and the Armstrongs. Then 'the ready page' "awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand," and a score of fires from height and hill and cliff blazed forth, each fraught with warlike tidings, till Edinburgh saw the blazes and the Regent issued peremptory orders that all the Scotch clans should "bowne them for the border." Meanwhile the ladye was not idle but shared the high toil of her steward, met the danger with a smile, cheered the young knights, and held councils with "the chiefs of riper age." The livelong night Branksome rang with the noise of steel and the backward clang of the castle-bell sounding the alarm. Massive stones and iron bars were heaped up on keep and tower as a missile to whelm the foe with deadly shower. The sentinels passed the watchword, the bloodhounds and the ban-dogs yelled within.

321-8. Margaret looks out towards the west to see 'the star of love,' and espies a light burning on Penchryst Hill and wonders if it be the western star. The light gradually spreads out over the sky and illuminates the darkness. And then she has little doubt that it is not 'the star of love's soft interview' but the beacon-blaze announcing the approach of a coming affray. She is dismayed ; she can hardly breathe ; she knows death and misery are at hand.

321. **Penchryst Pen**, a hill not far from Branksome. **the star**, *i.e.* the western star. *Pen* is a Celtic word equivalent to a "hill-top". This word is radically connected with the word *Ben* (=a mountain) occurring in *Ben Nevis*. The word occurs in *Apennines*, perhaps so called because of its nine peaks.

322. **ken**, view. **rises to her ken**, comes within sight.

323-4. And spreading its glare all over the sky, scatters its rays through the darkness, *i.e.* illuminates it. **loose tresses**, long rays of light. **night**, darkness. L. 324 is an echo of Shakespeare's in *Henry VI. i. 1.2*, "Comets...Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky".

325. **red glare**, bright light.

326. Oh, no, it is not the western star but a beacon-blaze. See i. 47.

327-8. Scarce could she draw her breath from a chest which was tightened by great terror. 'Tightened' is thus a transferred epithet. **the fire of death**, the beacon.

330. Blew the bugle as a signal for the inmates of the castle to be ready. See i. VI.

331-2. At the loud sound, rock, wood and river, resounded.

333-4. The war-note alarmed the knights in the midst of their merriment in the hall. **startled forth**, *i.e.* so startled them that they rushed forth out of the hall. Almost a 'Zeugma.'

336. **cresset**, lamp, taper. *Lit.* an open iron vessel containing pitch and other combustibles. Torches and tapers glared in the courtyard.

337-40. These lines spendidly describe the crowd of knights in the courtyard with their helmets and tossing plumes indistinctly visible in the light of the torches and their lances shaking in their hands like reeds blown upon by the rough winds of the winter.

337-8. **confusedly**, wildly. **blaze** of the torches. **lost**, not seen.

340. Like reeds shaken by a wintry wind on the banks of a stream. The cutting chill gusts of winter that shake the reeds, is implied in the word 'frozen.' **reeds**, sedges, aquatic plants.

341. The white hair of the steward looks red in the glare of the torches.

Seneschal, steward, an officer having charge of domestic arrangements; **G. silver**, white (with age).

343-4. **gestures proud**, dignified bearing. **issued forth**, proclaimed, gave out. **mandates**, orders. **loud**, loudly.

345. **Penchryst**, see on l. 321. **a bale of fire**, beacon-fire. *bale* means literally 'a blazing fire.'

346. **three** such beacons. There was a regular succession of these beacons to warn the Borderers in case of an English invasion. An Act of Parliament directed that *one* bale shall be the warning of the approach of the English in any manner; *two* bales that they are *coming indeed*; *four* bales that they are coming in great force. On this occasion, thus, the *four* beacons indicated their immense force. **Priesthaughswire**, a hill some miles S. E. of Branksome. *swire* is from A. S. *swira* the neck; hence an elevated portion of land; *haugh* is a cairn or mound.

348. **to scout**, to reconnoitre, to watch their movements.

349. 'Mount for Branksome' was the rallying-cry of the Scotts. **for**, in defence of.

350. **Todrig**, a sentinel. **Johnstone clan** in alliance with the Scotts.

352-4. **need not send** for when the Liddesdale men, the Elliots and Armstrongs, see a bale-fire, they know the time to dash out and rally. **never fail** to come together or muster strong.

353. **Alton**, another sentinel sent off to call together the clans. **for death and life**, in headlong speed, as if life and death hang on the speedy discharge of his mission.

356. **warder**, *i.e.* 'the warden.' The duty of the Scotch warden was to protect the Borders from invasion, and in consultation with the English wardens to settle all disputes between the men of the marches. **warn**, inform.

357-8. **Gilbert**, a third sentinel. **raise**, summon.

359-60. **turret-head**, *i.e.* roof, see l. 313. **coursers**, horses.

361-3. **harness**, armour. **seats** on the saddle. **clamour dread**, terrible, awful noise. **ready** for the work on which they are sent, for the charge.

364-8. And in the midst of the trampling of horses and the clang of armour and the loud orders of the leaders, a confusion of sounds, the knights dashed out in a wild disorder.

coats of armour. **mingled notes**, blended noise. **hasty route**, disorderly crowd. **rout**, crowd: G. **forth** out of the castle.

369-72. They dispersed in all directions measuring the strength of the enemy and summoning their allies and vassals.

Dispersing, spreading out. **scout**, see on l. 348. **To view** etc., to scout. Those who went south would do this. But those who went east, west and north, would warn, summon, their *vassals*, tenants, dependents, and *allies*, friends, helpers on such occasions. Compare the account of the Fiery Cross in the *Lake of the Lake*, iii. 8-24.

373-5. The page hastily lighted the beacon, and the heavens glowed with it.

hurried hand, in due haste. **Awaked** etc., set fire to the beacon. **need-fire**, a beacon, a fire lighted in an hour of need or emergency. **slumbering brand**, the fuel that had not been lighted or used for a long time, *brand*=torch, from A. S. *byrnan* to burn. **ruddy**, redly. **blushed**, glowed.

376-8. The beacon was lighted on the turret, and a tongue of fire rose up into the sky, glowing and uncertain, like a flag blood-red.

a sheet of flame, a column of fire. **Waved** as the wind blew on it; hence 'uneven,' not smooth and uniform but broken, now blazing forth, now burning low. **blood-flag**, a flag blood-red. **flaring**, glowing.

379-84. When the signal fire was lighted on the turrets of Branksome castle, twenty beacons blazed out in no time on hills and rocks. They spread the warlike message through the country ; they gave the signal of the approaching enemy. They rose, like stars, one after another brightening the darkness of the night.

a score of fires, twenty beacon-blazes. **ween**, think. **warlike tidings**, news of the approach of an enemy. **fraught**, freighted, filled, charged. **the signal** to blaze forth, the hint to be lighted. **glanced to sight**, flashed out into view. **night**, dark sky.

385-92. The beacon blazed out on many a dark mountain lake, the solitary home of the eagle ; it blazed out on many a heap of stone under which lie buried the mighty men of old. It spread out in this way till Edinburgh could see it burning on Soltra and Dumpender ; and the Regent issued orders through the country that all men should get themselves ready to march off to the Border.

385-6. **They**, the beacons. **gleamed**, blazed. **dusky**, dark. **tarn**, mountain lake. **Haunted**, frequented. **earn**, eagle. Also spelt *erne*.

387-8. **cairn**, a round or conical pile of stone to be found on the summit of most of the Scottish hills. They are probably the relics of old sepulchral monuments. These might be either the 'cromlechs' of the Druids or the 'barrows' of the Danish invaders. **grey pyramid**, old, hoary structure. A *pyramid* is a conical structure of stone or bricks. **urns**, tombs.

389. **high Dunedin**, see on i. 61.

390. **Soltra** and **Dumpender** are hills in Berwickshire. **Law**, hill ; G.

391-2. **Lothian**, the county in which stands Edinburgh. **the Regent**, Mary of Guise, mother of Queen Mary, who was then in France. **bowne**, get themselves ready ; G. **for**, to go to.

393-4. Branksome Castle echoed through the night the heavy clang of hammers etc., as the arms and armour were got ready. The whole of the night was spent in the work.

395-6. The castle-bell with a peculiar harmony, sounded the alarm.

with backward clang, it was the practice, for the purpose of calling together the citizens in a time of danger, to ring a peal of bells beginning with the deepest-sounding bell and ending with the highest, thus reversing the ordinary succession of the chimes. But it is difficult to see how, as in this case, *one* bell could be rung in the 'backward' way. **sent forth**, sounded. **the larum-peal**, the alarm. *larum* is a shortened form of *alarum* ; G.

397-400. The harsh noise was often and ceaselessly heard when massive stones and iron bars were being piled up on the hold and the tower to be thrown down on the enemy in an overwhelming shower of missiles.

heavy jar, discordant noise. **massy**, heavy, massive. **stone** and **bar** ; these were, before the invention of modern artillery, the chief means of defence—the stones and bars were thrown down from the turrets and battlements on the heads of the besieging army. **piled**, gathered in heaps. **keep**, the strongest part of a castle, stronghold. **whelm**, overwhelm, destroy. **deadly shower**, shower of killing or death-giving substances.

401-4. The watchwords of the guards and sentinels were heard frequently ; and the yelling of horses kept awake by the ceaseless confusion of sounds.

the changing guard, the watchwords given out by the guards on duty when they were relieved. **ward**, warder, sentinel. **endless din**, ceaseless noise. **ban-dog**, see on l. 206. **yelled**, barked. **within** the castle.

405-7. The Ladye of Branksome herself took part in all the preparations and seemed to regard the danger lightly.

broil, confusion of work. **gray**, old. **high**, important. **toil**, labour of arranging due defences. **with a smile**, light-heartedly.

408-9. She cheered the young knights and deliberated calmly and wisely with the hoary veterans.

sage, wise. **chiefs of riper age**, old chieftains.

410-12. They knew nothing about the enemy—what their number and why they held a raid in a time of peace.

tidings, news. **ught**, anything. **time**, place. Refers probably to an agreement made that for a specified time neither side would attack the other.

413-18. No definite information was reported as to the number or the purposes of the enemy. Some said that they were 10,000 : some that it was only the Leven clans or the men of Tynedale who had come to levy the black-mail, and that the men of Liddesdale would without much ado, drive them back again.

414. **weened**, thought. **naught**, nothing. **naught But**, only.

415. **Leven clans**, certain clans on the border. Leven, or Line is a tributary of the Esk. **Tynedale men**, men of the valley of the Tyne.

416. **black-mail**, money paid to freebooters to ensure freedom from their attack. This was paid by the farmers and small land-owners to the freebooting chiefs on the Lowland or Highland borders. "A sort of protection money that low-country gentlemen

and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others". (Scott). *Mail* is from A. S. *mal*, tribute. See G.

417-8. **with small avail**, without much ado or help from others. **lightly**, easily. **agen**, again, an old form.

419. **the anxious night**, the night (passed) in anxiety.

420. **peep of day**, dawn.

421. **high sound**, "spirited song," song of war. **listening throng**, audience, the Duchess and her maiden. **Applaud**, praise. **Master of the song**, minstrel.

423-4. They marvel that in old age he should be left to wander alone without a friend or helper.

pilgrimage does *not* mean 'the pilgrimage or journey of life' as often it does metaphorically but here 'wandering' in the literal sense.

426. **wandering toil**, the toil of his ramblings over the country. **to share** by bearing him company, and **cheer** by their help.

427-8. Had he no son to be the prop of his father's life in old age? **stay**, support. **rugged**, rough.

429. The minstrel's words reported in the intermediate form. The manner of his death will be related in the next canto. The suggestion of a 'son' has given an opportunity for the noble and pathetic outburst with which the next Canto opens, as also serves to make the transition from one canto to another smooth and easy.

430. **stooped**, bent low (in great grief).

431-2. And just to hide the tears that flowed out of his eyes, made a pretence of busying himself with the strings. **withal**, with. This is its meaning at the *end* of a sentence; anywhere else it means 'at the same time.' **fain**, was about.

433-4. The minstrel's great grief for his son, burst out in a solemn song.

solemn measure, grave music. **low**, pathetic. **notes of woe**, song of grief.

CANTO IV.

The interest of this Canto is centred in *action* : there is hardly a bit of description worth the name. Love and the softer feelings have vanished in the bustle and turmoil of military preparations.

(1) The Canto passes, after a short, pathetic prelude, to a picture of the terror caused by the advance of the English army.

(2) It serves to show the usual depredations attendant on a border raid—cattle-lifting and the burning of houses.

(3) Watt Tinlinn, a sturdy yeoman, who had been forced to flee with wife and children from a house given over to fire, reports that the English army is marching on Branksome under command of Lords Dacre and Howard with a band of German mercenaries.

(4) The allies of the Scotts muster strong from all over the country—the poet incidently records an adventure of one of his own ancestors, Wat of Harden, how he punished the Beattisons.

(5) The Ladye places her young boy (but really the dwarf in disguise) under care of Watt Tinlinn to be carried to Buccleuch. While crossing a stream, the dwarf takes his natural form and in the act of running away through the wood, is wounded by a shaft from Tinlinn's bow.

(6) The English advance on Branksome in regular order : first march the English archers under Lord Dacre, then the mercenaries under Conrad of Wolfenstein, and last the cavalry under Lord Howard.

(7) They are greeted by the old Seneschal on the castle wall and warned to withdraw on pain of otherwise finding their homes in Cumberland pillaged and raided by the Scotts.

(8) Lord Howard wants to negotiate with the ladye directly, and when she appears, bids the pursuivant-at-arms place the captured child in her view, and ask her to surrender William of Deloraine to justice for treason in harrying the lands of Richard Musgrave and slaying his brother, and also to keep two hundred English soldiers in her castle as a punitive measure. Otherwise the English would charge, and carry the boy to England to be made the page of King Edward.

(9) The Ladye proposes that the difference between Musgrave and William might be decided by a duel. She would not surrender Deloraine, nor allow the English into her castle.

(10) The English are about to charge when information is brought them that Scottish soldiers under orders of the Regent had almost encompassed them.

(11) Lord Dacre is for the charge but better counsel prevailed with Howard who, at the risk of a bloody feud with his rival, accepted "the terms the Ladye had made," and a duel was arranged.

(12) The pursuivants announced that if Deloraine won, the boy would have his liberty; otherwise he would remain as a hostage with the English. The combat would take place "at the fourth hour from peep of dawn." The lists are set up in a lawn beneath the castle. If Deloraine were physically unable, a champion might fight for him. (This is important as a link in the chain of events. He was unable—Lord Cranstoun disguised himself like him and fought for him with consequences which smoothed the relation between the two families, and made the desired nuptials possible).

1. The first stanza strikes up a contrast between the troubled times in which his son fell and the peaceful time that succeeded. It will be remembered that at the end of Canto iii, the ladies had asked the minstrel if he had no son to help him in his wanderings; hence this pathetic prelude. He had a son but he is dead having fallen fighting by the side of "conquering Graeme."

1. **Teviot**, a tributary of the Tweed. **silver**, clear, transparent. **tide**, water.

2. The beacon-blazes are no more reflected because the war has ceased. **bale-fires**, see on iii. 345

3-4. Warriors wearing steel armour no more ride along thy wild banks but they are now overgrown with the willow. The mention of the 'willow' is appropriate because it is an emblem of grief. **shore**, bank. Notice the alliteration in the line.

5-10. There is no more the sound of the bugle on any part of the stream as it flows on to the Tweed. All is tranquility now, all is silent, as if the stream has known nothing but peaceful days, has ever since its origin, never known war, as if shepherds alone and never a steel-clad warrior has ever visited it.

windest, flowest in a zig-zag course. **by**, through or near. **Time** is personified, *i. e.* 'from time immemorial.' **rolled upon**, flowed into, the Teviot being a tributary of the Tweed. **the shepherd's reed**, the sound of pastoral music. In poetry the life of a shepherd is an ideally peaceful life. See i 296. **bugle horn**, war-music. It is really a musical instrument made of the 'horn' of a 'bugle' or 'wild ox.'

11-16. Human life is here compared to the Teviot, as in poetry it often is compared to a stream. But there is this difference between the two that whereas the Teviot flows on and retains no trace of the sad, warlike events which took place on its banks, important incidents in the life of a man, such as griefs and crimes, are so deeply imprinted on his mind that they recur vividly to his

memory even in the closing years of life. The bard is led to this reflection that he could not yet in life's extremity forget the great bereavement he once sustained.

11. Read *is* after 'unlike.' **time**, life.

12-13. **though it change**, the emphatic word is *change*. 'Though' in its ceaseless flow human life changes, undergoes many vicissitudes, pitiable is the lot of man that his griefs and crimes of long ago are *still* retained, these know no change. **retains**, remembers, keeps up the memory of.

14. Which griefs and crimes human life was doomed to know in its earliest course.

15-16. And as life draws more and more darkly to its close in old age and death, the mind far from forgetting those griefs, retains the sad recollection of them. **downward**, to the decline of life. **bears**, moves, flows. **stained with tears**, wet with tears, literally 'polluted with them.' See i 162-3.

17-20. Though the tide of my life has ebbed fast with me, though I am fast declining in years, I still vividly remember the day when my only son fell fighting under the flag of the great Dundee.

tide, human life is here compared to a stream—up to youth it is the flow-tide (*জোয়ার*), and thence the ebb-tide (*ভাটা*), **reflects**...**eye**, brings back to mind.

the great Dundee, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, one of Scotland's greatest soldiers, was killed at the moment of victory when he was fighting for James II at Killiecrankie in 1689.

21-3. I regret that I did not perish there and lie by the side of my son.

the volleying musket, the shots from the guns of the English.

the bloody Highland blade, the broadswords of the Highlanders called the claymore. At Killiecrankie the English though armed with guns could not stand the furious broadsword charge of the Highlanders. **volley**, G.

24-5. I am content to think that he died gloriously fighting for the true king by the side of the great Dundee.

the death of fame, glorious death. That the minstrel was a Jacobite, an adherent of the Stuarts, is evident from his calling Charles I 'the good' and his enemies the Puritans 'the bigots of the iron time.' **Graeme**, Graham. See note on 'Dundee' above.

26. **Now**, here the minstrel resumes the story. **fell**, rock, a barren hill. The word occurs in the names of certain summits. Cf. *Hartfell*, *Scafell*. **dale**, valley.

27. **wide and far**, more commonly 'far and wide.'

28-9. **For**, to take refuge in. The morasses and caves in huge inaccessible rocks were the usual hiding places of the Border herdsmen on the approach of an English invading army. **lowly shed**, humble cottage.

30-31. **pent**, shut up. **the peel**, a small square tower, see on i. 265.

39. They wept as they parted, the maids from their lovers and the matrons from their sons and husbands, who 'seized' the spear and went out to encounter the English.

35. **Dun**, brown, dark. **wreaths**, curls, folds. **of smoke**, rising from 'the lowly sheds' set on fire by the English. **spy**, see at a distance.

36-7. The smoke rising up into the sky as the day dawned, indicated that the English had begun the work of destruction. **southern ravage**, not ravage of the south but committed by men of the south, i. e. the English, called rather contemptuously the *Southrons*. See iii 242.

38. **the heedful gate-ward**, the careful gate-keeper (of Branksome castle.)

39. **Blows and blood**, fighting and bloodshed, 'blows' to be given and taken.

Watt Tinlinn, a retainer of the Buccleuch family. He held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. 'Watt' is a contracted form of Walter. **wading thro' the flood**, walking (making his way with difficulty) through the Liddle.

42-51. Very often the Tynedale plunderers lay siege to his tower and are repulsed by him. For instance, last St. Barnabright they besieged him the whole night and when in the morning he took up his unfailing arrow, fled precipitately. It cannot be doubted that the danger must have been tremendous that could drive him off from his tower:—the attack must be no mean one by mere Border raiders but one led by the Warden in person.

42-3. **snatchers**, cattle-lifters, men who snatch away or plunder cattle. **prove the lock**, how hard it is to break open his door. That is to say, how gallantly he kept, fortified, and defended his little tower.

44-5. **St. Barnabright**, the day of the festival of St. Barnabas, June 11th. According to the old style it was the longest day of the year, hence 'bright.' St. Barnabas was an apostle of St. Paul. **summer** is particularly mentioned because summer nights are long.

47. His aim was sure. He never bent the bow or shot the arrow in vain, without hitting the enemy. **twanged** is an

onomatopoeic word, derived from the sound produced when the bowstring is tightened. **the yew**, the arrow made of the yew.

48-9. **has been**, *i.e.* *must* have been. **the evening shower**, the shower of arrows or shots at his little tower. Terribly irresistible must have been the sudden charge of the English,—the situation for Tinlinn must have been awfully grave.

51. **a Warden-Raid**, an inroad led and commanded by the Warden himself in person, not an ordinary raid of freebooters. For warden = governor of the Border, see iii. 255.

52. **the bold yeoman**, Watt Tinlinn.

53. **the echoing barbican**. The 'barbican' means generally 'a small round tower over the gateway of a castle.' But Scott more often uses it to mean (as here) 'the outwork intended to protect the drawbridge.' It 'echoed' or rang with the clattering of his horse's hoofs.

54-6. He led a small pony so light and active that, like any deer, it could bound on from one bit of firm ground to another in a bog without slipping or falling into the quagmire.

shaggy, hairy. **nag**, small horse. **hag**, a piece of land in a bog that affords a footing. **Billhope** Scott notices as 'remarkable for game.' It is in Liddesdale. **stag**, deer.

57. **twain**, two, *i.e.* two children.

58. A poor serf was all their retinue or attendant body of servants. **serf** as opposed to a 'yeoman,' was a bondsman, an unfree cultivator of the soil.

59-61. **ruddy**, (sign of vigour). This reminds one of Tennyson's description of the "daughters of the plough" in *The Princess* IV., "Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain, and labour." **Of** etc., the borderers were anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females. A *brooch* is an ornamental pin for fastening dress. **Laughed to**, carefully distinguish the phrase from 'laugh at' which is 'disdain.' **the crowd** standing in the courtyard of Branksome castle.

62-3. Watt Tinlinn was exceedingly tall, lean and thin.

passing, surpassingly. Comp. "*Passing* rich with forty pounds a year." **sparely formed**, thinly made. **withal**, at the same time, in addition.

64. He wore a light, broken helmet. **morion**, light helmet. **battered**, shattered, broken, (showing his constant engagement in raids and fights).

65-6. On his broad shoulders hang loosely a leathern coat as a sufficient protection. **jack**, see iii. 61. **enow**, archaic past tense of 'enough.'

67. An axe such as the borderers used hang behind their back.

68-9. **six Scottish ells**, tall, of great length. A Scottish ell is about 37 inches. From O. E. *eln*, the length of the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. **dyed with gore**, covered with blood.

70-1. His strong wife carried his bow and arrows. **shafts**, arrows. **hardy partner**, stout wife. See l. 59. •

72. **show**, describe.

74-5. **Belted Will Howard**, Lord William Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk. He was the warden of the Western Marches. The 'belt' was the most conspicuous part of his accoutrement; hence belted. See Canto V. 264. He lived a few years *after* the events of the *Lay*; this is thus an 'anachronism.' **hot Lord Dacre**, *i.e.* Lord D'Acre, the name was derived from the exploits of one of the ancestors in the siege of Acre during the Crusades. He was also a warden of the West Marches. "He was a man of hot and obstinate character." **spear**, spearmen.

76-7. They come with all the German mercenaries. **hack but-men**, men armed with old fashioned handguns or muskets, musketeers *hack but* is but an arquebuss, so called from its Curved Shape. **lain**, been stationed. **Askerten**, an old castle in the north of Cumberland, now in ruins.

78-9. **They**, the English troops. **curfew hour**, eight o'clock in the evening. For 'curfew,' see on i. 337.

80-1. The Devil take them for thus cruelly burning down my tower which had not been burned for a year or more. **fiend**, devil. **It** etc., it gives perhaps a rather exaggerated picture of the constant depredations on the borderland. •

82-4. They burned down men's houses and granaries, and I managed to escape in the light of that conflagration. They chased me the whole night. Barn-yard, building in which grain, hay etc., are stored up. **to guide me**, to show me the way in the dark. **the live-long night**, all night long.

85. **Black John** and **Fergus graeme**, are imaginary names of English raiders. It is rather strange that a purely Scotch name should have been given to a southern foe. But it happens that there was a family of the Grahams living on the border who plundered the English and the Scotch indifferently. "They were stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves; Both to England and Scotland out-lawed" (Sandford).

86. Followed me fast, pursued me at my heels.

87-9. They chased me close at my heels until I just contrived to evade them by turning aside at Priesthaugh Scrogg, and shot their horses dead, and killed Fergus with my spear. •

Priesthaugh Scrogg, a shaddy hill, some miles S.E. of Branksome. *Scrogg* is a brush-wood or thicket **bog**, boggy or marshy land. **outright**, completely, without any hope of life.

90. I had a long-standing grudge against him. **despite**, hatred. **high**, angry.

91. **drove**, *i.e.* drove away, stole. **Fastern's night**. night preceeding the first day of the fast of Lent; whence the name. It was formerly spent in all sorts of amusement and revelry. It is also called Shrovet—Tuesday, 26th February.

92-3. Now came back tired and exhausted the men sent out from Branksome to survey the enemy, and gave reports which confirmed the tidings brought in by Watt Tinlinn. **scouts**, men, sent out to reconnoitre the enemy. **in**, into the castle.

94-6. This was their report. **ken**, sight. **Teviot's strand**, *i.e.* to Branksome. **strand**, bank.

97-99. Meanwhile the allies of the Scotts were also trooping in from all over that part of the country. **Aill**, a stream which rises in Selkirkshire and falls into the Teviot. **Ettrick shade** or Forest in Selkirkshire, where the Buccleughs had one of their earliest possessions. **to aid**, *i.e.* to defend their chieftain.

100-3. The knights saddled their horses and rode as fast as they could for he who would come last at the gathering centre would be deemed little worthy of regard by his lady-love, might even be held as cravenly.

Picking, fast riding, spurring. **moor**, boggy land. **lea**, meadows. **trysting-place**, rendezvous, place of meeting. **lightly held**, little esteemed. **of**, by. **lay**, a permanent epithet to 'lady' in old ballads.

104-7. Sir John Scott of Thirlestane gathered together his men readily from his estate of Gamescleugh extending to St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the yarrow.

104. From beside the clear waters of St. Mary's take (in Salkirkshire.)

105. From the dark summits of the dreary called Gamescleugh. A *cleuch* is literally a hollow or glen in the side of a hill.

106. **ready lances**, men carrying lances. Using "lances" for the men bearing "lances" is an instance of *metonymy*. *ready* is really transferred from 'Arrayed' to 'lances'. **Thirlestane**, Sir John Scott so called from his estate. It appears that when James V. had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers at Fala (l. 110) with a view to invading England and they all obstinately held back this baron alone declared himself willing to follow the king (ll. 113-15). In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling him to bear a bordered lily, similar to the royal coat

of arms, (l. 108) together with a bundle of spears for the cres (l. 117); and the motto *Ready, aye ready* (l. 119). See also 394.

108-115. He decorates his shield with a bordered lily, a device which James V. gratefully permitted him and his family to wear in memory of the fact that when all the other feudal lords had refused to follow him in his projected invasion of England, Thirlestane alone volunteered his services. **tressured**, decorated with a laced border round a shield (the meaning of the word *tressure* in heraldry). **a fleur-de-luce**, a lily-shaped ornament. See on ii. 99. **claims To wreath**, *i.e.* claims the right to put that border round his shield. **mossy wave**, moor, marsh (in the S. E. of Edinburgh). **grateful**, adj. for adv., in grateful memory of his gallant and faithful services. **faith**, fidelity. **feudal jars**, the disloyalty and infidelity of the other feudal barons. See i. 76. **southern wars**, invasion of England.

116-9. Ever since that day (when James V. gave him the proud distinction as a reward of his loyalty) he has worn a crest of spears and the motto 'Ready, always ready'.

Yon sheaf etc., *i.e.* his crest has borne a sheaf of spears. **sheaf**, bundle. **high**, proud. **revealed**, shown, blazoned on the shield. **field**, battle.

120-1. A daring old knight came with a crowd of freebooters at his heels. **aged knight**. He was Walter Scott of Harden (a famous freebooter) who married the Flower of Yarrow and was an ancestor of the poet. Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* has published many of the anecdotes relating to the life of this Walter Scott of Harden and has thereby subjected himself to the following bitter remark :

"A modern author spends a hundred leaves
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves"

steeled, inured, used, hardened. **moss-trooper**, see on i. 215.

122-4. These lines describe the armorial bearings of the Harden family. On the yellow surface of the shield, 'the crescent and the stars' were painted or emblazoned in blue. Harden's shield was yet *without*, that is to say, his family had not yet acquired the right to wear, 'the bend of Murdieston',—a device which the Scotts came latterly to assume in consequence of a marriage between one of them and the heiress of Murdieston in 1296. Hence Harden wore only 'the crescent and the stars', the arms of the Scotts, and not *the bend* which was the cognizance of the Murdieston family. The *bend* in heraldry is a space lying between two parallel lines drawn crosswise on the shield from the top right hand corner to the bottom left hand corner. **azure**, blue. **field** in heraldry, the surface of a shield. **The stars and crescent**, see i. 208. **graced**, adorned.

125-6. His estate lay round Oakwood Tower and Castle Tower—an extensive tract of land. **haunted**, supposed in those supersti-

tious times to be haunted by spirits. The two towers are on the Harden estate.

127-8. His mansion stood among "the tufted trees" high up on the mountain from which the Borthwick leapt down in cataract. **Borthwick** is a rapid stream flowing into the Teviot between Branksome and Hawick. **wood-embosomed**, placed among the trees, *lost*, as it were, among them. Milton has "Bosomed high in tufted trees"; and Pope, "His house embosomed in the grove". **mansion**, house, dwelling-place.

129-32. In the deep valley below were preserved the cattle which the family plundered from the English,— kept there as a provision for the bold retainers or servants of the family who had stolen the animals not without bloodshed and hard fighting.

128-32. "His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of his glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band that they must ride for a supply of provisions"—Scott

glen, valley. **herds of plundered England**, cattle pillaged from the English side of the border. **low**, cry, bleat. **retainers**, servants. **bought**, lifted, carried. **blows**, fighting.

133-4. He was a bold plunderer—his only pleasure was in raiding by day and raiding at night. **Marauding**, plundering. **sole**, only.

135-6. Not even the charms of his most beautiful youthful wife could subdue in him his passion for war. **the Flower of Yarrow**, Mary Scott, so called in song for her extraordinary beauty. **tame**, soften. **his rage for arms**, his passion for fighting.

137-40. And now in old age though his hair was white as snow, he retained the youthful ardour, still wore the helmet and scorned a life of ease and inactivity. **spurned at rest**, despised a life of repose. **pressed**, enclosed. **Albeit**, although, notwithstanding. **blanched locks**, white hairs. **below**, under the helmet. **Dinlay**, a mountain in Liddesdale. **spotless**, pure.

141-4. He came accompanied by five tall fighting sons with drawn swords in hand. There never was a braver knight who wore a sword than Walter Scott of Harden.

stately, tall, stalwart. **band**, clan or company. **belted on a brand**, hang a sword from his belt *i.e.* wore a sword. **brand**, sword ; G.

145. **Scotts of Eskdale**, the family of Harden. **stalwart**, stout, sturdy ; G.

146. **trooping**, in large numbers. **the Todshaw-hill**, *shaw* in Scotch = a shady wood, and *Tod* = a fox. Therefore the name means 'a fox-wood hill'.

147. How 'by the sword' they got the valley of Eskdale, is narrated below. It must be mentioned that stanzas x—xii, were not in the first edition but added later on, not without a touch of Scott's own family pride, no inconsiderable element in his character.

149. **Ladye**, it will be remembered that the minstrel was singing the lay to Anne Duchess of Buccleuch. See *Intro.* l. 37.

150. **sires**, ancestors, the Scotts of old.

How the Scotts won fair Eskdale.

Earl Morton was the owner of the valley, and the Beattisons were his vassals. The Earl, who was of very mild disposition, once came unto them and demanded of Gilbert the Galliard his "bonny white horse" as a heriot. The Galliard treated the demand with scorn and the Beattisons threatened to take the life of the Earl. The Earl rode post to the lord of Branksome and offered to sell the whole valley for a cast of hawks and a purse of gold on condition that the chieftain undertook to kill all the Beattisons except one. The chieftain gladly closed in with the offer and came down to Eskdale with five hundred merry men whom he left concealed in a mist-covered hill. He went to Gilbert and as before demanded the heriot of the horse, and the Beattisons treated him too with scorn whereupon he blew his bugle and at the third blast his riders trooped in and slaughtered all the clan leaving one only man alive. Thus was Eskdale "lost and won for that bonny white horse."

151-2. **lord**, proprietor, liege lord. **The Beattisons**, the name of a hardy, warlike, fierce clan. **vassals**, subjects.

153-4. **mild of mood**, gentle in disposition. **rude**, rough.

155-6. The proud and defiant vassals little cared for their liege lord. **High of heart**, either proud or valiant. **of word**, in speech. **recked of**, cared for. **tame**, mild. **liege lord**, feudal superior.

158. To claim lordship (*seignory*) and the services due from a feudal vassal unto a feudal lord (*homage*). *Homage* is from *homo*, a man, *i.e.* the condition of a man or vassal.

159-60. He demanded from Gilbert the Gay a tribute in the shape of his best white horse. **the Galliard**, the 'gay gallant'. **heriot**, a tribute which the lord exacted from the family of a vassal who had died, a payment made on the decease of a tenant. Often, as in this case, it took the shape of the best horse the family possessed. A.S. *heregeatu*, a military preparation—*here* (an army) and *geatu* (apparel, preparation). **ought**, should.

161-64. Gilbert was in mood to part with his horse. He replied that the horse was dear to him, it had helped him in emergencies, and that though he was the liege lord he would not get it but it must remain the property of him who could manage it better. **bonny**, pretty, fair. **oft**, often. **pinch of need**, times of crisis, difficulty. **trow**, believe. **rein**, manage. **Bucksfoot**, the name of Gilbert's horse which the Earl demanded as a heriot.

165-8. High words passed between the two parties until the Beattisons became so angry that if the Earl had not fled in good time, they would have slain him. **gave fuel to fire**, aggravated the provocation, increased the anger. The more usual phrase is 'added fuel to fire'. **blazed the ire**, burned the indignation. **But that**, if it were not that. **the flight had ta'en**, had fled. **there**, *i.e.* then and there. **had**, would have.

169-72. The Earl rode hotly and in full career through the valley of Eskdale and had just reached the gates of Branksome castle when the horse fell down dead under him. **Sore he plied**, severely he used (to make the horse run as speedily as it could. He was fleeing for his life). **urged his steed**, rode in full career. **Muir**, moor, valley. **a weary weight**, quite done up, exhausted.

173-4. The Earl looked like a very angry man: he was resolved to be avenged on the Beattisons. **wrathful**, angry. **Full fain**, quite resolved, very willing (he was to take vengeance.)

175-82. He said to the lord of Branksome castle, 'I sell the whole of Eskdale to thee for nothing more than a few hawks and a few gold coins. Do thou hold it for ever, and leave not a man living of all that traitrous clan, the Beattisons,—a curse on thee if thou sparest even one. But spare one man and his lands—Woodkerrick helped me in my peril with his horse to make good my escape'. **to thy yoke**, under thy authority as thy vassals. **cast of hawks**, a number of falcons cast or thrown from the wrist into the air at one time, a flight of them let go at once. Hawks were then used in hunting other birds. **to have and hold**, a technical legal phrase—to possess and enjoy for ever. **Beshrew thy heart**, a curse on thee, may ill befall thee. **leavest**, sparest. **a landed man**, even one landed owner of the whole Beattison clan. **Eske**, a Celtic word meaning 'water', the name of a stream flowing through the valley. **lent me**, helped me with.

183. Glad in heart to close in with the offer was the bold lord of Branksome.

184. He paid down at once the purse of gold. **flung**, threw. to **him**, *i.e.* to Earl Morton.

185-6. He soon and speedily rode to Eskdale with five hundred stout riders at his back. **spurred amain**, rode speedily or in hot haste. **amain**, with speed : G.

has ta'en, took, required by the rhyme.

187-90. He left his good fighters in a mist-covered hill, and asked them to stay secretly and silently there. He went down to the valley alone to meet Gilbert and all his men. **merry men**, good archers. The word was often used in old ballads to mean the followers and attendants of an outlaw probably because they were supposed to live merrily and free from care in the good green wood. **hold them**, keep themselves. **close**, secretly. **still**, silently. **wended**, went. From A.S. *wendan*, to go. 'Went' is, properly speaking, the past tense of 'wend'. The contrast is between 'alone' and 'all his train'.

192. **know thou me**, acknowledge or recognize me as. **head**, chief.

193. **Deal not with me**, behave not towards me as insolently as.

194. For the Scotts are *not* tame men. They play best at the game of war. They are sturdy and indomitable fighters. **the roughest game**, the bloodiest game of war.

195-6. **in peace**, peacefully, submissively. **heriot**, see above. **due**, *i.e.* due unto me as thy liege lord in place of Morton. The *heriot* is, as was named by Earl Morton, the best white horse. **rue**, be sorry for it, repent.

197-8. If I blow three times on my bugle, Eskdale shall see a sight it shall long remember—that is to say, his men would come and deluge the valley in blood. **wind**, blow. **have in mind**, remember, bear in memory. Because the sound would be associated with no end of carnage and bloodshed.

199. **the Beattison**, Gilbert the Galliard.

200. **winded horn**, *i.e.* for the fact of thy winding thy horn.

201. **lot**, misfortune.

203-4. Go back to Branksome *on foot*, thou shalt not have a horse, with thy boots and spurs soiled by the mire in the way. Notice the scorn in the reply—not that the Lord of Branksome had not come on his own horse but the Beattisons meant 'if thou standest in want of a horse, thou shalt not have it on terms offered'. **Wend**, go. **rusty**, on account of the dust and mire. Thy 'spurs' no longer glittering as they would be if thou hadst a horse to ride upon. **miry**, soiled with clay.

206. The dun-coloured deer was startled to hear the sound and started from its lair on Craikcross. **Craikcross**, a hill on the Teviot. *Craik*, is another word for 'crag'.

208. At the second note of the bugle, lances appeared through the dim mountain mist, his men were advancing.

209-11. He blew the third blast so loudly that Pentoun-linn rang with the sound and his men all crowded in into Eskdale. **din**, noise. **Pentoun-linn**, *linn* is either (1) a precipice or (2) a cataract or (3) a hollow pool. **lightly**, speedily.

212-15. Then took place a gallant fight and men were killed and arms broken and for each word of defiance spoken by Gilbert, a Beattison perished. **had you seen**, you could see if you were there. **gallant shock**, brave charge. **saddles were emptied**, men fell from the horses leaving empty saddles there. **laid**, killed, laid low.

216-7. The lord of Branksome himself pierced Gilbert through and through with his good sword. **chieftain** of Branksome. **bore through and through**, pierced, killed outright.

218-9. The ground is still called Galliard's Haugh where the Beattisons perished and their blood reddened the Eske. **the rill**, the stream Eske. **Haugh**, a flat ground on the border of a river which is sometimes overflowed. A.S. *haga*, a field. **still**, even now.

221. Only one landed man, and that was Woodkerrick of l. 181.

222-3. The entire valley from the source of the river Eske to where it falls into the Firth of Forth, was lost by the Beattisons and won by the Scotts all on account of Gilbert the Galliard refusing to yield his bonny white steed as a heriot to his liege lord.

224. Whitslade had his surname of "the Hawk" probably because he was an excellent hunter and marksman.

226-7. From all over the Lowlands. **Yarrow-cleuch**, a hollow or valley lying between steep banks of the Yarrow. **swair**, the ascent of a hill. Comp. iii. 346. **glen**, valley.

228. **man and horse**, riders, mounted soldiers. **bow**, bowmen. **spear**, spearmen. **Trooped**, came in crowds.

229. **gathering-word**, rallying cry, word regarded as a signal for the clan to meet together. **Bellenden**, the central rendezvous, a place near the head of Borthwick water in the centre of the Scott estates. The name of the place was used as a signal for the clan to rally there.

230-1. More valiant men never gathered on the border for offensive or defensive operations. **better hearts**, braver men. **sod**, ground. **to siege**, to attack, lay siege to an enemy's castle. **rescue**, defend, save from the enemy.

232-3. **the aids**, the reinforcements, those that came in to help her. **marked**, saw, observed. **her pride of heart**, her proud heart.

234-6. **attend**, be present. **That** etc., that he might learn to recognize the friends and meet boldly the foes, of the family.

face, defy, look boldly in the face.

237. The boy is sufficiently grown up to face war. **ripe**, mature.

238-40. I saw him draw his tough bow and shoot the nest of the raven high up on the distant rock. **crossbow**, a strong bow provided with a stock in which to lay the arrow. It was usually drawn by means of a mechanical contrivance. **stiff**, stout, tough. **true**, sure, proved *true* by its hitting the mark. **afar**, far off. **cliff**, summit of the rock.

241-2. If he could hit the raven's nest, he can as well, if not more effectively, hit the red cross on the breast of an English soldier, a more prominent mark to take aim at. **Red Cross**, of St. George, borne on their coats by English soldiers. **a southern breast**, the breast of a southerner, or Englishman. **broad**, a more conspicuous mark.

243-4. Carry his father's shield for him—a shield too big for the little chap to carry—guard him with it. **weapon**, sword.

245-6. **the wily Page**, the cunning goblin. The crafty goblin who had assumed the appearance of the Ladye's child and was enacting his part, dared not, now that he was sent for, come and face the Ladye who was 'sage' or proficient in magic and might find him out. **cared**, ventured. **face**, meet face to face. **sage**, as she was skilful in magic.

247-9. The crafty page saw that his only chance lay in avoiding the Ladye, and so he made a false pretence of fear, cried aloud, wept, moaned, lamented, all to prevent his being carried to the Ladye. **counterfeited**, falsely put on, pretended. **plained**, made a wild noise, an obsolete form of *complained*.

250-2. The servants reported that the child that was habitually bold and daring, was now cravenly and cowardly—surely some fairy had taken away the right child and put a weakling in its place. **Some fairy** etc., as in *The Coming of Arthur*, "Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage", an old superstition that fairies took away beautiful children and put in ugly ones. **wont**, was wont or accustomed. Read 'was' before 'wont'.

253-4. The noble Ladye was angry—she was even ashamed that the son of gallant parents should be so mean-spirited. **blood-red**, the colour mounted to her cheeks, there was a red flush of shame on her face.

255-60. She said to Watt Tinlinn, 'carry away the child lest his cowardice should be noted by our clan: hence with him to the castle of Buccleuch. Be thou his guide, Watt Tinlinn. It cannot but be that some devil has cursed me and my family that a coward should be my son'. **faintness**, cowardliness. **view**, see. **Hence with**, go away with. **weakling**, timid, cowardly child. **ling** is a contemptuous diminutive as in *hireling*, *underling*, *starveling* or

signifying smallness, as in *duckling*, *kidling*, *sapling*. **Rangle-burn**, the name of a crooked stream. 'Rangle' in Scotch—a heap of stones, and *burn*, a stream. The word is to be read as four syllables, Ran-gle-bur-en, with a trill on the 'r'. **fell fiend**, cruel devil. **line**, family. **that**, seeing that. **coward**, *i.e.* a cowardly child. This is a more emphatic way of saying that a son of hers should be a coward.

262. **the counterfeited lad**, no, but the *counterfeit* lad. The lady's son was 'counterfeited' by the goblin but he was himself the 'counterfeit'.

Watt Tinlinn's heavy task.

The task of conveying her son to Buccleuch was entrusted by the Ladye to Watt Tinlinn. It proved a very arduous, if not impossible task. For the lad was a counterfeit: the real child was then a prisoner in the hands of the English, and the goblin page had put himself in his place. The horse shied and bolted when "the elvish freight" was lifted on it and became unmanageable. But no sooner had they come to a shallow brook than the charm was gone and the goblin assumed his real shape, cried 'Lost', 'Lost', 'Lost', and fled. Watt Tinlinn shot a cloth-yard arrow at him piercing him through the shoulder but the wound soon healed up and the goblin vanished and Watt Tinlinn rode aghast and in hot haste back to Branksome.

263-6. Evidently Watt Tinlinn and the child were riding on the same horse. No sooner had the elf got upon it than the horse bolted, sprang, rose on its hind legs, and became wholly unmanageable. **soon as**, as soon as. **palfrey**, a riding horse; **G. ill-omened elvish freight**, burden of that unpropitious goblin. The horse knew and felt it instinctively. *freight* is now always used to mean 'a ship's cargo'. **bolted**, took fright, started and ran off. **reared**, rose on the hind-legs. **amain**, with violence. **heeded**, cared for, would yield to. **bit**, the metal part of the bridle which is inserted in the horse's mouth. **curb**, chain or strap attached to a bridle. **rein**, the strap in the rider's hand. In one word, the horse became ungovernable.

267, **mickle toil**, much trouble. 'mickle' is no more used in English. It is in use in certain parts of Scotland. A.S. *mic-el*.

268. **but, only. a Scottish mile**, 8 Scottish miles make 9 English miles. Scott's idea seems to be that it is shorter whereas it is really longer than an English mile.

269. Evil spirits are proverbially incapable of crossing all bodies of water. "It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, and even fiends, you are in perfect safety" (Scott). See iii. 164.

271. He changed his shape as shapes seen in dream.

273. **Full**, very. **urchin**, goblin. See iii. 275. .

274-6. Watt Tinlinn startled by the sudden transformation of the goblin and its wild cry, shot a long cloth-yard arrow at it and pierced it through the shoulder. **a cloth-yard shaft**, an arrow as long as a *yard* for measuring *cloth*. **Whistled**, whizzed, shot with a noise through the air. **yew**, bow (made of the tough yew).

277-81. The elf's life was charmed, it could not be killed by a mortal arrow, and the wound caused by it healed up soon. But the elf shrieked for pain, and Watt Tinlinn much taken aback by the whole occurrence hastily rode back to Branksome. **imp**, little demon; **G. yelled**, shrieked. **aghast**, horror-struck, afraid. A.S. *a*, intensive, and *gastan*, to terrify. **fiery fast**, in hot haste.

282-85. Soon stood he on the edge of a steep hill and could see from there the towers and woods of Branksome and hear the hum of men and the music of war-instruments proclaiming that the English army was advancing. **verge**, edge. **steep**, abrupt, precipitous. **martial murmurs**, military music and the sound of soldiers marching. **southern**, English.

286-7. He heard from the dark wood the blended music of the pipes and bugles. **mingled**, mixed. **tone**, music. **Border-pipes**, bag-pipes used by the borderers. **blown**, sounded.

288-9. He could *ken* or hear the neighing of the war-horses and the sounds of marching soldiers. **ken**, properly 'know' or 'see', here recognize. From *cunnan*, to know. **measured tread**, uniform footfall, regular step.

290-1. While the solemn noise was at times broken by the grim music of the German kettle-drums. **hum**, murmuring. **Al-mayn**, the German mercenaries. From the tribe called Alamanni. Really these 'free companies' were formed of all nationalities, and placed their services at the disposal of the highest bidder. **sullen**, grim, stern. **kettle-drum**, a kind of drum with only one end, shaped like a kettle.

292-5. He saw the tall crimson banners floating above the wood and the helmets, shields and spears of the English glistening through the green hawthorns. **of crimson sheen**, coloured red, of brilliant crimson. **sheen**, brilliance. **copse**, 'coppice, a wood of small growth for cutting'. **glistening**, shining, glittering. **helm**, helmet.

296-7. Lightly-armed scouts rode fast a-head of the army to reconnoitre the ground. **Light**, lightly-armed. **forayers**, 'lit. men sent in search of food or fodder; hence plunderers; but here = skirmishers or scouts who march in advance of an army to *view* or reconnoitre the ground. **fleet coursers**, swift chargers. **loosely**, not in 'close array' but in irregular order, scattered.

The disposition of the English army.

First came the scouts to reconnoitre the ground. Behind them marched the Kendal archers followed by Lord Dacre's billmen, a hardy Border race inured to all the dangers of life there. These were succeeded by a band of German mercenaries led by Conrad, and carrying guns and powder-flasks. Behind were the gallant cavalry of Lord Howard, heavily-armed men, equipped with swords and spears, closing the long glittering array of the English troops. With these last were mixed up a sprinkling of brave young knights each carrying his lady-love's favour on him. The three ranks of the English army, billmen, gunners and horsemen, corresponded to the three divisions of a modern force, infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They advanced in sight of Branksome, halted and cried their famous war-cry, 'St. George for merry England'.

298-301. Behind the scouts move in regular order and keeping time to the music of the bugle, the Kendal archers dressed in green. **close array**, compact order. **Kendal archers**, archers from Kendal, a small town in Westmoreland. As Westmoreland was once famous for its manufacture of a green coloured cloth, the archers would be dressed "all in green". **all**, entirely. **obedient to**, keeping time to. **Advancing from**, marching out. **seen**, by Watt Tinlin.

302-9. To support the Kendal archers, Lord Dacre's billmen march behind, —a bold Border race wearing white kirtles with the Red Cross of St. George stitched on them, and arrayed under the tall banner that had once floated over Acre and marching in time to the music of a band of minstrels who play a lively tune to which is sung a song celebrating the glorious achievements of the Dacre family. **back and guard**, support, strengthen. **billmen**, men armed with bills or axes mounted on poles. **Irthing**, a small river forming the boundary between Cumberland and Westmoreland. They were thus a Border race inured to all the dangers and hardship of Border life. **kirtles**, tunic, coats hanging down to the knee. **crosses red**, the Red Cross, sign of the English, stitched on to their tunics. **That streamed** etc., see on l. 75 above. **Acre's conquered wall**, the Dacre family derives its name from the glorious siege of Acre by one of its ancestors in 1191; hence the word *conquered*. **in order**, regularly. **Played**, the tune to which this song is sung.

310-5. Behind the English billmen and bowmen marched slowly but steadily, in a dark array, the German mercenaries led by Conrad who brought them from the shores of the distant Rhine and sold their lives for foreign gold. **bill and bow**, men carrying bills and bows—Lord Dacre's troops. **mercenaries**, from L. *merces*, pay, wages, men "who sold their blood (life) for foreign pay" (l. 315). **By** etc., *i.e.* led by Conrad of Wolfenstein. **Rhine**, a river flowing through Prussia, Holland etc., falls into the North Sea.

316-7. The mercenaries were men of no particular country and acknowledged no particular sovereign, but nomad hordes living in camps and believing in the doctrine of 'might is right'. **their law the sword**, they called themselves "friends to God and enemies to all the world", who ruled men by force. **lord**, master.

318-25. They were not armed like the English with bills and bows but with fire-flashing guns. They wore a sort of leather coat fringed and plaited all over, and carried scarves and powder-flasks. Their right knee was uncovered to enable them to scale the walls of forts or towns with ladders. As they marched on they sang in their rough and rugged voice songs celebrating the achievements of their German heroes. **bore**, carried. **the levin-darting**, throwing forth fire like lightning. *Levin*, for 'lightning' occurs in old writers. **Buff**, a kind of leather made from the skin of the buffalo. **all**, entirely. **frounced**, adorned with fringes, edged with plaited ruffs; **G. broidered**, embroidered, edged. **morsing-horns**, powder-flasks, horns for carrying powder. **scarfs**, an article of dress worn loosely round the neck or shoulders. **better**, right. **bared**, uncovered. **aid**, help, enable. **escalade**, surmounting walls by ladders. *Lat. scala*, a ladder. **All**, *i.e.* 'they all'. **rugged tongue**, rough voice, strong guttural consonant sounds peculiar to the Germans. **Teutonic feuds**, German quarrels. The *Teutones* were an old German race from whom the English also are descended.

326-31. Next, in the midst of loud songs and clamours, came the gallant cavalry under charge of Lord Howard, armed heavily with broadswords and spears, and closing the glittering array of the English soldiers. **clamour**, noise. **blew**, played on their harps. **the greenwood tree**, see ii. 403. **chivalry**, cavalry, from Fr. *cheval*, a horse. **men-at-arms**, a name given in those days to heavily-armed horse soldiers. **with**, *i.e.* armed with. **glaiive**, sword. **Brought up the rear**, closed the array. **battle**, battalion, army or men drawn up in battle array.

332-5. There might be seen among Lord Howard's men young knights ambitious to win distinction in the field, gallantly equipped with their lady-love's gloves or ribbons given as a favour stuck on to their helmets as crests. **full keen**, very ambitious, ardently desirous. **To gain his spurs**, lit. 'to gain knighthood' but here meaning simply 'to win fame'. **favour**, a love-token, such as a ribbon. It was common in days of chivalry for knights to ride on to battle with such love-tokens on them. **Memorial**, a thing to remind him. **in his crest**, on his helmet as a crest. •

336-9. So marched they on in gallant order until the whole body of men were spread out to view. Then they halted and cried their war-cry, 'St. George for England'. **display**, spread out, extend, *deploy*. Chapman uses the word to mean 'to view'. They

came out from under the greenwood tree until their whole body became visible. Notice that while *rode* is used in the past tense, *display* is in the present. This deviation from the rules of grammar has perhaps been resorted to from consideration of rhyme. **called a halt**, cried 'halt'. **St. George** etc., see on i. 46. **merry**, blithe, happy. 'May St. George defend and keep England merry'.

340-1. **'intent**, fixedly. **armed**, see l. 345. **bent**, cast, agrees with 'eye'.

342-3. The first *they* refers to the towers, the second to the men. They were so near the towers now that they could hear distinctly the harsh straining sound made when the strings of the heavy cross-bow were wound into position or stretched. **know**, used unusually to mean 'hear'. **straining harsh**, harsh jarring sound.

344-52. On the battlements and turrets shone the axes, spears, and halberds of the men of Branksome. On the towers were kept small cannons ready to discharge their fatal shots. On the roofs of the castle where pitch and molten lead were kept burning like the seething ingredients in a witch's cauldron and volumes of black smoke curled up in the air, gleamed the bright glittering armour of the knights armed in defence of the castle. **battlement**, a wall with openings in it through which soldiers shoot. **bartizan**, a small projecting turret on the angles of a wall. **gleamed**, shone. **axe**, battle-axe. **partisan**, a broad-bladed spear-head issuing from a crescent at the end of a staff, a long staff with something like a bayonet at the end. **Falcon and culver**, old small cannon. The *falcon* was so called because it caused destruction among the enemy like the falcon among birds. The *culver* or culverin derived its name from the castings of snakes on it or from the fact of its resembling a snake by its long shape. **Stood**, were kept. **prompt**, ready. **deadly hail**, fatal shots. **shower**, discharge. **flashing armour**, i.e. the flashing of armour. **broke**, showed through. **eddying whirls**, curling volumes. **sable**, black. **head**, roof. **seething**, boiling. **pitch**, tar, a thick, black, sticky substance obtained by boiling down tar. **molten**, melted. **Reeked**, smoked. **a witch's cauldron**, a vessel in which witches boiled all manner of horrid ingredients to manufacture charms. Shakespeare describes the ingredients in *Macbeth*. **red**, boiling, fiery.

353-5. While yet the English keep looking at the towers, the drawbridge falls and the old Seneschal rides forth. **bridges**, drawbridges over the moat round the castle. **wicket**, small gate in a large one. **opes**, opens. **hoary**, old, white-headed. **Seneschal**, see on iii. 341.

356-65. The old Seneschal was fully armed except on the head. His white beard fell over his breast-plate. Not broken down by old age, he sat erect on the horse, controlled its movements, and forced the animal, by subduing its high spirit, to prance and curvet and advance slowly. In token of his friendly intentions, he held a peeled willow wand in his right hand. He was attended by his squire who carried high on a spear a glove as an emblem of faith. **all**, completely. **save**, except. He had not his helmet on. **breast-plate**, armour for the breast. **unbroke**, made infirm and decrepit. We now say 'unbroken'. **age**, old age. **his seat**, his position as he sat on the horse. **ruled**, controlled. **eager courser**, high-mettled horse. **gait**, movements. **chastened fire**, subdued spirit, *i.e.* by restraining its high spirit. **prance**, ride with a bounding movement. **high curvetting**, leaping with all legs at once in the air. 'A curvet' is properly the leap of a horse in which he gives his body a curve. **truce**, peace, that is, that he came with friendly purposes. **better**, right, as in l. 322. **Displayed**, showed. **peeled**, with its bark stript off. **wand**, rod, stick. **squire**, young attendant. **in the rear**, at his back, behind him. **a gauntlet**, a glove upon a lance was in those days regarded as an emblem of faith or fidelity. So that when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem was to proclaim him a faithless villain—a ceremony much dreaded by the Borderers. "A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting" (Scott).

366. **they**, *i.e.* Lords Dacre and Howard. **espied**, saw.

367. **stout**, brave.

368-9. **Sped**, spurred fast. **array**, troops. **should**, might.

The Parley.

The English advanced on Branksome and made a halt. In answer to a query of the old seneschal they asked for an interview with the ladye and when she appeared, declared that they were come to demand the surrender of William of Deloraine for 'march-treason pain', for his having raided into England and slain the brother of Richard Musgrave in times of truce. If the ladye were not willing to comply, the English were bent on sacking her castle and leave an English garrison in it as a punitive measure and carry her son (already in their hands) to become a page to King Edward VI. The ladye declined the terms offered and the English had but just begun the attack when a horseman galloped up to them in hot haste and announced that the Scotch reinforcements were already drawing a sort of cordon or net around the English and it was high time for them to be wary for their own safety. Much against Lord Dacre's inclinations, Lord Howard accepted the conditions offered by the ladye and it was settled that Deloraine

and Musgrave should hold a duel and that the fate of the captured boy and of Branksome Castle would depend on the chances of it. In any case the English army would go back unharmed the Scots and without being harmed by them. The duel was fixed for the morrow.

372. **against the truce of border-tide**, the Border-tides were times of general peace and assurance when no raids might be held. These days were given to the settlement of disputes and mutual reparations. **against**, in violation of. **tide**, time. A.S. *tīd*=time. Cf. eventide.

373. **guise**, fashion, manner. **hostile**, of an enemy.

374-5. **Kendal bow**, *i.e.* bowmen from Kendal (l. 299). **Gilsland brand**, swordsmen from Gilsland in Cumberland. **mercenary band**, hired soldiers (l. 311).

376. **upon the bounds of**, into. **bounds**, frontiers.

377. **reads**, advises. **swith**, quickly. A.S. *redan*, to advise ; G.

378-80. *i.e.* If you do us the slightest injury. **molest**, harm. **scare**, frighten away.

381-2. I swear by St. Mary that I will set fire to all your homes on the English border. **St. Mary**, he swears by Virgin Mary. **but**, if I will not. **light a brand**, kindle a torch. **shall** *i.e.* that shall. **warm your hearths**, set fire to your homesteads.

383. Lord Dacre was a man of angry temper.

384. But Lord Howard who was more sober and calm, made answer. **took the word**, undertook to reply.

385-8. Lord Howard said, 'If it please your noble Ladye to come on the wall, our herald shall explain to her both why we come and when we mean to go away. **thy Dame**, the ladye. **to seek**, to come out on. **pursuivant-at-arms**, properly 'an attendant upon a herald'. **show**, explain. **why we came**, etc. As it will appear later on, they came to demand the surrender of Sir William Deloraine and they were determined not to leave until he had been surrendered.

389-90. The message being soon carried to her, the Ladye came out on the outward wall. **sped**, being delivered to her.

391-2. She came attended by all the leaders of her host who stood around her waiting for the pursuivant.

393-97. The pursuivant appeared wearing the livery of Lord Howard, namely, the figure of a lion woven in silver thread, on his coat. He led a bright little boy. It was the Ladye's own son. It was a most pitiable sight for her to see her own son a captive in the hands of the enemy. **all**, fully. **livery**, properly 'a dress delivered by a master to a servant as a sign that the servant

belongs to his family'. Hence, here, coat of arms. **lion argent**, white lion or lion woven in silver threads on the coat,—the white lion was the emblem of the Howards. **blooming hue**, bright complexion. **O sight**, what a sorry sight. **to meet a mother's view**, in the eye of a mother. **heir**, son and heir.

398-9. **obeisance meet**, a bow of profound respect. **will**, determination. **said**, declared, made known.

400-7. "Noble lady", the herald said, "it gives pain to my Lords Dacre and Howard to draw sword against you. But yet what they much regret to do, they must do, because they cannot bear to see your lawless kinsmen riding through, burning and pillaging, all the English border of which they are wardens. Nor does it well become you to make your noble castle nothing better than an outlaw's den." **irks**, vexes, troubles. **to draw their swords**, to maintain hostility. **may**, can. **tamely**, meekly, without protest. **wardenry**, the country under their rule as wardens, their jurisdiction as wardens. **law-contemning**, despising law and authority, lawless. **spoil**, plunder. **side**, region. **ill beseems**, i.e. it ill befits. **your rank** i.e. your *high* rank and *noble* birth. **a flemens-firth**, the den of outlaws, an asylum for them. *Fleme*, to exile; *firth*, a refuge.

418-13. One such rough kinsman of yours is Sir William of Deloraine. It was only last St. Cuthbert's eve, he rode on to Stapleton on the Line, pillaged the lands of Richard Musgrave, and slew his brother with the sword. For this we demand that he be surrendered to suffer the penalty for breaking peace in times of truce. **claim**, demand. **pain**, penalty. **march treason**, treason or offence against border laws, one of which was to ride against an enemy in times of truce; of this Sir William was now accused. **St. Cuthbert even**, 20th March; the day before the festival of St. Cuthbert, once prior of Melrose and bishop of Lindisfarne. **pricked**, spurred, rode forth. **Leven**, also called the *Line*, a small stream in Cumberland running into the Solway. **harried**, plundered, ravaged. *A.S. hergian*, to lay waste. **dint of glaive**, blow of sword.

414-21. "Then because it is apparently impossible for you, a widow, to keep these restless forayers in check, my master proposes that you should receive two hundred of his troops within your castle. In default he will sound a note of assault, your garrison will be destroyed, your castle stormed, and your son carried to London to become a page to King Edward VI.' **lone**, lonely. **restless riders**, bold, lawless plunderers. **may**, can, used in its old sense. *A.S. magan*, to be able. **tame**, control, hold in hand. **powers**, soldiers. **straight**, immediately. **warrison**, war note, "a note of assault" (Scott); *G. spoil*, kill. **garrison**, soldiers led, carried. **bred**, brought up as. **King Edward** the Sixth.

423-5. He stretched his arms on high by way of begging the aid of the chieftains who stood around the ladye on the wall (l. 391). **Implored**, begged. **strove**, tried (to go back to his mother's lap or arms).

426-7. For a moment the Ladye's face changed and "all the mother came into her eyes". **A moment**, for one moment only, **cheer**, face, countenance. **unbidden**, spontaneous.

430-1. She 'locked to rest,' repressed, within her sobbing breast the sigh which struggled to escape. There is a deep agitation in the Ladye's mind caused by the natural maternal affection for her child and her consciousness that it was no time to regret but to gird up her loins and defend the castle. **sobbing**, sighing. **locked to rest**, kept, shut up.

432-3. She stood calm and composed. **unaltered**, without letting her mind or temper be changed by the personal feelings. **collected**, cool. **dauntless mood**, fearless, courageous way.

434-9. To the pursuivant she replied with a jibe, 'Go and tell your brave lords who undertake bold enterprises against *helpless* women and *little* boys, that William of Deloraine will not be surrendered but that he shall maintain his innocence by an oath or a duel with Musgrave'. **high emprise**, bold enterprise. This is said ironically—surely 'a war on women and boys' is no high emprise. **either** must be read before 'Will cleanse'. **cleanse him**, prove his innocence. In doubtful cases a Border culprit resorted to an oath as determining his guilt or innocence. **stain**, imputation, charge. **combat take**, fight a duel. **honour**, innocence.

440-1. 'There is no knight in Cumberland so high-born that Deloraine cannot show a pedigree as high'. Duels were not allowed but between men of same rank. **good**, nobly born. **But**, that not. **count** etc., reckon an equal number of noble ancestors (*kin*) and high connections (*blood*).

442-6. 'There can be no question about his knighthood. He was dubbed knight by Archibald Douglas on the field of Ancrum or Ancram Moor where the English were slaughtered in large numbers. Lord Dacre would have stayed on, as a prisoner, to be a personal witness of it if his horse had not carried him ably off in the plight'. **Knighthood...sword**, it was not necessary in those days that a man should be made a knight by the sovereign. Even a knight might dub another a knight. The dignity was conferred by the shoulders of the man being touched with a sword. Archibald Douglas had so dubbed William knight. **When...ford**, the reference is to the defeat of the English in the battle of Ancrum Moor in 1545. **swelled**, deluged. **ford**, stream. **but that**, if it were not that. **steed was wight**, horse was strong. **wight**, active; see i. 36. **bare**, carried. **ably**, successfully. **flight**, retreat. **had**, would

have. **dubbed**, made. *Dub* is the technical word for creating a knight, from A.S. *dubban*, to strike. That is, he would have been retained as a prisoner of war and would have thus an opportunity of seeing the ceremony.

447-50. 'As for that little child, may God help him and help me too. But I will not even for the sake of him put any of my friends to harm, and as long as I live, I admit no foeman within my castle'. **for**, as for. **aid**, helper. **mine**, my helper too, i. e. I rely entirely on God. **Through me**, for my sake, or for the sake of my own personal feelings. **friend**, *c.g.*, Deloraine. **doom**, harm, injury. **no foe**, referring to the English demand in ll. 416-7.

451-4. 'Even then, after all has been said, if your lords persevere in their intentions, carry our defiance to them. Let them rest assured that our war-cry shall be their funeral song and the ditch there the grave where they lie'. **urge**, are resolved to carry out. **Take** etc., I challenge them boldly and loudly let it come to an appeal to arms. **slogan**, war-cry. **lyke-wake**, the watching of a dead body before its burial; **G. dirge**, funeral song; **G. our moat**, the ditch round the castle.

455-60. Proudly the Ladye looked around her claiming applause for the bold defiant speech she had made. The angry eyes of Thirsteane flashed like lightning, Wat of Harden blew his bugle, pennons and flags were unfurled, and the Border war-cry 'St Mary for the young lord of Buccleuch' rang in the deep vault of the sky. **lightened**, flashed. **eye of flame**, angry glances. **Pensils** are small pennons. *pensil* is another form of *pennoncel*, the dim. of *pennon*, a flag. Lat. *penna*, a feather. **pennons**, thin flags borne on a lance and having a swallow-like forked end. **wide were flung**, were unfurled. **rung**, resounded. **the young Buccleuch**, the young lord who was a prisoner in the hands of the English.

461-5. The English also advanced to the attack. They cried their war-cry, levelled their spears, marched forward, took aim with their arrows, and the minstrels struck up a loud blood-stirring military music. **answered wide**, rose loud in answer to the Border slogan. **bent**, was directed. **made a stride**, stepped forward. **to his ear**, up to his ear so as to bring the arrow to a level with the eye in order to take a sure aim. **war-note**, military music.

466-7. But before even one arrow could be discharged, a rider came galloping from behind. **a gray goose shaft**, an arrow with a goose feather attached to steady it in its course. Feathers were used to steady the flight of the arrow. **flown**, been let go. **galloped**, came galloping. **the rear**, behind, the back of the English army.

468-73. The horseman who was out of breath with the hot haste he had ridden in, said, 'Noble Lords, what do you here? What

dire offence against Border peace has brought you here? Why have you strayed so far off from all help? Do you know the peculiar danger you stand in with a strong fortified castle in front and a huge hostile army encompassing you. Your enemies are already glad to think that the lion is at last caught in a trap'. **breathless** because he "had spurred all night" (l. 490). **betrayed**, shown. **What treason has y our march**, *i.e.* what march-treason (on which see l. 469). **aid**, help, reinforcements. **what make you here**, what do you do here. **make**=do, used in its old sense. **Before you** there being walls and around you there being war, *i.e.* the enemy's troops. **foemen**, enemies. **triumph in**, exult over. **toils**, net, trap. **the lion**, the British lion. The 'lion rampant' is the British national device. .

474-77. The head of the Douglas clan stands ready with his troops on Ruberslaw, the bright lances of his men make the dun heath look like a harvest field in autumn. **Ruberslaw**, a mountain in Teviotdale. **weapon-schaw**, military array, muster of troops. **schaw**, show. **waving in his train**, waving in the hands of his men. **clothe**, cover. **dun heath**, dark wood. **autumn grain**, ripe yellow ears of corn in autumn.

478-81. On the norther bank of the Liddel Lord Maxwell has drawn up his stout archers under the flag which shows the arms of his family, barring the retreat of the English into Cunberland. **strand**, bank. **To bar**, to prevent. **ranks**, has drawn up his array. **merry men good**, almost a stock name for his stout border archers. **the eagle and the rood**, were the arms of Lord Maxwell. **the rood**, the cross, another form of rod. The cross, it should be remembered, was made by placing two rods athwart each other.

482-5. The people of Jedwood and those that live on the Eske and the Teviot have joined proud Douglas, and the men of Merse and Lauderdale have flocked to the standard of the Earl of Home. **Jedwood**, see on i. 39. **Eske**, a river falling into the Solway. **Proud Angus**, the haughty Douglas, Earl of Angus. **Merse**, and **Lauderdale** in Berwickshire. **Have risen with**, have joined. **the haughty Home**, the proud Earl of Home.

489-91. I had been banished from Northumberland and I have been living long in Liddesdale. But my heart and sympathy has always been with my country. I could ill endure any wrong done to my country, and when I saw that my countrymen were in imminent peril, I rode hard all night just to inform you of the gathering of the enemy around you. **An exile** etc., he had been exiled probably for some sort of Border treason. **wandered**, lived without a home, stayed. **still**, always. **brook**, endure, bear to see. **my country's wrong**, any wrong or harm done to my countrymen. **hard I've spurred**, I have ridden fast and in hot haste. **show**, disclose, inform you of. **mustering**, gathering.

492-97. Lord Dacre who was naturally of an angry temper, cried, Let the musters come—I care not. Sooner can they be of any avail to Branksome, sooner can they come to the relief of the castle, my flag, the flag of my forefathers that waved so splendidly and triumphantly on the shore of the sea of Galilee, shall float on the towers of Branksome;—and then the tardy relief of the Scotch army shall come too late. **crest**, he means the flag. **father**, *i.e.* forefather, ancestor. See on l. 75. **swept the shores**, drove away the enemy, cleared the shores of all the (Saracenic) foes. It will be remembered that one of his ancestors had fought in one of the crusades and got the family name De (of) Acre, a city in Asia Minor. **Judah's sea**, the sea of Galilee. **gales**, breezes, *i.e.* the flag that had been upfurled in Palestine. **displayed**, unfurled. **shall mock** etc., shall, as it were, sneeringly inform the tardy reinforcements that they had been too late. **lingering**, delayed, tardy. **aid**, relief. **the rescue**, the rescuers.

498. Lord Dacre ordered his men to charge. **harquebuss**, a sort of old musket, now obsolete. **on row**, in a row or line.

499. **merry**, stout, gallant, as often in old ballads.

500. **billmen**, men armed with bills. See on l. 310. **walls** of the Branksome Castle.

501. **Dacre for England**, this was the war-cry of his men: Lord Dacre fights for England. **win or die**, storm the castle or failing that die in the attempt but do not fall back or retreat (like cowards).

502-9. 'Then said' Lord Howard, a man of a much sober and calmer mood, 'stop and hear me, it is not fear of the enemy that prompts me to counsel you thus. Fear? who ever knew the Howards to be afraid or cravenly in a secret raid or open fight? But I know it is nothing but a mad and foolish attempt to resist a whole kingdom's power—ten thousand Scots—with a handful of three thousand English troops. It would be only throwing away the lives of our best men to dare such a foolhardy venture. **deem**, think. After the first 'words' read 'to be'. **words of fear**, counsels of despair. **field**, open battle. **foray**, secret plunder. **slack**, *i.e.* who ever saw the lion fall back as being slack in fight or foray. **the blanche lion**, the crest of the Howards, see on l. 394. **blanche**, white. **Border flower**, the best men of our Border chivalry or army. **strife**, contention. **power**, entire body of troops. **certes**, certainly. **desperate policy**, a foolish attempt, a forlorn hope.

510-11. Let us therefore accept the terms offered by the ladye before she knows that a powerful reinforcement is coming to her aid. **made**, offered. See ll. 436-9. **Ere**, she be. **conscious**, aware. **the advancing aid**, the troops coming to her rescue. It

will be remembered that these troops had been sent by the Regent, see iii. l. 391.

512-7. Let there be a duel between Musgrave and Deloraine. If Musgrave wins, the victory is ours. If he fails and is killed, it is but one man lost. The rest of our troops may go back and thus be saved the almost sure disgrace otherwise of a shameful defeat and rout and even death. **single fight**, duel. **crossed**, foiled, defeated. 'Tis but, it is only. **as they came**, the way they came by. **Avoid** etc., he saved a shameful defeat and death. This is thus almost fig. Hendiadys.

518-21. Lord Dacre was much chafed by this prudent reproof of Lord Howard. But still he silently and sadly obeyed and countermanded his order for the charge. **Ill** etc., he could hardly endure. **brother-warden**, colleague, fellow-governor of the Border realms. **sage rebuke**, wise but caustic counsels. **forward step**, advance, charge. **staid**, stopped. **slow**, slowly. **sullenly**, gloomily, much out of humour.

522-5. But the two lords were never friends again and it is even said that this slight difference was the cause of a bloody feud between them later on. **in friendship ride**, ride together as friends. **discontent**, ill-feeling. **cost blood**, made them shed each other's blood, led to a fatal combat between them. **upon another day**, in after time.

526-33. The herald stood again before the castle, sounded his trumpet summoning the Scotch leaders to a parley. He then challenged Deloraine on behalf of Musgrave to a duel, threw a glove as a sign of defiance at their feet, and proceeded to explain the terms on which the combat was to be fought. **pursuivant-at-arms**, see on l. 387. **parleying strain**, notes sounding a parley or conference with a view to settle terms. **defied to single fight**, challenged to a duel. **in right**, on behalf of. **A gauntlet laid**, this in days of chivalry amounted to a challenge, to take up the gauntlet or glove signified acceptance. **terms of fight**, conditions on which the duel was to be fought.

534-42. 'If Musgrave defeats Deloraine, the young lord of Branksome, already in the hands of the English, shall remain in their hands. If Deloraine defeats Musgrave, he shall have his freedom. In any case, the English army, without being injured by the Scots and without doing any injury to them, shall go back to Cumberland'. **the lists**, the duel. Properly, the enclosure in which it was to take place. **Vanquish**, defeat. **shall...remain**, shall remain in the hands of the English as a pledge of his clan the Scots maintaining peace on the Border. **foil**, defeat. **fall**, happens, whatever the result. **band**, troops. **straight**, immediately.

543-8. The Scottish chiefs were very pleased with the terms offered though the ladye much opposed them. They knew not that

relief was so near. They had reason to conclude from the delay the Regent had made in helping them when the English sacked Jedwood, that she would be tardy even now. **unconscious** goes with 'chief', not knowing, unawares. **proffer**, offer, the terms suggested. **sage gainsayed**, wisely opposed the acceptance of the offer. The ladye by her secret art knew that succour was coming but she dared not (on account of the bad odour in which magic was then held) say how she knew it. **true**, valiant, faithful. **Jedwood's, recent sack**, Jedwood was plundered by the English under the Earl of Hertford in 1545. The Regent was too late in sending any relief to the Scots. **tardy**, slow. **the Regent**, the Earl of Arran made himself Regent of Scotland during the minority of Mary, queen of the Scots. But the Regent whom they now expected to send relief, was the mother of Mary. See on iii. 391.

549-52. The noble ladye dared not say how she had prescience of the coming aid because it was by virtue of the art (black or magic art) which could not be named before men. **Durst**, dared. **secret prescience**, foreknowledge by secret means. **own**, admit, acknowledge. **Sprung from**, since the foreknowledge was got by. **art**, magic. **might not**, on account of its being then as now greatly unpopular.

553-62. The terms were accepted on both sides and it was agreed that a lawn at the foot of the castle should be enclosed for the combat; that it should take place at the fourth hour from the break of day on the following morning; that the combatants should fight on foot armed with the Scottish axe and knife; and that, should Deloraine be still unwell, a champion should fight in his behalf against stout Musgrave. **Closed**, accepted. **Compact**, agreement. **lists**, etc., the fighting-ground should be speedily fenced in. **strife**, combat. **axe**, battle-axe. **peep**, break. Thus if it dawned at six the fight would take place four hours after at ten. **freed**, cured. **Champion**, one fighting for or in defence of another. **stead**, place. **in his stead**, on his behalf. **himself**, Deloraine. **Chieftain**, the young heir of Branksome. It will be remembered that the fate of the child hang on the chances of the combat. **stout**, strong in fight.

563-71. The minstrel here offers his reasons why he suggested that the combat was to be fought "On foot, with Scottish axe and knife". He says, "Not that I do not know that many old minstrels have said in their lays that such combats are always fought on horseback and that combatants are armed with the spear and that when the spear breaks into pieces with the shock of the charge, they betake themselves to their swords. But I say this because I was told by the jovial Harper that it *was* so fought". **right**, very. **lay**, songs. **Full many**, very many, several. **made**, fought. **foaming...career**, high-mettled horses running in

full speed. **with brand in aid**, the sword to come to their aid. **whenas**, when. In old English *when* was properly an interrogative adverb, hence the *as* was added. **shiver**, break in fragments. **in the course**, with the shock of the charge. **the jovial Harper**, the reference is to an ancient Border minstrel called Rattling Roaring Willie. See below. **yet**, while I was yet. **it**, this particular combat. **guise**, the manner. **now I say**, here I describe.

572-4. Willie knew every article of the statutes on Border warfare drawn up by the Black Sir Archibald Douglas in the days of the Douglas supremacy. **ordinance and clause**, every statute and each article of it. **of Black Lord Archibald**, third Earl Douglas surnamed 'the grim' from his ferocity. **battle laws**, regulations on points of Border warfare (laid down in the 15th century). **Douglas' day**, *i.e.* when the Douglasses were all powerful and all-in-all on the Border.

575-80. Willie could not tolerate that any man should mock and sneer at his art or find fault with his song, he was so passionately attached to minstrelsy. It was because a certain bard of Rule Water happened to talk sneeringly of his song that he, fired with wrath, slew him in the midst of a banquet when the glass was circulating freely.

The allusion to Willie the jovial Harper.

Rattling Roaring Willie, so named perhaps from his bullying disposition, a noted ballad-maker and brawler, chanced to quarrel while drinking at Newmill, with one of his profession, a bard of Reull who was called Sweet Milk, fought a duel with him on a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, and killed him there. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh. A thorn tree marks the scene of the murder, and is still called Sweet Milk Thorn.

brooked tolerated, endured. **he**, put in for the sake of emphasis. **scoffing tongue**, a man in a sneer. **tax**, charge. **minstrelsy**, the profession of a bard. **tax with wrong**, blame. **untrue**, false. Either charge the art with wrong or call *his song* untrue. **the goblet plied**, drank freely. **rude taunt**, rough sneer. **chafed his pride**, irritated and angered him. **The bard of Reull**, *i.e.* of Rule Water, a tributary of the Teviot in Roxburghshire.

581-4. The two inimical bards stood opposed in fight on the side of the Teviot, and soiled their hands with the blood they shed. The bard of Reull fell and a milk-white thorn grew and still grows upon the spot as if in sympathetic memory of the unfortunate murder of the Minstrel Sweet Milk. **tuneful hands**, hands of minstrels. *Tuneful* is not an idle epithet—it means 'the hands of men who cultivated music, the pure art of *peace*'. **stained**, marked.

wave, in the wind. **Memorial**, as if commemorating. See allusion above.

586-7. **the rigid doom**, the cruel punishment, the unmerciful execution. **dragged**, carried violently. Perhaps there is a reference to what actually happened. Willie was seized as he lay asleep by Ousenam Water, his hands tied behind him, and carried off to be executed at Jedburgh. **my master**, our minstrel acknowledges his discipleship to Willie.

588-90. It is well-known to everybody and I need not repeat how the young lasses of Ousenam tore their hair, wept most piteously and wrung their hands in grief of him whom they loved (for his beauty and music) when Willie was carried off to the Jedburgh assizes to be sentenced and executed there. Scott quotes from an old ballad –

“The lasses of Ousenam Water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And all for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair”.

Jedwood Air. *Air*=eyre, as in the expression Justices in Eyre, *i.e.* Judges on circuit. ‘Jedwood Air’ would thus mean ‘the assize of Jedburgh’ (corresponding to the Indian ‘Sessions trials’ held periodically). “The Justices in ayre (eyre) were ‘itinerant’ Judges who held courts at different places throughout the country” (Chambers). O. Fr. *eire*, Lat. *iter*, a journey.

592. **scholars**, pupils, disciples in ‘the tuneful art’;

593. Are dead. **cold**, **silent**, *not* ornamental epithets, but put in beautiful and pathetic contrast to the *warmth* of their hearts and their charming *music*.

595. To think regretfully of the old minstrels, my companions in the art, who are dead, and of the days when we had musical contests and antagonisms. **muse**, ponder over. **of yore**, of the past : G.

597. **strains**, music. **with**, etc., which was heard with envy in the past. *Then* their skill was envied by all. But *now* the art had fallen into desuetude.

597-8. For now that the old minstrels are all dead, my minstrel pride is gone. **jealously of song**, many mean either (1) pride in his own art or in the noble company of bards or (2) jealousy for their fame or the songs of others. Perhaps the first meaning is to be preferred.

Notice how the Canto closes skilfully with a reference to the death of Willie thus preparing the reader for the magnificent elegy with which the next Canto opens.

599-600. **the listening dames**, the Duchess of Marlborough and her bower-maidens. **Applaud**, praise enthusiastically. **hoary**, old 'ancient'. Lit. 'white-headed'.

601-10. Many kind words of encouragement did the Duchess speak partly out of pity for the old man and partly out of sincere admiration for his wonderful faculty in celebrating old legends in song, legends of old adventures long forgotten, of quarrels the very recollection of which was now lost, or forests in waste and castles in ruin, of customs changed and chieftains dead and buried long ago. **kindly cheer**, sympathetic encouragement. **pity**, for the old man, for his being the last poor survivor of the race of minstrels (l. 593). **sincere**, genuine admiration for his art or music. **Marvelled**, wondered. **legendary song**, old legends, stories in song. Read *he* before 'could'. **feuds**, bloody contests between clans (as between the Scotts and the Carrs) or individuals (as between Musgrave and Deloraine). **whose memory was not**, whose recollection was now no more or forgotten. **waste and bare**, desolate. **which harbour now the hare**, which has now become the habitat of beasts, *i.e.* towers in ruin and deserted. Perhaps 'the timid hare' is meant to suggest a contrast with 'the valiant Knights', who once lived there. **manners**, which always change from age to age. See *Intro.* l. 19.

610-4. The Duchess admired that the minstrel could sing so well of old chieftains dead and buried so long ago that all but their very names were now forgotten—changeable Fame had erased their names from her books and placed the perishable, transitory garland of distinction for which they bled once, round the head of a new favourite. In simple English, the reputation of their chivalrous achievements was now forgotten, and that of some other new hero was in the ascendant. **grey stone**, old tombstone. **fickle**, always changing, never permanently abiding with a man. **Had blotted** etc., the idea is that of Fame holding in her hands a roll of parchment in which the names of heroes are inscribed. **rolls**, books, registers. **twin'd**, put. **minion**, favourite; often used as a term of contempt. Fr. *mignon*, a darling; G. **fading wreath**, perishable garland of glory. Earthly glory always *fades*, never lasts long. **they**, the chiefs. **bled**, on the battlefield, in feuds.

615-6. Truly it was strange that the old minstrel should have still preserved such a distinct recollection of the old chiefs and such a vivid poetic imagination and power of music as to be able to make them, as it were, relive in his song as they were, bring them to mind almost as clearly as if they were come out of their graves and standing before the audience. **sooth**, truth. **call them**, back to life. **hearse**, tomb; G.

618. Never was an admiring, flattering word spoken but it pleased a poet. A poet is always peculiarly amenable to flattery.

lost, wasted, failed to produce due effect. **ear**, heart.

619-24. The poets are a set of simple, easily pleased men. They think their labours well paid even if they get nothing more substantial than the useless reward of a flattering compliment. Even in old age when the poetic fire is dead in them, the sweet breath of flattery revives it. Praise brings back their youthful vigour of fancy and makes it flame up though only for a short while.

The poet's power of song is here compared to a flame :—

As the flicker of a daying flame—is momentarily—by trimming
revived

So the fire of an old poet— is for a while—by praise or flattery
rekindled

simple, innocent, artless. **waste**, spend. **vain tribute**, unsubstantial reward. **smile**, compliment. **age**, old age. **flame**, poetic inspiration, imaginative vigour. **Her dulcet breath**, the sweet breath of flattery, even a small whisper of compliment. **fan its fires**, rekindle the old spirit, revive the poetic power. **drooping fancy**, declining, fading vigour of imagination. **wakes**, is revived. **at praise**, by flattery. **strives...blaze**, tries to burst forth in a momentary splendour. **trim**, kindle. **the short lived blaze**, an outburst of poetry which is short-lived, transient. The youthful fire being really dead in old age, praise may get out only a sudden, transient spark, no permanent or lasting brilliance.

625. **the aged Man**, the old minstrel.

CANTO V.

"Hitherto the poem has been rather a romance of *incidents*, and of incidents that are interesting in themselves, as involving elements of marvellousness, heroism, and a little mystery, but here we approach nearer the higher imaginative poetry of *feeling*."

(1). The Canto opens with a reflection, suggested by the death of 'the jovial harper' at the end of Canto IV., on the passing away of all poets as "mourned by sympathy divine". It then takes up the thread of the narrative and tells us that.

(2). The agreement had but just been concluded when the Regent's aid appeared before Branksome.

(3). There was no more any thought of hostility but friends and foes met together in the castle in a sumptuous feast and jovial merry-making carried on late into the night.

(4). In the very early morning (of the duel) Margaret perceives a figure hastening through the hostile towers and knows that it is Cranstoun, and has an interview with him. Cranstoun escapes unchallenged because the wily page had by a spell made him look like one of the allies of Branksome.

(5). It was the fourth hour from the peep of dawn ; "the ladies and knights came out to behold the duel ; the heralds proclaimed the combatants ; the boy, the prize of the victor, was brought out. The combat was fought, and Sir William of Deloraine bore down Musgrave and killed him.

(6). Just then the spectators were startled to see a half-naked figure running downward from the castle and knew that it was Sir William of Deloraine. Who then was the man who counterfeited him in the combat ?

(7). Lord Cranstoun took up the visor and showed who he was. He led the boy whom he had won as the prize of his victory to the ladye, and the ladye was overcome by the persuasions of all on the field to give Margaret in marriage to him.

(8). The nuptials were settled and the English and Scottish lords were invited to it.

(9). Everything was now peacefully ended, and all the outstanding characters in the Lay accounted for except the Goblin page. The Ladye resolved to force him to yield the magic book.

(10). Sir William lamented that *he* could not fight Musgrave and wished his adversary back again to life.

(1) The Canto closes with a funeral procession and a dead march in saul played by the minstrel on his harp.

The Poet's reflection on the death of poets.

When the poet dies mute Nature mourns him and celebrates his obsequies. And Nature has good reason for doing this because the poet was her 'worshipper'. The mountain rills and the dew on the flowers, are the signs of her weeping; the echoes of the wind in the hollows of the hills, the sighing of the trees, the melancholy murmurs of the river, are the notes of her wailing at the Bard's funeral. The poet, moderating his personification of nature as too bold, then expands the same idea in a new form, by describing the mountains, groves, and plains as still haunted by the spirits of those whom the poet has made live again in his song. The dew on the flower is the maiden's tear; the moan of the wind the knight's lament that the fame he lived for will die through the poet's death; the groan of the cavern and tears that flood the rill mark the anger of the chief, whose power was long celebrated in the feudal ballads, but whose grave, now unsung, will be 'undistinguished' from that of the meanest churl.

1-6. It is no vain fancy, no erroneous notion, this of those that say that when a poet dies, nature, though mute, even in her mute-voices mourns him and does the last rites over him, that the rocks and chasms lament the death of the poet, that, in short, the poet "not unobserved by nature falls and his death is mourned by sympathy divine". (The reflection was suggested by the death of 'the jovial harper' at the end of Canto IV., and "the hawthorn's white branches" still waving as a memorial over his rival poet's grave).

it, this belief that Nature is sorry for the death of a poet. **they do not err**, many poets have represented Nature as mourning the death of poets *e.g.*, Milton in *Lycidas*, Shelley in *Adonais*, Matthew Arnold in *Thyrsis*. **mute** is a highly expressive epithet here, Nature though *mute*, yet *mourns* because her *worshipper*, the high-priest, the poet, the revealer of Nature's beauties, the celebrator of nature's glory, is dead. Nature, again, mourns not like us, men, in articulate voices but in the deep, inarticulate melody of her heart. **obsequies**, last or funeral rites. **cliff**, rock. **cavern lone**, solitary chasms. **departed bard**, dead poet. **make moan**, a poetical periphrasis for 'lament'

7-12. For what are the mountain-rills and the dew-drops on the flowers, the echoing of the wind through the groves the poet loved and among the thick foliages of the oaks, the murmuring of the ripples on the streams—what are all these but the mute-voices of sympathetic Nature mourning the death of poets? The mountains, the flowers, the trees, the rivers, all mourn him for he sang of them and glorified them in immortal verse. **crystal rill**,

glassy streamlet. **weep**, *i.e.* the rill *is* the weeping, its waters the tears, of the mountain. **distil in**, drop, let fall, shed. Lat. *de*, down and *stillu*, a drop, hence the meaning. **tears of balm**, fragrant dew drops. *balm* is a contracted form of *balsam*, a sweet-smelling resin or juice. **his loved groves**, shady bowers loved by the poet. The construction is, "that breezes sigh through his loved groves". **breezes sigh**, winds weep, the echoing or whispering of the winds is so called *poetically*. **deeper groan reply**, echo the weeping of the groves with a sadder murmur (as the wind moves through the thick leaves and branches). **teach**, etc., the murmuring of the waves is the singing of a requiem over the dead poet. **dirges**, funeral songs. *Dirge* is but another form of the word *dirige* (=direct), the first word of a Latin hymn sung in honour of the dead. **murmur**, sing.

13-20. The poet recollects that his personification of Nature may be too bold and hence checking himself, he expands the same thought in a different form. He says that it cannot be supposed that inanimate things like mountains and flowers *can* mourn but that the murmurings and sad voices among them are but voices from the spirit-world, the voices of those who are dead and might have been forgotten if the poet had not celebrated them and who feel that with his death they will suffer a second and perhaps a final death, their very names being now forgotten. **In sooth**, truly. A.S. *soth*, true; the word again occurs in *forsooth*, *sooth-sayer*. **Not that**, it is not to be believed that. **mortal urn**, graves of men. An 'urn' was a vessel used by the ancients to hold the ashes of the dead after cremation. Shakespeare and Milton use the word to mean 'graves'. **inanimate**, lifeless. **can**, have the power or possibility. **Gale**, breeze. **Is vocal with**, echoes, speaks. **plaintive wail**, lamentation. **those**, who are dead (named in the rest of the stanza). **else**, otherwise, if not sung and immortalized by the poet. **faithful**, truly recording them. **parting breath**, death. **Whose**, the antecedent is *those* in l. 17. **memory...death**, very name will suffer eclipse and be forgotten. This will be their second and perhaps final death since a man may be said to live in the breath of men after death. When he is forgotten his death is total extinction.

21-24. The death of poets is not really mourned by inanimate nature but by the spirits of those who are dead. Thus the dew-drop on the rose and the hawthorn is the tear shed over the poet's tomb by the spirit of a gentle maiden who loved and whose true love was commemorated by the poet but shall be no more when he is dead. **pale shade**, wan ghost, shadowy spirit. **her lot**, namely that the story of her true love sung by the poet shall no more be sung and shall be forgotten. *E.g.*, Margaret's *true* love for Crans-toun is sung in the Lay. **shakes**, lets fall, sheds. **gentle mins-**

trel, tender-hearted poet. **bier**, grave. Lit. that on which a corpse is carried from A.S. *bearan*, to carry.

25-28. The sighing of the wind over a desolate plain is but the mourning of the spirit of a knight, flitting through the air and shrieking over the battle-field which he once strewed with the dead and which was the scene of his glory now by the death of the poet who celebrated it, likely to be forgotten. **phantom Knight**, i.e. the phantom or spirit, ghost of a knight. **his glory fled** **Mourns**, mourns because his glory will die and be no more commemorated. **field**, battle-field. **heaped**, crowded. **Mounts... amain**, rides on the sweeping wind as on a high-mettled horse. An allusion to 'the wild hunt' supposed to career through the air at night. **sweeps amain**, blows violently, rushes with force. Rhythmically, this is one of the finest lines ever written by Scott. **shrieks**, cries harshly. The knight cannot even after death forsake the loved scene of his adventures. Sir Gawain's spirit appears to Arthur on the eve of his last battle.

29-36. The groaning of the wind among the caverns, the swelling of the streams with water, are but the sighs and tears of the spirit of a feudal chieftain whose achievements were long celebrated in the lays of minstrels, now looking down from the misty mountain-top on the land once his own and finding with regret, since the poet who celebrated his glories is dead, that his place, his power and even his very name shall die and his grave shall be undistinguished from that of the meanest of the churls he ruled.

29-30. The Chief whose old coronet long shone in the feudal song, i.e. to say, the feudal chieftain whose achievements and glories were long celebrated by minstrels. Comp. i. 57-58. **antique crownlet**, either (1) old coronet or taking *antique* in the Shakespearean sense of 'decorated', (2) ornamented, quaintly-made feudal crown. **crownlet**, small crown, coronet (worn by the peers or lords as distinguished from the royal crown)—*let* is the diminutive suffix. The diminutive form implies that the wearer of the coronet is but a *petty* chief. **Still**, always. **sparkled**, was celebrated. **feudal song** either (1) song of minstrels describing feudal scenes or (2) song of a bard who was a feudal servant of the chief.

31-4. **misty throne**, hazy top. This is now in the spirit-life his *throne*. **thanedom**, the country of a *thane*. The *Thane* was a high state dignitary among the Saxons. **once**, when he was living. **His ashes**, his grave or death. **undistinguished**, either (1) uncelebrated in song or (2) mixed up and unmarked off from the graves of the churls. Achilles in Homer has such a **fear**. **memory**, his very name. **die**, from men's minds and earthly records because no more celebrated by poets.

35-6. His groans are heard in the sighing of the wind among the caverns, his tears flood the swollen stream. **caverns**, chasms.

See. l. 5. **tears of rage**, angry weeping. He is angry that he shall lie undistinguished from churls. **impel the rill**, swell the stream, drive "the rushing wave to murmur dirges round his grave".

37-38. All the spirits of the dead who find that their names shall be forgotten, and their praises left unsung when the poet's harp shall no more be played upon, mourn his death. **unstrung**, either (1) deprived of strings (and therefore broken) or (2) no more strung up for use. In any case the reference is to his 'death'. Read 'being' before 'unknown' and 'unsung' as a natural consequence of the death of the minstrel.

39. **the hot assault**, the fierce attack on Branksome castle. See iv. 520. **staid**, stopped.

40. **terms of truce**, compact, the decision of the quarrel by the duel. **made**, agreed upon.

41-2. **they**, the men of Branksome. **spy**, discern, see at a distance. **advancing**, towards the castle. **martial powers**, soldiers, warlike forces, "the Regent's aid" of iv. 548.

43-4. Thick clouds of dust kicked up by soldiers marching was seen in the distant horizon, and the trampling of horse-hoofs was heard. **afar**, far off. **trampling steeds**, *i.e.* the trampling of steeds. **faintly**, indistinctly (on account of the distance).

45-46. As the soldiers came nearer their bright spears could be seen glittering now and again through the dust-clouds. **the columns dun**, rows or bodies of troops appeared dun-coloured in the cloud of dust. **glanced**, sparkled. **momentary**, momentarily (an adj. used as an adverb) every moment, as the spears caught and flashed the sun's rays.

47-8. And on nearer view the fair feudal banners waving over the ranks showed that they were the expected reinforcements sent by the Regent. [Notice how 'the advancing march of martial powers' is graphically described—at first only the sounds of horse-hoofs could be faintly heard and a cloud of dust (but no men) seen, then the bright spears and their momentary reflections of the sun, and finally the fair banners and the men recognized as friends and allies] **fair**, adj. to 'banners' an instance thus of what is called 'an ambidextral adjective' (*i.e.* on both hands of a noun, *e.g.*, 'feudal' and 'fair'). **displayed** showed, revealed.

49-52. It is of no use naming all the clans that came from the Middle Marches. The whole body was led by Douglas whose banner with the cognizance of the Bloody Heart on it was carried in front. **Vails not**, it *avails* not, it is of no use. For the omission of 'it', *cf.* *him listed* ii. 141. **tell**, name. **Middle Marches**, one of the three divisions of the Border land. Over each was an warden appointed (see i. 49),—the Douglasses were wardens of this part. **The Bloody Heart** was the cognizance of the Doug-

las family even since the day when one of them was commissioned by Robert Bruce to carry his heart to Jerusalem. Lord Doug as says in Aytoun's *Lay of the Heart of Bruce*,

"Thou knowest the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day ;
He bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away ;
And lay it in the Holy soil
Where once the saviour trod".

van, front. **blazed**, sparkled. **Douglas**, Archibald Douglas, 7th Earl of Angus. Milton has, "The dreaded name of Demogorgon".

53-5. It is no use mentioning the troops that were marshalled under their banner by the seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburne. **steeds did spurn**, horses impatiently kicked the ground, *i.e.* what gallant riders came on gallant chargers. **the Seven Spears of Wedderburne**, the seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn who was slain at Flodden (1513). **set**, arrayed, drew up.

56-8. It is no use mentioning the troops that came under the leadership of Sir John Swinton who at the battle of Beaugé overthrew Thomas, Duke of Clarence, who distinguished himself by a coronet of precious stones which he wore round his crest as a mark of his being of the royal Plantagenet line. **Swinton**, Sir John Swinton: he fought as a Scottish ally on the French side at the battle of Beauge and unhorsed Thomas, Duke of Clarence (hence, *tamed of yore* etc.) Scott, it should be remembered, was a descendant, on his mother's side, of this Sir John Swinton. It is undoubtedly with a touch of family pride that he herein records Swinton's Victory over Clarence. **laid the lance in rest**, held his spear ready for the charge. The 'rest' was a hook in which the butt-end of the lance was supported when it was couched for the attack. **That**, the lance that. **tamed**, overcame. **of yore**, long ago. **the sparkling crest** etc., *i.e.* Thomas Clarence of the Plantagenet line who wore a crest of brilliant stones.

59-65. I do not care to say how many hundreds more came from Berwickshire and Haddingtonshire and from all along the Tweed led to the war under the joint standards of the Earls of Home and Hepburn and glittering far as they streamed down the steep hill-side shouting their slogan, 'A Home! a Home!' **list**, care, please. See on ii. 141. **the rich Merse**, a fertile tract of land in Berwickshire. **Lammermore**, a ridge of rough hills extending through Berwickshire and Haddingtonshire. **fair borders**, beautiful shores. **to the war**, *i.e.* 'come' (l. 63) to the war' **old Dunbar**, the Earl of Home so called because he was

descended from the Dunbars, the Earls of March. Their *crest* was the silver figure of a lion standing on its hind legs, 'a lion rampant, argent'. **Hepburn's mingled banners**, Hepburn's banners mingled with those of the Homes, because the Hepburns were their allies. **Down** etc., the lines of troops glittered for a long way off as they marched down the steep mountain-side. The line calls up a beautiful picture. See Gray's *Bard* 11-12. **A Hóme**, "The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family (the Homes) was, 'A Home! a Home!'"—(*S off*).

67. **a courteous message**, errand carrying compliments and invitations. **went** to the advancing troops. *112.*

69. **Mæt**, proper, due, or in fit terms. **aid**, succour. **prompt**, indeed the aid had come sooner than they had expected.

71. **ta'en**, appointed, fixed.

73. **dear**, dearly, dearly, as a matter she prized or valued highly. **prayed**, entreated.

75-6. And that all would kindly and of as a token of friendliness and courtesy, agree to partake of the Lady's hospitality. **deign**, be obliged. **in, out of cheer**, hospitality, entertainment given in the castle.

77-8. **only to feast**, my only intention, **each & every**, every individual soldier. **Do's** in the text is only but *not* the privates. This was the only distinction made.

79-81. The old steward had rode on to meet politely and in fit terms the gallant English lord. **Steward**, steward. See on iii. 341. **in seemly terms** in appropriate language. **call**, invite.

82-84. Howard accepted the invitation. There never was a knight bolder in war and more polite when the war was over. In war he was valiant, in peace greatly courteous. **clabbed**, made, *2c.* than whom a soldier bolder in fight was never made a knight. **famed**, noteworthy. **stately courtesy**, magnificent politeness. The Howard who is referred to here was in fact never yet born; he is thus introduced by an anachronism.

87. **pavilion**, tent, camp. From *pat. pavilla*, a bowerly. A tent was so called from its resemblance to the outspread wings of a butterfly. **repose**, stay.

88-93. Now perhaps you want to know how these two armies but lately so hostile towards each other met in such a friendly way. You wonder at it all the more because though a temporary peace had been made, it was little likely to stay long when both the armies were inspired with no other wish than to shed blood. **Dame**, the Duchess of Monmouth to whom the minstrel sang his Lay (see Intro. 54-5). **How**, with what feelings. **Deeming**,

thinking. it...**task**, it was so extremely difficult. **set**, settled, made. **Where**, at a time when. **martial spirits...ire**, when valiant soldiers inspired (*all on fire*) with mortal rage (*martial ire*) demanded (*breathed*) bloodshed only. **martial ire** may mean also 'military ardour'. The comparison may be with the dragon which spits fire ; hence *dragoon*.

94-99. Foes by long habit and by nationality, by blows given and taken, by raids constantly made into each other's country, the English and the Scots met together on the Teviot and, instead of fighting, sat them down to a friendly feast in as good peace and amity as brothers that meet in a foreign country. **By** etc., qualifies 'foes'. **mutual inroads**, forays made by each nation into the lands of the other. **blows**, assaults. habit. the English and the Scots had been hostile to each other ever since the dawn of history. **nation**, nationality. **met** like enemies. **On Teviot's strand**, *i.e.* before Banksome castle. **sate them mingled down**, instead of fighting, sat mingled together, friends and foes, in a friendly intercourse and feast. *them* is reflexive.

100-5. They sat together as friends, their hands that lately held the spear and still wore the iron gauntlet, were given to each other in hearty welcome, their visors were taken up and their faces shown, friends knew friends and they all shared in the food and drink in a friendly way.

100-1. The construction is, their hands that lately grasped (held the spear in hostility) and were still clasped (enclosed) in the mailed gauntlet (iron glove).

102. Were shaken in friendly welcome.

103. **visors**, a movable part of the helmet protecting the face.

104. The faces being shown by the visors withdrawn, friends could know friends.

105. Sat down to the feast in a sociable, friendly spirit. **cheer**, see on l. 76.

106-10. Some played the game of bowls, some spent the day in chess and dice, and some with a merry din, a loud confused noise and in a disorderly throng eagerly played at foot-ball.

106. **the jolly bowl** either (1) the game of bowls, or (2) the merry wine-cup, *i.e.* drank heartily. As the references in the rest of the stanza are to games, probably the first meaning is to be preferred.

107. **draughts**, a game resembling chess played by 2 men on a board containing 64 squares. **chased**, made it pass quickly, whiled away.

108-10. **riot**, confusion, uproar. **revelry**, clamorous jollity. **rout**, disorderly crowd ; G. **pursued the play**, played at.

"The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders" (*Scott*).

111-21. The two hostile armies had indeed now met together in a friendly way but at the very first sound of the bugle, the very first signal of war, they would have dyed the whole country with their blood, drowned their shouts of revelry in wild slogans and the groans and shrieks of the dying, and their knives now unsheathed to "curve at the meal" would have been plunged into each other's bosoms.

113-4. **fair together ranged**, met together in such a hearty friendly way. **frankly interchanged**, sincerely clasped in each other, "interchanged in greeting dear".

115. **Had**, would have. **dyed with gore**, deluged in blood. **the green**, bank of the Teviot, all the country around.

116. **merry shout**, shout of revelry and joy. **Had**, would have.

118. **the groan of death**, the groans of the dying.

119-21. **whingers**, small knives worn at the belt, used for cutting meat. **in friendship**, in a friendly feast. **bore**, unsheathed. **The social meal**, the friendly feast. **part**, divide, cut. **a bloody sheath**, been plunged into their bodies or bosoms.

122-4. In the old days of Border warfare, such sudden change from cordial friendliness to bitter hostility, was not infrequent. Scott notes, "Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary...they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities". In the 29th stanza of this Canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

125-27. **But yet**, *i.e.* though such terrible things were not un-
 frequent, nothing happened on this occasion. *Now* the sun set
 er the peaceful scene of mutual friendliness and joy. **town**,
 A.S. *tun*, an inclosure) common country people call their village
 or homstead town. The word, *town*, is not here used in the
 sense in which we commonly understand it. **In**, when men were
 occupied in peaceful enjoyment of friendly intercourse. **sunk...**
ray, the sun set.

128-9. The revelry was carried on late into the night. **blithe-**
some signs, merry indications, the drinking, the feasting and the
 sports. **wassel**, revelry; G. More commonly written 'wassail'.
Decay'd not, did not grow less or cease. **dying day**, setting
 sun.

130-3. The construction is :—Soon huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone through the tall latticed windows, divided into squares by stone-shafts, of the lofty hall of Branksome castle. **latticed windows**, windows furnished with strips which crossed one another in a kind of net-work. **lordly**, stately. **Divided square**, qualifies 'windows', divided into squares or 4 equal parts by stone shafts crossing one another at right angles. **shafts**, columns, pillars. **flakes of ruddy lustre**, patches or sheets of light of a bright crimson glare. The light as it penetrated through the openings in the lattice-work, looked like separate and distinct flakes or layers. Similarly Tennyson speaks of "the scarlet *shafts* of sunrise".

134-5. Nor less at night than during the day, the hall rang with the merry music of the harps and the clanking of the wine-cups. **less** than by day. **gilded rafters**, ornamented beams of the hall. **rang**, echoed. **beakers**, drinking-cups, goblets.

136-141. And on the darkening plain loud hollo, whoop or whistle ran frequently as parties of men gave the shrill watch-ward of their clan to regain their stragglers, and as the revellers sang over their cups the praises of their national heroes, Douglas or Dacre. **frequent**, adv. 'frequently'. **darkening**, on which the shades of evening were thickening. **hollo**, call, *e.g.*, "came to the mariners' hollo" (*The Ancient Mariner*). **whoop**, a loud cry. **their stragglers to regain**, to call to them those of their party that had wandered away or lagged behind. **gave**, shouted. **watch-ward**, here 'a pass-word' or 'gathering cry' but lit. 'a word given out to sentinels as a sign of the party to which the man belongs. **revellers**, merry drinkers. **over their bowls**, while drinking merrily. **proclaim**, sing loudly the glories of. **Douglas or Dacre**, the Scotch sang of their national hero Douglas and the English of theirs'. **conquering name**, splendid victories. See iv. 25.

142-43. **Less frequent**, as night deepened. **fainter still**, gradually becoming more and more faint, inaudible. **various clamours**, a thousand blended sounds of harps, shouts, songs etc. **died**, ceased.

144-50. At dead midnight it was silence all, and one could hear from the hill on which Branksome stood no sound except the murmuring of the Teviot, the occasional watch-words of the sentinels and the clanging of the axe and the hammer as they rang through the deep, dark night in the lawns beneath where the lists were being set up for the morrow's combat. **you might hear**, if you were there. This is an impersonal use of *you* common in modern English. **rushing tide**, current. **save**, except. **the changing sentinel** .tell, at each change of guard the watch-words were given between the relieving sentinel and the relieved. Read the opening lines of *Hamlet*. **challenge**, watch-word. **watch**, the company that came to relieve guard. **could**, was allowed.

the dark profound, "dead vast and middle of the night" (*Hamlet*), deep darkness of the night. It is difficult to say which of these two words is the noun and which the adjective, but the sense is in both cases the same. *Profound* is used as a noun by Milton in *Par. Lost* ii. 438, "the void *profound* of unessential night". Pope has this very phrase, "instant shot the *dark profound*" (*Iliad*). **Rung**, as the lists were being set up. **the nether lawn**, the open field below the castle, the grassy space at its foot. **nether**, lower : **G**.

151-4 Many were busily engaged there shaping the poles, squaring the beams, preparing the dreadful enclosure within which the bloody combat was to be fought the next day. **hand**, labourer, Fig. *Metonymy*, 'part for the whole'. **pales**, posts, pallisades. **lists**, space appointed for the combat. Lat. *pallus*, a stake. See on iv. 555 **dread barriers**, terrible enclosure. Properly, 'dread' is an epithet transferred from the combat which was to take place there to the place where it was to be fought. **Against**, for or rather 'in readiness for'. Comp. the phrase, "Make your sword bright *against* the day of battle".

155 61. In spite of her mother's chiding looks, Margaret soon left the hall. She was so preoccupied with her own thoughts that she did not or could not notice the suppressed sighs of many a bold warrior from among both friends and foes who vainly aspired for her love. **retreat**, retire. **Despite**, in spite of. **the Dame**, her mother. **reproving eye**, look of reproach. Evidently she did not like that her daughter should have secret broodings of the mind. **Nor marked she**, nor could she notice (so lost was she in her own thoughts). **stifled**, suppressed, subdued (because a sigh of despair). **strove**, tried, longed for. **the Flower of Teviot**, Margaret "the fairest maid of Teviotdale" (ii. 297). **ally**, warrior from among the clans friendly to the Scotts ; nominative to 'strove' perhaps 'warrior' of l. 159 is to be taken to refer to the ranks of the enemy.

162-9. With a throbbing head and an anxious heart Margaret had a much disturbed sleep all alone in her lonely bower. She rose very early and saw the dawn breaking upon the soldiers lying asleep under their respective banners. Of all the countless host who sunk to rest there the earliest to rise was Margaret, the Flower of Teviotdale. **throbbing**, beating violently (with a rush of blood to the head as in headache). **anxious**, she was worn down with a strange unaccountable anxiety which is often the presentiment of some impending evil. A similar sadness oppresses Antonio at the opening of *The Merch of Ven*. **All**, all alone. Comp. the *Ancient Mariner*, "All in a garden fair", "All in a hot and copper sky". **bower**, ladies' apartment ; **G**. **broken**, disturbed. **By times**, i.e. *betimes*, at the proper time, early. **the bannered hosts**, each body of soldiers under their respective banners. It will

be remembered that "the stragglers" had been called together (ll. 138-9). **repose**, lay asleep. Notice the irregularity in the use of tenses introduced for the sake of rhyme. **viewed**, saw. **the awning day**, the day breaking or dawning. **hundreds**, used for an indefinite number; hence the plural. **the loveliest**, Margaret. By an irony of fate the loveliest was the most oppressed then.

170-3. **court**, courtyard. **Which...lay**, the tall tower cut off the rays of the rising sun and cast its shadow darkening the inner courtyard. **courses**, war-horses. **stamp**, impatient trappings. **snort**, loud noise caused by forcing the air through the nostrils. **rung**, sounded. **the live-long yesterday**, all the previous day, the whole of the day before.

174-82. Now the bustle of excitement was over and there was total silence till the jingling of the spurs announced that a knight rode below. When he raised his visor and looked up, Margaret saw that it was Henry of Cranstoun. Safe as in his own castle he walked fearlessly through the hostile courtyard of Branksome castle. **still as death**, silent as the silence of the grave. **stalking slow**, walking slowly but gravely; qualifies 'warrior'. **The jingling spurs**, the harsh, shrill noise of the spurs. **tread**, dignified walking. **stately**, grand-looking. **plumed head**, head with the helmet on, the plumes are the feathers on the helmet. **Blessed Mary**, an exclamation of surprise when Margaret recognized Lord Cranstoun in "the stately warrior". Such exclamations were common in the Roman Catholic days. **can it be**, Henry of Cranstoun her own dear lover. Scott seems to have been very fond of expressing the climax of a feeling by this sort of interrogation. Cf. *Rokeby* "Fell it alone? alone it fell". **Secure**, used here in its literal sense of free from care or anxiety. *Se*, for *sine* without; *Cura*, care. **Ousenam**, or oxnam, the residence of the Cratouns between Bransome of Jedburgh. **hostile**, inimical, of the enemy.

182-87. She dared not speak or sign to him for she knew that if he were recognized it would be all over with him. Not even the precious jewels of Queen Mary, nor her own more precious tears, could get a day's respite for him but he would be immediately despatched. **sign**, to him. **one**, even *one*, a single. **page**, a man so slight as a page. **His...pay**, he would suffer death for his rashness. **the price**, of his rashness in venturing into the enemy's castle. **Queen Mary**, either Mary, the unfortunate Queen of the Scots or her mother, Mary of Guise; at this time the Regent. **buy...day**, save his life for a day, put off the death for ever so short a time as a day.

188-93. Yet it may be said that Lord Cranstoun ran no great risk there for the Goblin page had taught him the spell which made him look like an ally of the Scotts, a knight from Hermitage.

his hazard, the risk he ran. **You may bethink you of**, you may remember. **the spell**, by which the Goblin could make one thing appear as another. See iii. 103-110. **sly urchin**, cunning Goblin. See on iv. 273. **This**, the spell. **impart**, teach. **seem**, appear. **by glamour art**, magic. See on iii. 103. **A knight** etc., *i.e.* an ally of the Scotts. Hermitage was the property of the Douglas family. See ii. 382.

194-6. Under cover of that spell he passed unchallenged through the courtyard though all the vassals were keeping guard there. **unchallenged...post**, without being stopped and required by the sentries to give the watchword. They all took him as a friendly knight and did not want any sign of recognition from him. **For**, in spite of. **the vassalage**, the vassals keeping watch there.

197-8. But no magic and no spell could blind the eyes could impose on, the loving Margaret. **quaint**, *disguise*, power of giving odd or strange look to a man. **quaint**, odd; **G. azure**, *b'keen*. One is tempted to think that the word ought to be 'eagle', *b'keen*. Lovers' eyes are always keen and sharp. Comp. Scott, *the Maid of Neidpath*, "O lovers' eyes are sharp to see, And lovers' ears in hearing". *azure* adds nothing to the sense.

199-202. She was startled to see Lord Cranstoun there but before fear for his safety and surprise at his sudden and unexpected appearance there, could overmaster her delight in seeing him, the knight was on his knees before her. **While...love**, she was *surprised* to see Lord Cranstoun there, she was *afraid* for his safety but surprise and fear could not overpower her delight in seeing him. She wished that he were not there—yet she was glad that he was. When this struggle of feelings was going on in her mind, Lord Cranstoun had gone up to her and knelt before her. **strove**, struggled. **both**, surprise and fear. **master**, overpower. **love**, her love or pleasure at seeing him there.

203-8. I have often wondered what malicious motives could have prompted the cunning Page to bring about this interview. Surely he could not have thought of giving the lovers an opportunity to meet for love is a heavenly thing and as such no matter of delight to a foul Goblin. **mused**, thought, meditated. **purpose bad**, malicious motive. **foul malicious urchin**, wicked, cunning Goblin. **To bring round**, to bring about or cause to happen. **vile malignant sprite**, base, malicious elf. **In such**, in *heavenly* love or love meetings. They are by nature contrary, love is *heavenly*, an elf is a *mean* malicious thing.

209-14. I have often thought that his real intention was no love-meeting between the knight and the lady but just to make their love a source of shame, disgrace and danger to both. Perhaps he wanted thereby to compass the death of the knight and the

sully of Margaret's good name as a chaste virgin. **erring passion**, wrong ardour of love for one another. **wrought**, brought about. **death**, if he were detected within the castle he would surely have been put to a speedy death. **gallant knight**, Henry the valiant chief of the Cranstoun family. **the gentle Ladye bright**, is Margaret.

215-6 The low-minded Goblin could not fathom the depth of their holy attachment for each other. The sense is, he had totally miscalculated his powers when he thought that he could bring disgrace upon people whose hearts were so full of noble and pure love. **earthly spirit**, a Goblin with a mean grovelling nature. **tell**, appreciate. **heart**, sincerity and depth of their feelings.

Scott's remarks on love.

True love is heavenly, it is God's greatest blessing to man alone. It is not the passion of lust which arises from fancy and dies as soon as the fancy is gratified, just as a flame burns up and vanishes as soon as the fire is out. It does not spring from ardent desires and cease as soon as the desires cease or are realized. It is a secret mysterious attachment, a tie, as pure as silver, as delicate as silk, which binds mind to mind and heart to heart and makes two persons one both in body and in soul.

217-18. Man alone has been blessed by God with the faculty of love which is pure and heavenly. See iii. ii. These lines are oft-quoted, as also the following stanza from Byron,

"Yes, love, indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Aïla given,
'To lift from earth our low desire".

219-22. What love is *not*. It is not lust. Lust is wicked, love pure. Lust springs from fancy, from violent, amorous desires, and dies as soon as that fancy and those desires are gratified. But not so love. Love resides eternally in the human heart. **Fantasy's hot fire**, violent passion begotten of fancy. Lust is here likened to a fire, the flame dies as soon as the fire is gone, lust as soon as the passion is gratified. **Whose...fly**, the wishes of fancy (unlike the secret attachment of love) fly or perish as soon as they are granted or gratified. **liveth not**, does not spring from. **fiere desire**, violent passions. **With...die**, it does not perish when the passions perish. Comp. Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*,

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth fresh remain ;
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;
Love is truth, Lust full of forged lies.

223-6. What love *is*. It is a holy attachment, a mysterious tie white or pure as silver, tender as silk, binding two hearts in one, making two persons one both in mind and body. Read Shelley's *Love's Philosophy*,

"Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?"

silver, is the type of purity ; **silk**, of delicacy.

229. The bugles were sounded as an warning of the approaching fight. **warning blast**, sound giving warning to the clans of the fight.

230. **pipe**, bag-pipe. **shrill port**, harsh note. *Port* is a Gaelic word meaning 'a piece of martial music'. **aroused**, from sleep.

231-2. The warriors crowded together in haste eager to see the deadly combat. **deadly strife**, fatal combat. **trooping**, in troops or crowds.

233-4. Their lances were planted thickly round the lists and looked like the pines in Ettrick forest blasted by the lightning, and so stript of their leaves. **blasted**, by a flash of lightning. **Ettrick wood**, Ettrick Forest in Selkirkshire.

235. The warriors looked wistfully to Branksome castle whence the combatants were expected to come. **threw**, cast.

236. Then the combatants became visible.

237-8. The warriors assembled there spoke boastfully each of the knight he most favoured. **banded**, exchanged, properly 'tossed to and fro like a tennis ball'. **a word of boast**, proud remark. **favoured**, liked.

239-2. The Ladye was very anxious, because Deloraine lying ill and incapable, feud arose between Harden and Thirlestane as to who should personate Deloraine or act as his champion or substitute. **disputed**, much debated between the parties. **of**, as to. **Harden, Thirlestane**, see on ii. 393-4. The second *'twixt* is unnecessary and put in for the sake of metre.

243-9. They began to discuss not without indications of mutual animosity, the comparative nearness of their relationship to the Ladye and their respective worth and richness, on the ground that the nearest and the richest had the best claim to fight for Deloraine. But they had not long to quarrel, for it just then happened that William of Deloraine, now hale and free from pain, and sheathed in a complete suit of armour, himself appeared on the field claiming the combat which was his due. **gan**, see on i. 253. **reckon**, consider, and compare. **kin**, proximity of relationship to their chief. **rent**, the amount of rent they paid as a test of their comparative

wealth. **frowning brow**, angry looks. **bent**, cast. They looked angrily at each other. **strife**, dispute. **lo**, behold. **the knight of Deloraine**, see on i. 214. **sheathed**, enclosed. **top to toe**, head to foot. **craved...due**, begged to be allowed to fight as it was right and proper that he should.

250. The Ladye thought that the charm she had used to heal Deloraine's wounds was successful. See iii. xxiii. (She was mistaken for it was not Deloraine at all but Henry of Cranstoun disguised by the Goblin's "glamour art").

251. **the fierce chiefs**, Harden and Thirlestane.

252-7. When they moved towards the lists the noble Lord Howard held like a groom, the reins of the ladye's horse; he rode unarmed by her side and conversed politely with her on the famous military exploits of old times. **for**, towards, to arrive at. **sought**, came out (from Branksome) on. **silken rein**, reins of the horse made of silk. **courteous phrase**, polite language. **feats of arms**, military exploits, brave deeds. **of old**, of olden times.

258-67 These lines describe the dress and accoutrement of Lord Howard. His dress was rich; his frilled collar fell over his close-fitting waist-coat made of buffalo-skin lined with satin and cut lengthwise so as to show the satinlining; his boots were of a dull, yellowish-brown colour; his spurs were of gold; his cloak was made of thick furs brought from Poland and generally worn by the Russians and Poles; his breeches were ornamented with silver threads; his sword of the excellent workmanship of Bilboa, the sharpness of which had often been felt by the border raiders, hang from a broad and studded belt around his waist which gave him his name among the border peasantry as the 'Belted Will Howard'. **garb**, dress. **Flemish ruff**, plaited collar, called 'Flemish' either because it was actually made in Flanders or because such collars having been a speciality of Flemish woollen and cloth manufacturers, were called after them. **Fell**, hang loosely. **doubled**, a sort of close-fitting inner garment like a waist-coat so named probably from the fact that it was wadded, lined or *doubled* for protection and defence. **buff**, a material so thick as often to resist a blow from a sword: it was made from the skin of the *buff-alo*. See on iv. 320. **slashed and lined**, *i.e.* lined with satin and *slashed* or cut lengthwise so as to show the lining within. **slashes**, are cuts or slits. **Tawny**, of a dull yellowish-brown colour. **gold**, as a knight he wore *golden* spurs. **Poland fur**, thick furs worn by the Russians and the Poles as protection from their bitter winter. **hose**, breeches, trunk-hose, leg-coverings. **twined**, braided with silver threads. **Bilboa blade**, sword made at Bilboa or Bilbao, a town in Spain noted for its steel manufactures. In old English *bilbo*, by itself is used for a sword. *E.G.*, *Merry Wives*, iii. 5., "Like a good *bilbo*"; Scott, *Woodstock*, iii, "My tough old knight and you were at drawn *bilbo*". See on i.

39. by **Marchmen** felt, the sharpness of which had often been experienced by the borderers as the sword had been frequently used by Lord Howard as one of the Wardens of the March. **studded**, set with knobs of brass or steel. **rude phrase**, common parlance. **still**, always. **called Belted Will**, gave this name to noble Howard.

269. **palfrey**, a lady's small riding-horse. See iv. 263.

270. The foot-cloth of the palfrey fell on the ground. The *foot-cloth*, also called sumpter-cloth, is a long finely decorated covering for a horse, the housings of a riding-horse.

271-3. Her wimple and veil were white, and a pale chaplet of whitest roses bound her loose locks. **wimple, veil**; the *wimple*, as distinguished from the *veil*, was a covering for the back of the head, and hanging some length down. It is now worn by nuns. **loose locks**, flowing hairs. **chaplet**, wreath, garland. **bound**, entwined.

274-77. Lord Angus walked by her side and in courteous language tried to cheer her. Without his aid she could hardly have managed her palfrey well. **lordly Angus**, chief of the Douglas family. **courtesy**, courteous language (l. 256). **to cheer**, it indicates that she was still oppressed with anxiety (see l. 162). In fact her anxiety had all the more increased because it is pretty certain that Lord Cranstoun had already told her that he would "fight for Deloraine". This was her "cause of terror all unguessed". **Had strove**, would have tried. **guide**, control. **broidered**, embroidered, wrought with silk and silver threads.

278-83. Lord Angus mistakenly thought that she shuddered at the sight of the warriors bent on a bloody and mortal combat. None knew the real cause of terror which oppressed her gentle heart when she and her mother sat together on chairs draped with crimson as honoured spectators of the duel and as ornaments to the field. **shuddered**, trembled, with fear (hence she could not hold the reins well). **mortal**, fatal. As a delicate lady¹ her fine susceptibilities were wounded at the sight. **cause** etc., see above. **all**, by all. **fluttering in**, oppressing. **placed**, seated. **the barriers**, the lists, the enclosures. **graced**, adorned, honoured.

284. **Prize of the field**, reward of the victor. The agreement was that if Deloraine won, the boy would be restored; if Musgrave conquered, he would be carried to England and made a page of Edward VI. The boy was now brought out by an English knight. **view** is a noun here, and not a verb. He was brought out to other men's *view* and not to *view* the fight himself.

286-7. He so wished to see the fight that he was not at all sorry for his present condition. **rued**, regretted. **plight**, wretched condition. **longed**, eagerly wished. He was a chip of the old block.

288-93. The Earls of Home and Dacre rode grandly within the enclosure carrying in their hands steel batons as emblems of their office as managers of the combat. They carefully gave each combatant a similar position with regard to any advantage derivable from wind and sun. **knightly**, (1) befitting knights, (2) characteristic of knights. **High**, lofty. **leading staffs**, batons, the emblems of authority. **wield**, carry. **marshals...field**, officers appointed to manage and regulate the combats. **mortal field**, fatal combats. **each knight**, Musgrave and Deloraine. **their care assigned**, *i.e.* they with care or carefully gave. **Like vantage**, similar position of advantage. They saw that none of the combatants had any peculiar advantage in respect of the sun and wind - thus if either had the sun and the wind *behind* him, he would be at an advantage in comparison with the other who had them *before* him.

294-99. Then in the names of the king of England, the Queen of Scotland and the Wardens, the heralds proclaimed that if any on the field gave aid to either of the combatants by even so much as a word, look or gesture, he would do so at the cost of his life, he would forfeit life therefor. **hoarse**, *i.e.* cried themselves hoarse in loudly proclaiming. **king of England**. **queen of Scotland**. **wardens**, see on i. 49. **lasts**, lasted. **while**, as long as. **sign**, gesture. **word**, of encouragement or applause. **afford Aid**, give help. **champion**, combatant. **on...life**, the penalty for doing so being that he would forfeit his life. **peril**, penalty.

300. There was total silence on the field. **breath**, word.

301. **the alternate Heralds**, *i.e.* the English and the Scottish heralds by turns, one after another, alternately.

302. **standeth**, stands, is present. He says this pointing to Musgrave.

303. He is a good, true, free-born knight. The last qualification was necessary. Deloraine was not bound to take up a challenge unless it came from one of an equal rank with himself. 'Freely born' is Scott's unscrupulous attempt to suit his metre, the more common and correct expression being free-born.

304-5. He stands here demanding reparation from Deloraine for foul, scornful, and malicious injury. **Amends**, satisfaction. **crave**, demand. **despiteous**, cruel, pitiless. The word, now obsolete, occurs in Shakespeare, "Turning despiteous tortures out door". **scathe**, harm, injury. **scathe and scorn**, may be a hendiadys.

306-9. He charges Deloraine as a traitor according to the Border laws and he is prepared, God and the justice of his cause helping him, to make good the charge by a bloody combat with him. **traitor false**, a false traitor. See iv. 409. **by**, according

to. **This**, this charge or accusation. **maintain**, prove. **So help him** etc., *i.e.* 'if he speaks the truth, to the extent he does so, may God and the justice of his cause help him'—'if he does not speak the truth, may God abandon him and he perish'.

311. **of noble strain**, of good birth, honourable descent.

312-3. He asserts that since he was a knight, he had never been a traitor—the disgrace and infamy of being one had never tarnished his pure, unsullied coat of arms. **stain**, spot, disgrace. **soiled his coat**, sullied his coat of arms, *i.e.* tarnished his good name as a knight.

314-6. He says too that he is prepared, God helping him, to prove by mortally wounding Musgrave that he was a liar bringing a false charge against him. **above**, in heaven. **on Musgrave's body**, *i.e.* by inflicting mortal wounds on him—this was a test that the victor was in the right. The secret inward consciousness of the man bringing a false accusation, was supposed to paralyse him and weaken him in the hour of combat. **He lies** etc., in the days of duels, there were four degrees of giving the lie—(1) thou liest, (2) thou liest in thy throat, (3) thou liest in thy throat like a rogue, and (4) thou liest in thy throat like a rogue as thou art. **most foully**, *i.e.* like a rogue.

318. May God give victory to the man whose cause was just.

319-24. Then how loudly rang the echoes on the Teviot when the bugle and the trumpet gave the signal for the attack, and in the middle of the enclosure, the combatants, with their shields raised high, with slow, cautious steps, with watchful eyes, closed in a deadly struggle! **bugle sound** etc., *i.e.* the sound of the bugle and the clanging of the trumpet. **Let loose**, set against each other, gave the signal for the fight. **martial**, bold, warlike. **mid list**, middle of the enclosure. **poised high**, raised aloft, balanced on the arm. **measured**, cautious. **wary**, careful, vigilantly watching each other's movements. **close**, grapple, engage hand-to-hand.

325-30. Addressing the Duchess of Monmouth and her bow-maidens to whom he was singing his *lay*, the minstrel says that it would not be proper for him to dilate on the horrors of the mortal combat before delicate ladies—here the helmet rang under the blows of the axes and how blood poured forth from many a wound in that desperate struggle between warriors so fierce and sturdy. **Ill would it suit**, it would ill become. **Your gentle ear**, *i.e.* the ear of ladies so delicate-hearted as you are. **Fig.** Metonymy. **lovely listeners**, beautiful hearers of my song. **to the axe**, *i.e.* in response to, under the blows of the axe. **helms**, helmets. **desperate, and long**, furious and long-continued. **either**, more correctly 'each'. Read 'was' after 'warrior'.

331-37. The minstrel says that, if instead of delicate ladies he had sturdy knights for his audience, he might give a graphic pic-

ture of the combat between Musgrave and Deloraine. For he had a personal knowledge of war. He had been on the battle-field ; had seen the flashes of fire from cannons and muskets ; had seen the bayonet and the broadsword clash with each other ; had seen the gallant chargers running at full career through bloodshed and carnage ; and when men had been staggering backwards and forwards, had disdainfully refused to retreat either for fear of death or love of life. **But...knight**, *i.e.* were each listener a knight instead of being a lady. **war's lightning**, flashes from guns. **claymore**, a Highland broadsword ; **G** It might be that the minstrel was present in the battle of Killiecrankie where his only son fell (iv. 1-ii.)—he might there have seen the Highlanders with their claymores attacking the English armed with muskets and bayonets. **the red blood**, *i.e.* a deluge or pool of blood on the battle field. **dashing**, running with great speed charging the enemy. **the reeling strife**, the crowd of men swaying to and fro or moving backwards and forwards, the crowd of the conquerors and the conquered. **scorned to yield a step**, declined to waver or retreat even by the length of a short step. **for death or life**, *i.e.* either for fear of death or to save my life.

338-49. The combat is over, a fatal blow has struck down Musgrave on the field. He strives to rise but all in vain, he shall never rise again from his "flow'ry bed." He gasps for life : some friendly hand takes away the visor and then forget to make him feel more easy but this also is in vain—nothing can save him now. The Friar is sent for to haste to come and see the son he died with all his sins on him, and to "hieve him" and make his course to heaven smooth and easy. 'Tis done, a fatal blow has been so dealt, **fatal**, death-dealing. **bloody**, deluged in blood. **no**, he cannot rise again. Life is ebbing fast away in you. **some**, *i.e.* let some, **unlo**, take away. **the visor's barred** *i.e.* the barred helmet with the movable face-piece, thus giving him room to breathe. See on l. 23. **unfix the clasp**, loosen the gorget, armour for the throat. **iron**, both (1) hand sawing *in cutting* and (2) the metal of which the clasp was made *phallica*. See on *Intro.* 35. **give etc.**, *i.e.* give him room to gasp for life, make it easy for him to gasp or breathe hard by taking off the heavy obstructions of the visor and the gorget. **bootless**, unprofitable, useless. **N. S. hel**, *i.e.* No help cannot prolong his life. Let the Friar come and prepare him for heaven. **expire**, die (with all his sins on him, and thus lose the chance of going to heaven). **guilt**, sins, moral stains. **shriven**, absolved. To 'shrive' a man is in the Roman Catholic church to make a man confess his sins and give him absolution or pardon. **smooth his path**, make it possible for him to go.

350-1. **sped**, came. **naked**, bare. **dyed with red**, coloured red he having to wade through pools of blood.

353-5. He paid no heed to the shouts of triumph that rent the skies—he raised the dying man on his arms. **unmindful of**, with no heed to. **the shouts on high**, *i.e.* that rose into the sky, *i.e.* loud shouts. **hailed**, applauded. **conqueror**, Deloraine.

356-67. The venerable old Friar kneels in prayer over the dying Musgrave; he holds the holy cross on high before his eyes; he listens anxiously to whatever sins he confesses in a faint, inarticulate voice; he holds him up from the bloody field; and as long as Musgrave's body and soul are not actually severed, pours spiritual consolation and faith in God on his heart. But now this is all in vain. His prayers are not heeded for Musgrave's death-pangs are over and he is gone for ever. **waved**, streamed in the air. **his**, the Friar's, not Musgrave's. **silver**, white. He was a venerable old man. **O'er him**, *i.e.* over the dying Musgrave. **still**, ever. **the crucifix**, the holy cross with a figure of Christ on it, the emblem of salvation, "the sign of the Redeemer's grace divine." **He holds on high**, he holds up. **darkening**, growing dim and dull in death. **still,...ear**, bend anxiously to hear. **faltering penitence**, faintly and indistinctly spoken confession of sins. **props**, holds up. **bloody sot**, ground deluged with blood. **soul and body part**, Musgrave is dying. **Pours on his heart**, suggests to him. **ghostly comfort**, spiritual solace, hope of God's pardon and mercy. 'Ghostly' in this sense is antiquated but occurs frequently in Shakespeare and the older writers. **bids**, asks. **trust**, have faith. **unheard**, because Musgrave is dead. **death-pangs**, death-struggles.

369. Thinking of the doleful spectacle of dying Musgrave before him.

370. The victor stands silently.

371-3. H. did not take off his helmet; he took no notice of the shouts of triumph raised by his friends, nor felt their hands in his as they came forward to congratulate and compliment him. Of course he did this with a view to keep his identity still concealed. **beaver**, helmet, or rather the mouthpiece of it through which the wearer drank; **G. unclasp**, unfasten. **gratulating**, applauding, congratulating. **the grasp of hands**, of friends who shook hands with him by way of complimenting him.

374-83. The combat was hardly over when the Scottish troops were suddenly seized with a wild astonishment not unmixed with fear. For they saw a half-naked ghostly man running down from the castle, crossing over the fences at a bound, and looking around him with wild and woe-begone eyes as though he was giddy and writhing with pain. They looked at the figure with dismay, made way for it to pass on and all upon the ground knew that it was William of Deloraine. **wild surprise**, awe-struck astonishment. **Mingled**, mixed, together. **seering terror**, an appearance or expression of great fear. **the thronged array**, the crowds of

men (standing round the enclosure). **panic**, frightful. Here an adjective, but generally a noun, meaning extreme fear. The word is from *Pan*, the Greek rural deity, who was supposed to inspire such fears. **gave open way** To, made room for, gave way and made an opening or passage for. **bound**, leap. **haggard**, pale and worn; G. **As dizzy**, *i.e.* as though he felt giddy and was in pain. **all upon**, all *who were* upon. **the armed ground**, 'armed' is properly an epithet transferred from the men to the ground. The sense is, 'all armed men upon the ground.' Read 'it was' after 'knew.'

387. Each marshal (l. 291) leapt down from his horse upon the ground—in dismay.

388. **they cried**, probably they came to the armed victor and laid their hands on him.

390. His helmet with the plumes or feathers on was soon taken off from his face revealing his identity and showing that he was Henry of Cranstoun.

391-2. These words are spoken by Lord Cranstoun. **this fair prize**, this is intentionally ambiguous. Cranstoun had fought not only for (1) the fair boy but also for (1) the fair Margaret. Perhaps he meant both. Perhaps he pointed to the boy but looked significantly at the lady.

394. **she**, the mother, the Ladye of l. 393.

395. **pressed**, by way of embrace.

396-7. For though she kept up an appearance of valiant unconcern, she was really anxious for the result of the battle. At every blow received by Deloraine her heart throbbed painfully—she apprehended that his strength might fail him and her son be lost for ever. **under**, in spite of. **dauntless show**, appearance of courage and composure. **throbbed**, beat anxiously.

398-9. She was anxious for *Deloraine* but when she found that it was not Deloraine but *Cranstoun*, her old family pride arose in her, and she did not condescend to receive him well when he knelt before her. **deigned**, was pleased. **greet**, *i.e.* to greet.

400-6. It does not please me, it is not necessary for me to say what intercessions were made by Douglas, Home and the generous Howard, and how all the Scott clan unanimously prayed that the ladye would give up and forget the old quarrel and consent to the marriage of Cranstoun and Margaret. **Me lists not**, I do not wish to say. **words**, earnest entreaties (by Douglas and others that the ladye would give her daughter to Cranstoun). **For Howard** etc., this is *not* an idle qualification. The sense is, Douglas and Home as Scottish chieftains might pray that two such powerful families as the Scotts and the Cranstouns should be united thus adding to the strength of the nation, but for Howard to have joined in

the prayer, shows that he had a generous nature. **the clan**, the Scotts. **the feuds**, the old quarrel. **forego**, give up, abandon. **to bless the nuptial hour**, to agree to celebrate the nuptials, consent to the marriage. **Teviot's Flower**, Margaret. See on l. 160.

407-13. The Ladye looked to the river and the mountain and recalled to mind the prophècy of the spirits ; and then said that it was not the earnest intercession of the men that had overcome her but a mysterious, uncontrollable fate. She added that the stars might now be benign to her for her pride was vanquished, she had forgiven the old feud, and allowed Margaret to love freely and wed the man she loved. **she looked** etc., recalls the conversation between the mountain-spirit and the river-spirit in Canto I. It is these spirits had predicted that till pride was quelled and love was free the stars would shower no kind influence on Branksome. **stern and still**, solemn and awful, proud and solemn. **Nor you**, not the lords Douglas, Home and Howard and others who had interceded for Cranstoun. **Fate**, an uncontrollable, overmastering, supernatural agency or destiny **vanquished**, overcome. **influence** etc., see on l. 177-9. Her pride was at last subdued and Margaret and Cranstoun were free to love each other.

415. Margaret could hardly stand the awful solemnity of the scene. What with the anxiety that had so long oppressed her and what with the sudden joy of the moment, she was breathless, trembling with emotions. **might**, could.

416. **she**, the mother. She placed her daughter's hand in Cranstoun's.

417-22. The ladye made over the hand of her daughter to Lord Cranstoun with these words : 'As I shall always be true to thee and thy family, be thou the same to me and my relatives. This holy tie of marriage shall be the bond of alliance and friendship between your clan and mine. To-day your nuptials will be solemnized, and I invite all these noble lords to grace the ceremony by their honoured presence'. **thine**, thy family. **clasp of love**, tie of attachment. **bond**, bond of amity, tie of friendship. **our**, between your family and mine. **betrothing day**, day of betrothal. 'Betrothal' is from *troth* or *truth* which was plighted or sworn by two lovers towards each other. **grace**, adorn, honour. **company**, presence.

The story is now practically ended but the magic book and the Goblin Page have remained unaccounted for. Hence the sequel.

423. **All**, just. **listed**, enclosed, where the combat took place.

424. She learned much of the story. **she**, the Ladye. **gain**, learn from Cranstoun.

425-34. The ladye learned from Cranstoun how he had fought with and wounded Deloraine ; how his Goblin Page had taken the

magic book from the knight; how that morning lord Cranstoun had passed through the castle unnoticed by virtue of a magic spell; how dressed in Sir William's armour stolen from him by the wily page when Sir William was asleep, lord Cranstoun fought for the knight. He said all these but till after the betrothal he spoke not of his secret interviews with Margaret. **fought** etc., see iii. of, *i.e.* she could gain or learn of. **Page**, the Goblin. **the book**, the magic book. **wounded knight**, Deloraine. **he**, the Goblin. See iii. 88. **he**, Cranstoun. **gramarye**, magic. See on iii. 140. **dight**, dressed, clad; G. **took on him**, undertook. **half his tale**, the story of his interview with Margaret. **unsaid**, untold. **lingered**, waited. **joined the maid**, married Margaret.

435-6. The ladye would not show that she possessed the magic art by making any public exhibition of it. **mystic**, secret. **in view of day**, in broad daylight, openly, in the presence of all.

437-40. But she resolved to make use of it in secret, and before midnight to punish the Goblin, recover the book from him, and restore it to Michael's grave. **well she thought**, she firmly resolved. **ere**, before. **to tame the pride of**, to humiliate, punish. **strange**, obscene, Goblin. **save**, recover. **foul**, impure. **Michael's grave**, see ii. xv. and xxi. The book belonged to Michael Scott; it had been dug at the ladye's bidding out of his grave in Melrose Abbey, where it was interred with him, and it was again to be buried back.

441-7. There is no need to describe each word of love that passed between Margaret and Cranstoun, how Margaret spoke of all her woes before the betrothal, how her bosom throbbed with anxiety when Musgrave and Cranstoun fought, and how all anxiety was now drowned in joy in their blissful wedlock. I need not describe these things, says the minstrel, for, dear maidens, the time will come when you yourself will know all the sweets and bitters of love. **Needs not**, it is not necessary. **tell**, describe. **former**, before the betrothal. **fell and rose**, beat high (with anxiety), was elated and depressed according as Cranstoun struck. **bandied**, exchanged. See on l. 237. **fair maids**, the minstrel addresses the bower-maidens of the Duchess of Monmouth. **one day**, *i.e.* when you yourself love and pass through all the vicissitudes of it. **well**, personally, in your own person.

448-53. Some chance had wakened William of Deloraine from his death-like trance, and had taught him that another clad in his armour was fighting Musgrave under his name. **death-like trance**, a state or fit of unconsciousness resembling death. **list-ed**, enclosed. **in**, clad in. **axe did wield**, fought with the axe, handled the axe.

454-7. Hence he ran unarmed and almost naked to the field where his wild and haggard look had terrified the assembled clans who had taken him for a ghost and not a man of flesh and blood.

secured, frightened, appalled. **held**, took. **fleeting wraith**, passing ghost, shadowy spirit. A *wraith* is an apparition having the appearance of a man just dead or dying; hence "the spectral apparition of a living person". Tennyson describes it in *Demeter and Persephone*,

"Last, as the likeness of a dying man,
'Without his knowledge, flits from him to warn
A far-off friendship that he comes no more".

a man of blood and breath, a living man. The more common phrase is 'a man of flesh and blood'.

458-63. Sir William had little cause to love lord Cranstoun but when he saw how matters had ended he greeted him heartily. He would not revive the memory of old feuds for though often rude and uncivil he had no touch of malice in his nature. **this new ally**, or friend Cranstoun, newly by his marriage allied to the Scotts. **what hap had proved**, what had happened, how the fortune of the combat had brought about an alliance. **right heartlie**, very cordially or warmly. **waken**, revive (the memory of.) **old debate**, past feuds. 'Debate' is now restricted to conversation. **void**, destitute, devoid. **rancorous hate**, malice, intense spite. **rude**, rough. **scant of courtesy**, uncivil, not very polite.

464-8. He never shed blood in raids except when he was held at bay by armed men or when fighting against the mortal enemies of his clan. He never bore any grudge for any hard stroke received in a fair fight from a valiant enemy. **split**, shed. **but seldom** almost never. **men at arms**, armed opponents. **withstood**, opposed him. **meet**, proper, fitting. Both nature and the Border customs, permitted combats against the deadly foes of a clan to be to death. **for**, in prosecution of. **deadly feud**, a quarrel to the death or involving death on both parties. **bore grudge** against a gallant foe. **stalwart blow**, sturdy stroke (received from him). **fair**, impartial, when none of the parties had any undue advantage.

469-74. The strange mixture of generosity and sternness in his character was evident even now when he looked down on the dead Musgrave. Grief and anger were visible on his face—grief for the death of a gallant foe and anger betokening his stern resolution. While thus he sorrowfully bent over Musgrave, he pronounced the following panegyric on him. **'twas seen**, namely, the strange admixture of opposite qualities in his character, or simply the absence of all rancour or pitilessness from his character. **grief... brow**, his brow showed his rough and rugged nature but there was a shadow of tender grief on it. **half disguised with a frown**, grief itself was again strangely mixed up with some indignation. **disguised**, concealed. **sorrow bent his head**, i.e. in sorrow he bent his head over dead Musgrave. **foeman**, Musgrave. **epi-**

taph, eulogy, praise. Properly, it is the inscription on a tomb. As all such inscriptions are laudatory, the word may be used as here to mean laudation, speech of praise.

475-82. Sir William says, "Richard Musgrave, thou art now dead. Living, we were mortal foes. For if I slew thy brother, thou didst me a world of injury, for not only didst thou slay my sister's son but it was through thy instrumentality that I was shut up for three long months in Lord Howard's castle until I was ransomed for a thousand marks". **ween**, think. **deadly**, mortal. **slew** etc., see iv. 413. **a sister's son to me**, *i.e.* one related to to me as a sister's son. **And when**, read, *And moreover* when. **lay**, as a prisoner. **Naworth castle**, *i.e.* Lord Howard's Castle near Carlisle. See i. 51. **long months three**, three painfully long months. **ransomed**, I was restored to liberty. **for**, by payment of, in consideration of. **mark**, the name of a coin valuing differently in different countries. "The English mark was worth 13s. 4d; the Scotch mark was 1s. 1½d; the present German mark is worth 1s". The singular in such expressions is idiomatic. Cf. "Nine fathom deep" (*Ancient Mariner*). Milton has "ten thousand fathom deep". **long of thee**, all along of thee, because of thee, through thy agency.

483. **tried**, fought again.

485. ● **No mortal man**, no man on earth, a heavenly angel might. **divide**, separate from each other.

486. **did die**, were killed.

487. **rest thee God**, may God give rest or peace to thy soul. This shows that Sir William never "bore any grudge", had no "rancorous hate" in him—that he was altogether a generous foe.

488. **a noble foe**, a more valiant and more generous enemy.

489-91. In all these northern countries where men are ever ready to mount and ride away on predatory excursions, Musgrave was the best and bravest of those who chased the plunderers. Sir William was probably thinking of one of his own raids into England. **Whose word is**, whose motto or watch-word, *i.e.* who are always ready with. **snaffle**, is a bridle passing over the horse's nose, *i.e.* a nose-piece. The line means 'who are always ready with the bridle, spur and spear', *i.e.* 'always ready to mount and make sudden raids'. Scott says that he took this from Drayton's topographical poem called *Polyolbion*,

"The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the *snaffle, spur and spear*".

● **best**, foremost, most valiant or dauntless. **to follow gear**, to chase the plunderers, pursue the raiders. **gear**, booty, plunder; **G.**

492-5. Deloraine recalls with pleasure how skilfully Musgrave would manage the chase so as to extort admiration even from the

pursued. He says that as they looked behind on one of those predatory excursions to see how they were being chased, it was a pleasure to them how dexterously Musgrave managed it, cheered and urged the blood-hounds, and roused the courage of his party with the stirring, martial notes of the bugle. **as**, on a marauding expedition when we were chased. **couldst wind the chase**, follow or track the pursued. *Chase* is that which is pursued, here Deloraine and his party. **wind**, follow along their winding or circuitous way. The pursued to avoid the pursuers would wind about "by wily turns" (i. 219). **bloodhound**, see on i. 44. Blood-hounds were employed to track the raiders. **rouse the fray**, stir up the spirits of his men.

496-7. I would part with all my lands if such a gallant foe as Musgrave could come back to life. **were**, if it were possible for him to be.

499. **bowning**, hastening. See on iii. 392.

501. **bloody**, marked with blood-stains.

502-3. Four men at a time carried the dead body of Musgrave on lances ranged horizontally across their shoulders. **levelled lances**, the lances, the tall spears, either placed horizontally across the shoulders or held by the hands lower down. **four and four**, four men at a time. **burden**, corpse.

504-9. These lines describe the funeral procession. Before the dead body walked the minstrels singing plaintive dirges; behind four priests dressed in black, sang funeral hymns invoking God's peace on the departed; around rode the horsemen slowly and the spearmen walked with their spears reversed and trailed along the ground in sign of mourning. **Before**, moving in front. **at times**, by fits, *i.e.* the wail rising and dying as the wind blew. **upon the gale**, blown by the wind. **plaintive wail**, mournful strain. **sable stole**, black garment. *Stole* was a priest's upper garment, generally a long loose robe falling to the feet. **requiem**, funeral hymns praying for rest to the dead. It is so called from the first word of a Latin prayer, "rest eternal give to them, O Lord". **trailing pikes**, as a sign of mourning, the tall spears are held in a particular position with the right hand grasping the middle, the head bent forward and the butt-end almost touching the ground. **trailing**, dragging or dragged along the ground. **pikes**, spears.

510. **thus**, in this way. **bore**, carried.

511. **Leven**, a small river in Cumberland.

512. **Holme Coltrame**, in North Cumberland on the Solway Firth. Probably it was the burying-place of the Musgraves. See the next line where we are told that he was laid in his father's grave. **nave**, properly the body of a church excluding the aisles.

From Lat. *navis*, a ship. *Skeat remarks that the similitude was once common by which the church of Christ was likened to a ship.

514ff. This is the Epilogue.

514-23. The song was over but the harp continued a mournful tune in imitation of the solemn music played as an accompaniment to the funeral procession as it moved on to the grave of Musgrave. These lines admirably describe the course of the procession as it crossed mountain and valley, then entered the church, and finally stopped at the grave where the burial took place amid the solemn strains of the full choir; they bring the whole picture vividly before the reader; they make the fair listeners actually see the procession before their eyes. The music seems to come from far and near according as the procession moves forward; at times it falls loudly upon the ear indicating that it moves up some mountain-side where it is distinctly visible and there is no obstruction to intercept the note; at times again it sounds faintly as the party is supposed to be lost in some deep valley (whence the funeral music could come only inaudibly). The music is now of the dirge of the minstrels, and now of the sad hymn of the priests, and, finally, as the dead body is lowered into the grave, it bursts out in one loud strain indicative of the solemn notes of the full choir singing the funeral service when the body disappeared from the earth.

514-5. Though the song was silent, the wild music of the harp prolongs the mimic march of death. **wild**, romantic. **mimic march of death**, notes in imitation of the death-march or solemn music played at the funeral. **prolong**, continue.

516-9. These four lines must be read together. The music (of the harp) was now loud (meets the ear) and now soft (eludes it)—as indicating that it came from near or far away, as also showing by the *loud* notes that the procession was moving up some mountain-side with nothing to obstruct the sound; and by the *soft* notes that it was lost in some deep valley whence the music could come only faintly. **a-hear**, a poetical compound occurring in *Ancient Mariner*, "It did not come a-ear". The idea occurs also in Wordsworth's *To The Cuckoo*, "At once far off and near". **meets the ear**, sounds loudly. **eludes the ear**, sounds faintly. **eludes**, escape. **sweep**, pass rapidly over.

520. The music now seems to be that of the plaintive dirge of the minstrels. See l. 505.

521. And now it comes borne mournfully upon the air like the sad hymn of the priests. See l. 507. **loads**, comes heavily upon.

522-3. And finally it was a solemn outburst in imitation of the full music of an entire choir or band of singers singing service aloud as the body was lowered into the grave. **choir**, lit. a band of singers; but here the full harmony. **choral stave**, combined, solemn

music. **stave**, verse. "The same word as *staff*, with varying spelling".

524-9. When the minstrel had some rest, the Duchess of Monmouth and her bower-maidens enquired why he, who was such an excellent musician, wandered homelessly and unrewarded on a barren, churlish country when his labours could have been more liberally rewarded in England. (This gives him an opportunity of launching forth in a magnificent outburst of patriotic verse with which the next Canto begins). **they**, the Duchess etc. **touched**, played on. **a poor and thankless soil**, Scotland. Though spoken of the soil, the people are meant. They are poor and ungrateful in that they do not reward him properly. **the more generous southern land**, England. **requite**, reward. **skilful hand**, music, excellent art.

530-3. The Duchess had spoken of his "touching the *harp* so well" and not referred to his poetic powers. Though the harp was his last only companion in old age and as such very dear to him, the old minstrel did not like that it should be praised more highly than his poetic powers. He set a higher value on his skill as a poet than as a musician. **Aged Harper**, old minstrel. **howsoever**, although. **dear**, to him. **His only friend**, namely, the harp. **Liked not**, did not like. **ranked**, praised, valued. **flowing poesy**, eloquent, rapturous poetry.

534-7. He did not like at all that the land he loved so dearly should be so undervalued. It was in a proud and indignant tone that he began his song celebrating his enthusiastic attachment for his country. **Less** than that his poetic powers should *not* be valued. **scornful jeer**, the dames should scornfully, mockingly, jeer at; this is a rather too strong expression for their remarks. They neither scorned it nor jeered at it. **Misprised**, undervalued, slighted (when they spoke of Scotland as "a poor and thankless soil"). **High**, indignant. **sound**, note. **resumed**, began, took up. **minstrel strain**, song.

CANTO VI.

Properly speaking the action and main interest of the poem ended with the betrothal of Margaret and Cranstoun. But the Goblin page had been left as an outstanding figure without being accounted for. Scott therefore added this Canto to dispose of him, and prolonged it to the canonical length by the description of the nuptial festivities, but he felt that the reader's interest might have flagged and had to be kept up by an extraordinary feat of genius. Hence this Canto is full of music, redolent of joy, and opens with the grandest and most magnificent outburst of patriotic poetry that the language possesses. The addition of this Canto was foreshadowed in v. 436-8. Scott wrote to Miss Seward apologising for this addition: "The Sixth Canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire Canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels". Be that as it may, one cannot certainly wish away this Canto because it contains some of Scott's finest poetry and sweetest lyrics.

(1) It begins with the most genuine and valiant utterance of patriotism that the English language possesses.

(2) It then passes on to the description of 'the spousal rites'.

(3) Then comes the feast together with the Goblin's tricks with Watt Tinnin.

(4) The entertainment is enlivened by the music of the minstrels, Albert Graeme, Fitztraver and Harold. Each minstrel is brought up with certain introductory remarks explaining his position and training. Harold has been identified not erroneously with Sir Walter Scott himself.

(5) The song of Harold was followed by a sudden darkening of the hall, a flash of lightning, a thunder-clap, a sudden horror and dismay over all, and a dense mist; and when the mist clears a little, the Goblin page is no where. Some had even heard a cry and Meloraine had seen the figure of Michael Scott.

(6) The chieftains take a vow to go on pilgrimage to Melrose for peace to the soul of the departed wizard.

(7) The pilgrimage is beautifully described,-- prayers are offered, mass sung and a requiem for the dead. The ceremony and the

poem wind up with the hymn, "The wrath of God", suggesting the consolatory hope that God is the eternal 'stay' of the sinner.

(8) The epilogue in which the minstrel's subsequent life is graphically described.

Scott's lines on love of country.

I cannot bring myself to believe that there can be any man on the earth so dead to all feelings of patriotism, so utterly devoid of love of country, that he has never said to himself without an emotion, 'this is my own land, the land of my birth'; whose heart was never fired with ardent love of country when he came back to it from a sojourn in some foreign land. If ever there be such a man, let him know that no minstrel shall sing in honour of him, and that dishonour and disgrace wait for him in life! His rank may be high, his reputation extensive, his wealth as boundless as he can wish it to be, let him know that in spite of all these things, the utterly selfish wretch shall gain nothing but scorn and contempt as long as he lives and when he dies he perishes body and soul, for not only shall his body be reduced to the vile dust whence it was made but his very name shall be forgotten, none shall weep over him, none do honour to his remains, none celebrate his memory in song.

The poet then proceeds to give expression to his own love for his own native country. Scotland may be a wild and stern land, still its romantic beauty is fit to develop the poetic imagination. A land rough and rugged, full of brown heath and wild wood, of mountains and rivers, it is still the dear land of the poet's ancestors,—nothing could untie the sacred bond of attachment that bound him to it. As he looks on all the familiar scenery around and remembers what a change has come over all, he finds in those streams and woods a dear association with the past, and he loves them all the more because he is now friendless and homeless. Though alone, old and feeble, he loves to wander by the Yarrow; though the chill breeze oppresses him in old age, let it blow on him down Ettrick Valley, he loves it; and though unnoticed and uncared for by any, his last wish is to lay him down to his final and eternal rest within hearing of the sweet murmurs of the Teviot.

1-6. Is there a man to be found on the earth so utterly devoid of spirit as never to have felt an impulse of love for his own country, as never to have been fired with ardent patriotism when returning from a sojourn in a foreign land? **Breathes**, lives. I cannot believe, the poet means, that such a man can ever be. **soul so dead**, so devoid of higher feelings, so destitute of spirit. **to**, within. **native land**, the land of my birth. **burned**, been fired with love of country. **As** etc., as he has turned his footsteps homeward, i.e. when he came back from a foreign land. There

might be a pathetic reference in these lines to Scott himself returning from "the sunny south" where he had been for health, returning to breathe his last in Abbotsford. **strand**, country, properly 'shore'. For the sentiment, Comp. Wordsworth,

"I travelled along unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee".

7. If there does breathe such a man, take good note of him, (perhaps he is "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils").

8. For him, *i.e.* to sing of whatever may be good and great in connection with him, no minstrel rouses his rapturous strains of music or no minstrel feels any ecstasy of joy. All his brave and heroic achievements are nullified, as it were, by that one sad defect. want of love of country. **minstrel raptures**, raptures in the heart of minstrels. **raptures**, either 'transports of joy' or high music. **swell**, rise.

9-16. Though his rank be high, his reputation extensive, his wealth boundless, the very fact of his being a self-centred, self-seeking man condemns him, in spite of all considerations of title, fame and richness, to an unhonoured life and an equally unhonoured death—he dies doubly, his body perishes and his very name is forgotten, none weeping over him, honouring him or celebrating his memory.

9. **titles**, rank. **name**, reputation, fame, 'power' (l. 11).

10. Read 'As boundless'. **wish can claim**, he may wish it to be. **claim**, desire.

11. **Despite**, in spite of, notwithstanding. **pelf**, wealth, contemptuously so called. O. F. *pelfre*, booty.

12. **wretch**, wretched man. **concentred all in self**, utterly selfish, having himself as the centre of all his wishes, aims and desires.

13. As long as he lives he shall get no good name, shall get, on the country, only disgrace and dishonour. **forfeit**, lose.

14-15. **doubly dying**, dying a two-fold death—dying in his body and in all recollections of him. Surely a man *lives* in the memory of his fellow-men. But such a man shall die and be utterly forgotten—thus dying *physically* and *spiritually*. **go down**, this is the *first* death; in line 16 is the *second* death; making up a double death. **vile**, worthless, contemptuously used here in reference to a wretched man's mean death. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return", says the Bible; "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes" is the burial service of the English church. (See Tenny-

son's *Ode to Wellington*). **he sprung**, his body was made. *From whence*, 'from' is redundant.

16. This is the spiritual death. Dying, such a man shall be unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. This is an oft-quoted line. Notice the climax—when the man is just dead friends *weep* over him; when some time has elapsed, they do *honour* to his remains by giving him a decent and holy burial; and lastly when more time has passed by, they celebrate his memory in songs. Comp. Gray's famous stanza,

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires".

17-18. Scotland, though a wild and barren land, has a romantic and varied scenery feeding and stimulating the poet's imagination. 'Imagination' is the poet's peculiar gift, and it is developed by the remarkable beauty (and perhaps the romantic association) of Scotland. **Caledonia**, a poetical name of Scotland. **stern**, rugged. **Meet nurse**, fit home, *i.e.* the land with a scenery rich and romantic enough to nurse, develop, the imagination of a poet. *nurse* suggests *child*. **child**, soul.

19-23. This is an apostrophe. O Scotland, so full of brown heath and wild wood, mountains and rivers, the land of my ancestors, nothing on earth can sever the tie of attachment that binds me to thee though rough and wild. Here is another climax—from 'the land of brown heath', the poet rises to 'the land of my sires'. **heath**, heather. It is a plant growing wild in Scotland. **shaggy**, wild. **flood**, river. **sires**, ancestors. **mortal hand**, earthly thing, lit. 'the hand of man'. **untie the filial band**, sever the bond of dutiful affection that binds me to thee as a child to its mother, *i.e.* can make me cease to love thee. **knits**, binds. **rugged strand**, rough land, *i.e.* to thee in spite of thy ruggedness.

24-9. As I look around me and find each well-known scenery and remember what a change has come over me and them, it seems to me that in my destitute condition thy woods and streams are my sole friends and companions, and I love them all the more because I have nothing else to love, no home, no friends, no child. It will be remembered that the minstrel's destitute condition had been fully described in the *Intro.* **view**, see. **what** etc., *i.e.* what a change has occurred. I think the change he thinks of refers not merely to the scene around but also to his own earthly condition. **of all bereft**, *i.e.* to me in this utterly destitute state when I have been bereft or deprived of everything. **sole** etc., thy woods and streams were left to me as my only friends and companions, all the rest being taken away from me. **better still**, all the more. **Even** etc., perhaps the force is 'even because I am reduced to the last

stage of destitution, having nothing else, no living friend, to love'. **extremity of ill**, bitter adversity.

30-6. These lines contain another grand climax. The discomforts and difficulties of life added to the natural sorrows of old age, shall not make him wish a happier place to live and die in. In old age companionless and dragging myself along my lonely way, let me wander by the Yarrow; when older still and my cheeks are withered and can hardly bear the chill breeze, let the breeze blowing down Ettrick valley, though chill, blow on me with a genial welcome; and lastly when I die, let me lay my head by the Teviot; — though I die “forgotten and alone”, it shall be no cause of regret to me for I die on the lap of my own dear country. L.L. 30-3 are inscribed on the poet's monument in Selkirk. **Yarrow**, is a river having the most romantic associations in poetry. Wordsworth wrote three lyrics on it. **stream**, river. **stray**, wander. **guide** ... **way**, guide me as I go feebly along the Yarrow, shall be my guide in extreme old age. These lines have an added poignancy in the case of the old minstrel who had lost his only son and was now “a wandering harper, scorned and poor”. **down Ettrick break**, blow down the Ettrick valley. **Although** etc., though it is a cause of much unpleasantness to me in old age, I still love my native land and would not leave it for a warmer region. **withered** in old age. Read ‘let me’ after ‘still’. **lay my head**, die. **Teviot stone**, stony bank of the Teviot. **draw his parting groan**, breathe his last. This line is pathetic in the light of Scott's own subsequent death in sight of Abbotsford.

37-8. When on festive occasions of old the minstrels came to Branksome, they were not scorned and slighted as I am in these days when “old times are changed, old manners gone”, but a welcome band high placed in hall and greeted with a genial welcome. **at festive call**, the call to festivities; festive occasions.

39-42. The minstrels, the celebrators and stimulators of mirth and war, came in crowds from far and near. Equally ready for feast and fight, they partook of them. They were honoured guests in hall and went with an army cheering them to war. **trooping**, in crowds. **jovial**, mirthful, joyful. Lit. born under the planet of good fortune called Jove or Jupiter. Comp. *saturnine*, *mercurial*. **priests of mirth and war**, “the celebrating in songs of the festivities of peace and the glories of war was almost a religious duty with them”. **feast**, ‘mirth’. **fight**, ‘war’. **banquet**, ‘mirth’. **shared**, took part in.

43-6. A little while before when the hostile armies met face to face before Branksome castle, they marched in the van of each army, rousing the spirit of the men by their stirring music, but now the iron doors of the castle were thrown open to receive each jovial minstrel: they shared in “feast and fight”. **of late**, lately, recently. See Canto V. St. iii. **before**, in front of. **martial**, warlike

hostile. **blew their death-note**, made music stirring the soldiers to a mortal combat. **van**, front of each army. **now**, when the combat was followed by the feast. **merry mate**, jovial companion, minstrel, "jovial priest of mirth and war". **the portcullis' iron grate**, the iron grating which formed the portcullis, or the moveable door let down in front of the gateway of the castle. (See *Intro.* ll. 32-5. **Rose**, to admit them within the castle.

47. **strike the string**, play on the stringed instrument, e.g. the harp, whereas the pipe has to be blown upon by the mouth.

48. **revel**, make merriment.

49. **rude turrets**, rough towers. *Rude* betokens the rough scenes of war and violence which generally took place within the castle. **shake and ring**, echo and tremble with the noise and clamour of their revelry. In 'fight', they blew the death-note; in 'feast', they danced and sang. Alike for feast and fight prepared!

50-3. It is not necessary (for it may well be imagined) how splendid was the nuptial ceremony, how maids and matrons, knights and squires, in their gala dresses assembled in the tastefully decorated little church. **Me lists** not, I do not wish to. See ii. 141; v. 59. **tide**, time. **declare**, describe. **spousal rite**, wedding ceremonies. **mustered**, assembled, gathered together. **chapel**, a small church connected with a private residence (here Blinksome castle). **matron**, old married woman.

54-8. I need not describe the beautiful ladies dressed in precious gold ornaments, green mantles, plaited ringlets and furred kirtles. I need not describe the gallant knights who surround the altar with the gay waving plumes on their helmets, their golden glittering spurs, and small shining chains from which dangled their rich swords. **owches**, gold ornament set with precious stones. The word occurs in Spenser, "Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre"; and Shakespeare, "Brooches, pearls, and *owches*". The word was originally written *nowche*. **rare**, valuable, excellent. **mantles**, cloaks. **braided**, entwined, plaited. **Kirtles**, a garment falling down to the knee. **furred**, embroidered or lined. **miniver**, the white fur spotted with black of a small white animal like the 'ermine' found in Russia. Derived from *menu*, small; *vair*, a kind of fur. **plumage**, plumes of knights. **waved** on the helmets of the knights standing round the altar. **ringing chainlets**, sounding, jingling small chains. The chains were probably those which held up the swords.

59-62. I cannot describe how swiftly the colour changed on her cheeks of Margaret as awe and her natural bashfulness rose and passed through her mind alternately making her look more 'lovely'. **hard it were**, it would be very difficult. **bard**, a minstrel. **speak**, describe. **changeeful hue**, change of colour. **of, on. comes and flies**, which brightens up her cheek and vanishes as the feelings of awe and bashfulness passed through her mind.

awe, in the presence of sacred rites. **shame**, natural modesty. **lovely**, I think the word is here used proleptically, the hue or change of hue which makes her look 'lovely'. **rise**, pass through her mind.

63-66. Some minstrels have said that the ladye given to the unholy black art, dared not come near the chapel or the altar, dared not be present in the church at the time of the nuptial celebrations, so much she feared each holy place. **high**, proud. **nigh**, near. **Nor durst**, nor dared she to. **grace the rites of spousal**, honour the nuptial rites, the marriage ceremony, by her presence.

67. These bards have erred and made a malicious imputation against the ladye. For I know very well she did not practise the forbidden art. A favourable distinction is here made between *magicians* who were supposed to *command* evil spirits, and *necromancers* or wizards who were supposed to be *commanded* by them or in their service. The former were not excluded from religious rites and places, and the Ladye belonged to their class. **slanders**, malicious inventions. **trust**, know. **right**, very. **wrought not**, did not practise. **forbidden spell**, the black art or necromancy. She controlled spirits by magic, was not controlled by them through necromancy.

69-72. I believe that magic spells and incantations, used at a time when certain favourable planets or stars are in the ascendant, can command spirits though I hardly give praise to the men or women who practise such a dangerous art. **mighty words and signs**, spells and gestures possessing magical influences. **have power**, for illustrations, see ii. 145-6. **sprites**, spirits. **planetary hour**, times at which particular planets favourable to the exercise of magic are in the ascendant. The 'planetary influence', a popular article of faith in the Middle Ages, is referred to in i. 170-77. See note there. **scarce I praise**, I hardly praise. **venturous part**, bold daring, fool-hardiness. **tamper**, meddle with, practise.

73-80. But this I know for very truth that the ladye was *not* excluded from the nuptial rites. She did, indeed, practise magic, but that was no bar to her presence in the church, she stood by the altar dressed in black velvet, with a red hood which was embroidered and braided with pearls, edged with gold and lined with fur. She held a small falcon on her wrist bound thereto with a silken strap. **sable**, black. **array**, dress. **hood**, veil or a lady's head-covering. **embroidered**, set on the borders of the hood. **guarded**, edged, bordered. **ermine**, the fur of a small animal. See on l. 56. **lined**, we have still the word in use when we speak of the 'lining' of a coat. **merlin**, a small falcon or sparrow-hawk trained in those days for catching smaller birds. It was carried on the wrist of a lady held thereto by a small leather or silk strap which was taken off when the bird was let go. **leash**,

thong or strap. **of silken twist**, make of silk threads twisted together. Both hawks and hounds were in those days actually brought into the church.

84. **gorgeous festival**, sumptuous feast, splendid banquet.

86-6. The stewards and the squires with diligent attention to the wants of the guests, led them to their places at the table, according to their ranks. **heedful haste**, quickly but with due attention to their ranks or needs. Almost an oxymoron. **Mar-shalled the rank of**, marshalled, conducted or led each guest according to his rank, seated them at the table in the order of their precedence.

87-8. The pages were ready with their knives to cut the roast and divide it among the guests. **ready blade**, 'ready' is a transferred epithet, *i.e.* the ready pages with their blades or knives. **carve**, cut. See i. 31. **share**, divide among the guests.

89-94. The priest had blessed the several rich dishes prepared from the delicate flesh of all manner of valued animals, *e.g.*, the capon etc. The allusion in l. 94 is to the custom of saying grace or a short prayer asking God to bless the food before Christians sit down to it. The grace is generally said by the priest when he is present, as on this occasion.

89. **capon**, a cock-chicken castrated for the purpose of improving the flesh for the table. **heron-shew**, a young heron; **G. crane**, a large migratory bird with long slender necks, a long beak, and powerful wings.

90. During the days of chivalry the peacock was considered as an exquisite delicacy. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage. It was a favourite ornamental dish of ancient banquets. **princely**, stately. **gilded train**, decorated tail.

91. **garnished brave**, decorated splendidly. **boar's-head**, it was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.

92. The cygnet, young swan, from St. Mary's Lake. The lake is at the head of the river Yarrow. It has often remarkable flights of swan on it. **wave**, water.

93. **ptarmigan**, a bird. The *♂* is superfluous and silent. **venison**, formerly flesh of any beast, now of deer.

94. **spoke his benison**, uttered his blessings, had blessed, had spoken a short prayer or grace. See above.

95. **the riot and the din**, the din of riot, the loud sound of merriment. Fig. hendiadys.

96. All in and round the castle, within it, without it.

97-8. All manner of musical instruments were played upon on the high gallery within. **lofty**, high. **balcony**, gallery. Generally it is a kind of projection from the external walls, here some gallery within the castle. **shalm**, a kind of wind instrument. Tennyson has it in *The Dying Swan*, "a mighty people rejoice with *shrams*". **psaltery**, a stringed instrument like a harp.

99-100. Old warriors drank their glasses, laughed and spoke loudly. **clanging bowls**, wine-glasses making a harsh sound when they were roughly placed upon the table and striking against the mailgloves of the knights. **quaff'd**, drank heartily.

101-2. Young knights lovingly whispered to fair ladies, and the ladies laughed. **in tones more mild**, than the rough voices of the rough old warriors. The young knights had a more delicate natural voice, and also spoke of love.

103-6. The hooded hawks from on their lofty perches, joined their shrill screamings to the loud revelry below, and struck their wings in the air or shook their bells in a kind of wild harmony with the harsh yelling of the stag hounds. **hooded**, when the hawks were not actually employed in hunting, a thin silk hood was placed over their eyes. These were taken off when they were flown. **high...beam**, sitting on the beams which supported the lofty hall. **A perch** is the stick on which a bird sits. **The clamour** etc., joined the clamour, the loud revelry, with whistling, shrill screams. **flapped**, waved loosely, fluttered. **bells**, fastened on to their wings. **In concert**, in harmony. **yells**, harsh bayings.

107-10. Tumblers of red wine from the best wine-producing countries are handed on from guest to guest—the attendants do their duty diligently— and there is nothing but mirth and revelry in the hall. **flasks**, tumblers, bowls. **ruddy**, red, sparkling. **Bordeaux, Orleans, the Rhine** (a river), are the best wine producing centres. **tasks**, of handing on the glasses, or dishes. **busy**, diligent. Read with 'play' as an adv. **sewers**, attendants at meal. Probably from *seave*, a dish. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ix. 38, "Marshall'd feast served up in hall by *seavers* and seneschals". **ply**, do.

111. It was by nature malicious. **still**, always. **of ill**, of doing ill or harm.

113-4. **blood ran hot and high**, the knights were very much excited (owing to hard drinking). **debate**, not in conversation merely but in action or blows (as often in the *Lay*.)

115-22. Under the machinations of the Goblin, Conrad naturally of a fierce temperament and now excited by drinking and highly incensed about some horses his men had lost, bandied bitter words with and at last smote a hard blow with his mailed fist at Hunthill, a fiery, hardy Rutherford, whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword. **Conrad**, was the leader of the German mer-

cenaries. See iv. st. xviii. **fierce**, of a fiery disposition. **warni**, roused. **in humour highly crossed**, violently opposed or thwarted in temper, and hence provoked or angered. **About**, in respect of, in the matter of. **steeds**, horses. **High...still**, angry words by one provoking angry words from another. **smote with his gauntlet**, struck with his gloved hand. **Rutherford**, *i.e.* he belonged* to the family of the Rutherfords, a race of Border lords. **Dickon Draw-the-sword**, the nickname was derived from the fact that he was ever ready to draw the sword. He was the son, Scott notes, to the ancient warrior called in tradition the cock of Hunthill.

123-4. Conrad believed in the Goblin's assertion that the steeds had been stolen by Hunthill. This is how the page was working mischief. **saye**, assertion, word.

126. To settle the rising quarrel. **compose**, set at rest. **kindling discord**, growing "debate".

127-8. Hunthill said little but as a pledge of mortal revenge, bit the glove and shook his head. **right**, very. **bit his glove**, "as a pledge of mortal revenge" (Scott), not merely as a sign of contempt (as in Shakespeare).

129-36. A fortnight later Conrad was found by a woodman's dog lying dead, cold and drenched in blood in Ingle-wood, his bosom hacked with many a deep, sharp wound. None knew how he was killed but his sword and sheath were missing and it was said that Dickon ever afterwards wore a Cologne blade (which was known to be Conrad's, an undeniable indication that Hunthill* had killed him). **drenched**, plunged. **gored**, hacked, opened, sashed. **lyme-dog**, a bloodhound held in a leash which is also called a *lime* or *leam*. **brand**, sword. **a Cologne blade**, a sword of German make, and therefore the one used by the leader of the mercenaries from Germany, a piece of circumstantial evidence proving almost conclusively that it was Hunthill who had killed Conrad and appropriated his sword.

137-42. The Goblin Page afraid that his master might see through his wickedness, retired into the buttery where the bold yeomen were making as much merriment as their masters in the hall. **his master**, Cranstoun. **espie**, see through, detect. **foul treachery**, malicious misconduct. **sought** refuge in. **buttery**, pantry, store-house where provisions are kept. **Revelled**, made themselves merry. **those**, their master. **selle**, seat. A French word meaning also 'saddle' in which sense Scott uses it elsewhere.

143-4. There in the pantry Watt Tinlinn drank to the health of Arthur Fire-the-Braes. **raise the pledge to**, raised the wine-glass and drank to the health of. **frankly**, heartily, warmly. **Arthur Fire-the-Braes**, an Elliot, and therefore an ally of the Carrs and a mortal enemy of the Scotts. But now a'l hostility was

forgotten, and foes pledged foes. He got his nickname from the fact of his being noted for setting fire to the 'braes' or hill-slopes.

145-6. And Arthur passed off the wine-glass to the English enemies, all enmity now at an end. **breeding**, good manners. It was the custom for one whose health had been pledged to drink to that of some other. **Howard's merry men**, the English soldiers under command of Howard. **merry-men**, see iv. 187. **it**, the goblet.

147-9. To return the compliment, on the English side Red Roland Forster pledged Margaret and drank to her with a jubilant shout of applause. **To quit them**, to discharge their obligation, to relieve themselves of it. The Scotch by drinking to them had placed them under an obligation and the English now paid it up. **Red Roland Forster**, evidently one of Howard's merry-men. **deep carouse**, a full glass, a bumper; **G. to**, to the health of **fair bride**, Margaret.

150-1. Every time a health was drunk, the nut-brown ale poured sparkling and foaming out of casks and vessels. **pledge**, health (drunk). **vat**, large wooden tub. **pail**, tumbler. **Foamed...floods**, "poured out frothing". Notice the alliteration. **the nut-brown ale**, nut-coloured wine.

152. There was not a moss-trooper who did not shout in glee. **riders**, raiders.

153-5. These lines give the derivation of the name Buccleuch from *buck* and *clench*, that is to say, from the fact that the founder of the family, a John, native of Galloway, while hunting with one of the early kings of Scotland, carried the stag which he had seized by the horns a mile up a steep hill, and presented it to the king. Hence the family came to be called 'Buccleuch'. **cleuch**, a hollow between precipitous banks. **buck**, stag. **taken**, caught by the horns.

156. **wily**, cunning. **vengeful**, malicious, vindictive.

157. Remembered how he had once been wounded by an arrow from Tinlinn's "cloth-yard shaft". See iv. 274-6.

158-9. And swore he would make Tinlinn bitterly rue it that he ever drew the arrow against him. **it...bought**, that Tinlinn should pay dearly for it, suffer much.

160-3. This is how the Goblin had his revenge. He taunted the yeoman with bitter sneers and jokes by referring to his own cowardice and his wife's infidelity. **molest**, vex. **bitter jibe**, mocking joke. **Solway strife**, the battle of Solway Moss in which 10,000 Scots fled before 300 English horsemen. **cheered his wife**, consoled her in his absence. Something more of course is meant.

164-71. Then, still keeping himself at a safe distance, he did harm to Tinlinn when Tinlinn hardly expected it, thus, he stole his best food from the dishes, dashed down his cup of wine from his lips, and then slyly creeping on to his knee under the table, pierced him to the bone with a small dagger, the poisoned wound making him suffer for long afterwards. **shunning...arm**, taking care to keep himself away from it, he had known to his bitter cost how powerful that arm was. **At unawares**, suddenly, unexpectedly. **wrought him harm**, did injury to him. **trencher**, wooden plate. **choicest cheer**, best food. **case**, vessel, cup. **sly**, adv., stealthily. **bodkin**, a small dagger. The word now means a kind of small needle. **venomed**, poisoned. **festering joint**, the knee-joint festering, rankling, suppurating, on account of the wound. **rued**, suffered from. The sense is, he (Tinlinn) long after rued the poisoned wound and the festering knee-joint caused by the point or sharp end of the dagger.

172-3. Watt Tinlinn spurned hard over-turning the table and the wine-goblets on it. **startled**, taken by surprise. **spurn'd**, kicked at the unknown cause of the wound. **board**, table. **flagons**, wine-vessels.

174. A loud clamorous confusion took place in the pantry.

175. **the urchin**, the goblin.

176. **a darkling nook**, a hidden corner. 'Darkling' is usually an adv., as in *Lear*, "So out went the candle, and we were left *darkling*". **post**, place, position.

177. **grinn'd**, laughed from ear to ear. **muttered**, murmured.

178-80. By this time the ladye just to stop any further progress of the confusion, had ordered the minstrels to begin their songs. **By this**, by this time. **Dame**, the Ladye. **further fray**, more confusion. **mar...day**, ruin the happiness and harmony of the nuptial celebrations and feasts; be an element of discord and unpleasantness in an otherwise happy day. **tune their lay**, *i.e.* tune their harps and be ready with their songs.

181-2. The first minstrel to take up the song was Albert Graeme, a minstrel belonging to an ancient family. **that ancient name**, the Grahams were notorious freebooters figuring not once or twice in the Border annals. Scott has given a long note on the antiquity of the family. This minstrel belonged to it.

183-88. There was then no better minstrel than him in all the country lying on both sides of the Border. He had stout friends who always stood by him, and whoever might be defeated, the Grahams were sure to win, they were so hardy and they were always so ready to attach themselves to the strongest side, having no fixed cause of their own. They plundered the cattle from both the

English and the Scotch. • **Was none**, there was none. **struck**, played on. **the land Debateable**, the portion of the country lying on both sides of the Border, and hence belonging neither to England nor to Scotland but claimed by both the kingdoms. **friended**, befriended, served by friends, (unlike our *last* minstrel, a wandering beggar homeless and poor). **kin**, clan. **Whoever**, whether the English lost or the Scots, the Grahams were sure to win because they sided with no particular nation with any steadiness but joined the party that had the greater chance of success. **sought the beeves**, lifted or stole the cattle or oxen. **broth**, chief food. **In**, *i.e.* they sought them in, they plundered from both the countries.

189-90. **In homely guise**, in a simple style. **as nature bade**, either (1) prompted by his own natural feelings or (2) unpolished and unrefined. **the Borderer**, the Border minstrel. **said**, sang. An inapt word but chosen for the rhyme with 'bade', a blemish of Scott's language.

The song of Albert Gracme.

An English lady would marry a Scotch knight with whom she had fallen in love. Her father blessed the marriage but her brother was resolved that it should not take place. He therefore mixed poison with a flask of wine which he presented to his sister. No sooner had she partaken of it than she dropped down dead, and her lover "pierced the cruel brother to the heart". He then took up the cross of Christ, became a crusader, and died in the Holy Land.

191. This was the conventional beginning of all old ballads, *e.g.* *The Ancient Mariner*, "*It was an Ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three*".

192. This and the fourth line, of each stanza, form what is called the 'burden' or 'refrain.' Such burden's have often little meaning. They were both taken from an old Scottish song,

"She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
And there she has her young babe born
And the lyon shall be lord of a'".

193. 'And' is superfluous, but such superfluous expletives are common in ballads.

195. **Blithely**, happily, gladly. They were happy to see the sun rise over fair Carlisle. **on Carlisle**, see i. 51.

197. They had cause of sorrow before the day was done. Such and so transient are human joys and sorrows.

199. **sire**, father. **gave**, as wedding-gifts. **brooch**, an ornamental pin for fastening the dress.

201-2. **but**, only. **For ire**, out of anger, because he was angry at the choice of his sister.

203. She was the heiress and owner of a fairly large property. Is this suggested to mean that the brother 'had an eye' upon the lands or that he did not like that a sister so rich should wed a poor knight from Scotland, and not a rich lord at home? **meadow and lea**, are popularly used as meaning the same: but strictly, **meadow** is land on which the grass is mown, and **low** grassy pastures for cattle, *i.e.* uncultivated or fallow land.

205. **he**, the brother. **ere he would see**, rather than see.

207. She had but just taken a sip of the wine, had not quaffed off the whole glass, when she fell down dead. **not tasted well**, *i.e.* had but scarcely tasted. There was a strong poison in the wine—it caused instantaneous death.

209-10. **true love**, faithful lover. Her death and her sinking in the arms of her true lover, showed that love was always triumphant.

211. **pierced**, stabbed. **He**, the Scottish knight.

213. May all who seek to part devoted lovers, perish in this wretched way. **all would**, all who would. **true love**, *abs.* for *con.*, true lovers.

214. So that in their death, in the death of such perfidious men who would part true lovers, love may still triumph.

215. **he**, the Scottish knight. **the cross divine**, the holy cross. "To take the cross" meant to become a crusader, one going out to fight for the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the Saracens. They wore the cross as their badge. This knight too became a crusader, fought against the Saracens, and perished in Palestine.

217. **for her sake**, out of heart-grief for her. Having lost her, the meaning of life was lost to him. He fought and fell on the battle-field.

218. The knight having perished for her sake, that is, because he had been forcibly parted from her, it was a sign that love had triumphed.

219-22. All true lovers do pray for peace and rest to the souls of these true lovers. **their souls**, the souls of these. **for love**, because they loved each other.

223. **As**, when. **simple lay**, simple song.

224. **of loftier port**, more distinguished in appearance, more dignified in bearing. This bird was Fitztraver.

225-6. Famous in the court of Henry VIII for all descriptions of poetry. **sonnet**, a poem of fourteen iambic pentametre lines with the rhymes arranged in a peculiar way. This species of verse-

writing was introduced into English at the time of Henry VIII by Wyatt and Surrey. **rhyme**, it is difficult to say what particular form of verse is meant by this word. It cannot mean the harmony of sounds at the end of the lines which Sonnets also have. It may mean (1) poetry in general, as in *Lycidas*, "he knew himself to sing and build the lofty *rhyme*"; (2) a tale in verse, as in Chaucer; or (3) heroic or epic poetry singing the deeds and doings of heroes, as opposed to *sonnets* and *ballads*. **roundelay**, ballads; **G. haughty Henry**, proud king Henry viii.

227-8. There in the court of Henry viii, Fitztraver was for long unrivalled as a most clear and melodious singer. **unrivalled**, without an equal. **of the silver song**, having a most clear, melodious voice. 'Silver' as applied to music means 'soft', 'delicate,' like the tinkling of silver bells.

229-30. The famous Earl of Surrey loved to hear his music. **loved his lyre**, praised his music. **The gentle Surrey**, the gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time. His sonnets display rare beauties. He fell a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry viii who had him executed in 1546. **Who has not** etc., all have heard the name and glory of Surrey. The fame of Surrey now rests chiefly on his *sonnets* and *blank verse* which he was one of the first to import from Italy into England.

231-4. Surrey had a heart burning with noble thoughts and desires; his reputation as a poet is undying; his love was elevated and purified by the noble constancy and devotion of his generous and romantic character. **His**, Surrey's. **the hero's soul of fire**, the ardent spirit of a gallant, valiant hero; the noble thoughts and feelings of a hero. **immortal name**, deathless reputation. **exalted high**, ennobled and elevated, purified. **By...chivalry**, in the light of his warm, devoted, generous nature. He was thus a hero, a poet, a faithful, devoted, chivalrous lover. In all ways therefore, he was great.

235-8. Surrey and Fitztraver had both come away to Italy, and there sitting in the evening twilight in some fair olive grove, they sang of Surrey's sweetheart far away. **together**, but Surrey never visited Italy. The story of his love is said to have been a fabrication. **climes afar**, distant regions, namely Italy. **olive grove**, shady bower made of the olive for which Italy is well-known. **star**, the evening star, among the stars, is known as 'the star of love'. **of**, a song celebrating the lady whom Surrey loved. **Surrey's absent love**, love-lady-love, the lady Geraldine. Lady Elizabeth Gerald was the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare. Surrey fell in love with her when she was only 9 years old, and seems to have been all along passionately attached to her. It was in his travels on the continent that he is said to have availed himself of magical aid to obtain a sight of his lady.

There is, however, reason to believe that this was a fabrication of the lively imagination of the dramatist Thomas Nash. This romantic incident is the story of the song below.

239-44. So sweet was the combined music of the harp and the song when Surrey and Fitztraver sang in the *Italian* bower of Surrey's absent mistress Geraldine, so pure was the song because the love was so selfless, that, the Italian peasant stopped to hear it and thought that it was no earthly lover celebrating an earthly love but heavenly angels come down from heaven to sing around the grave of some saint buried there. **staid His step**, stopped **spirits from on high**, heavenly angels; **Were...melody** were singing heavenly songs; **Round...laid**, round the grave of a saint buried in the olive grove. **hermit saint**, holy man living the retired, solitary life of a hermit. **harp and voice**, the music of the song and the instrument. **combine**, blended together. **To praise the name of**, in celebration of the glories of. **Geraldine**, "Surrey's absent love". For the story, see above.

245-8. It is impossible to describe the depth of Fitztraver's agonies when his dear friend Surrey of the immortal poetical reputation, was executed by Henry viii. **what tongue may say**, no language can describe. **pangs**, sufferings, griefs. **faithful bosom**, heart teeming with love for Surrey. **knew**, fell. **of the deathless lay**, writer of songs and sonnets destined never to perish. See l. 228. **When** etc., the construction is, 'when ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew Surrey etc.' **ungrateful Tudor** Henry viii. After having served his royal master in various military employments in Scotland and France, Surrey fell under the suspicions of Henry, and was charged with treasonable designs because, in accordance with an ancient custom in his family, he quartered the royal arms of Edward the Confessor on his shield in order only to assert the superiority of his family over that of the Seymours when the question arose as to the guardianship of the minor Edward vi. On such slender evidence, Henry, *ungratefully* forgetting all the gallant and faithful services he had received from him, had Surrey executed.

249-52. Nothing daunted Fitztraver called down the wrath of God on the heartless tyrant Henry viii for this murder of his patron, and then left the stately bowers of Windsor for the rough castle of the Howards at Naworth. **Regardless of**, without at all caring for. **the tyrant's frown**, the anger of Henry viii. **His harp**, *i.e.* he in his songs. **called**, invoked. **wrath and vengeance**, *i.e.* God's stern justice and retribution. **down**, on Henry's head. **Naworth**, the border residence of the Howards. See on i. 51. **iron towers**, rough castle. *iron* is here put in contrast to the *green* and *courtly* glades and bowers of Windsor: the contrast is thus both as regards the 'natural beauty' and the 'manners and life' of the inhabitants. While a border castle was stoutly built (as it

must needs have been) and the men within lived a rough-and-ready life, the bowers and glades of Windsor were delicately constructed and the life within was full of all manner of amenities. For the double meaning of *iron*, see on *Intro.* 35. Gray also speaks of these bowers and glades of Windsor, the royal palace in London. A *glade* is an opening in a wood.

253-6. Still faithful to the successors of his patron, Fitzraver lived with Howard, one of the leaders of the English forces on Branksome, and formed the chief of his band of minstrels. **patron**, the Earl of Surrey executed by Henry. **name**, here almost = line or family (who continued the *name* of the Howards). **foremost**, best, chiefest. **minstrelsy**, band of musicians. The word is here, as in the *Ancient Mariner*, used collectively like 'poetry'.

The song of Fitzraver.

Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed Surrey in a looking-glass the lovely Geraldine, to whose services he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

This song is an example of what is called The Spenserian Stanza—it is made up of 9 lines, the first 8 lines being in pentametre (five feet) and the last line an Alexandrine (six feet). The rhymes are in the order—*a b a b b c b c c*.

257-65. Surrey's head beat high on All-soul's Eve because 'it was the night on which Cornelius had promised to show him the vision of his lady-love in a magic looking-glass, although they were living far away from each other. **All-souls' Eve**, the day preceding All-soul's. Day, Nov. 2, a festival of the Catholic church when prayers were offered for the souls in purgatory. As this festival has no bearing upon the story of the present song, Scott probably meant the eve of All-Saint's Day, Nov. 1, called also Hallowe'en, when spirits were supposed to come out and magicians and witches were consulted. **beat high** with anxiety because the vision had been promised then. **the midnight bell**, which announced that the time of the vision was almost come. **start**, surprise. **told**, announced. **the mystic hour**, the time when spirits walked abroad from midnight to cock-crow. **Cornelius**, Agrippa (1486-1535) was employed in several diplomatic missions by Emperor Maximilian I, served as a soldier in Italy, and at last became a magician and alchemist. **art**, magic. **To show** etc., magicians were supposed to possess the power of calling up persons far away. See ii. xiv. **the ladye of his heart**, Geraldine. **Albeit**, although. **betwixt** etc., they were separated by a whole ocean broad. **grim**, stern and wild. **hight**, promised; **G. so**, *i.e.* so successfully or effectively. **in life and limb**, exactly as she was, in "her very habit as she lived". **mark**, not only see her but

also find from the vision if she still loved him and cherished him. Thus she appeared reading Surrey's verse—enough evidence that she still "thought of him".

266-74. The room in which the magic was to be exercised was dark except that before a large looking-glass burned a small consecrated taper throwing a pale and faint light on the instruments of magic, cross, character, talisman, etc.,—a light fitful and as pale as that by which men watch by the bed of some dying man. **vaulted**, arched. **gramarye**, magic. See on iii. 140. **the wizard**, Cornelius. **knight**, Surrey. **save**, dark except. **hallowed taper**, consecrated wax-candle (consecrated not religiously but by magic and for magical purposes). **glimmering**, faintly shining. **mystic implements**, tools of magic (named below). **might**, power. **cross**, the holy cross (probably used to protect the magician against evil spirits). **character**, magical signs and symbols, *e.g.*, "a wizard pentagram". **talisman**, magical images or figures; **G. almagest**, the Arabic corruption of the Greek title of an astronomical work by Ptolemy, called *The Great Construction*, *i.e.* of the heavens. Chaucer enumerates it as among a scholar's books. **altar**, portable stone altars. **nothing bright**, not at all bright, all dark (perhaps in a double sense, *physically* on account of the flickering light and *spiritually* because connected with the black art). **fitful**, burning up by fits, flickering. **lustre**, light. **As**, as pale and wan as, like. **watch-light**, light used for watching or sitting up in the night. **departing**, dying.

275-83. But soon the Earl saw a light in the mirror and forms moving about cloudy and indistinct on it. Gradually the vague forms united and became clear in the shape of a lordly hall partly lightened up by a silver lamp placed beside a delicate silk couch, partly by the moonlight, and partly hid in darkness. **a self-emit-
ted light**, a light due to no luminous body *e.g.* a lamp, but proceeding from itself. The mirror had a magical lustre of its own. Such mirrors were common to all magicians. In Tennyson the lady of Shallot has a magic mirror. **gleam**, shine. **upon its breast**, on the surface of the mirror. **'gan spy**, began to see. **cloudy** etc., qualifies 'forms', vague and undefined like any image seen in a delirium (when the brain is overheated with fever). **slow arranging**, *i.e.* the forms gradually coming together and setting down in some ordered shape. **defined**, clear-cut. **part**, of the room. **silver beam**, pure, clear light. **placed** etc., the lamp being placed beside. **of Agra's silken loom**, covered or lined with the delicate silk made by the Indian weavers. (Alas! they are now all gone and the art has virtually died out). 'Silken' is properly an epithet transferred from the article which is woven to the instrument that weaves it. **part by**, *i.e.* part lighted up by. **hid in gloom**, lost in darkness. Notice that the third 'part' is a noun when the first two are adverbs.

284-92. Everything was beautiful but far excelling everything in beauty was the slender form which lay on the couch. The bright, brown hair floated on her breast ; her cheeks were pale as if love-lorn ; she lay reclined on the couch in her loose night-robe reading from an ivory tablet verses which seemed to penetrate her very soul. These verses were the passionate love-lyrics of Surrey and that form the lady Geraldine, the object of all his adoration. **the pageant**, spectacle, the whole scene ; **G. passing**, exceedingly. **slender**, delicate. **couch of Ind.**, "couch of Agra's silken loom". **Ind**, India. **strayed**, floated, fell •disordered. **hazel**, of a bright, brown colour. Tennyson in *The Brook*, similarly compares Kate Willow's hairs,

"her hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within".

for, on account of. **pined**, felt anxiety. Her cheeks were pale as if with love-anguish. **All in**, i.e. dressed, enveloped in. **reclined**, inclined on the couch. **pensive**, thoughtful. **tablet eburnine**, a tablet made of ivory. 'eburnine' is from Lat. *ebur*, ivory. **strain**, verses, poetry. **to find**, to touch and penetrate into. She deeply pored over the tablet and showed by movements of feature that her inmost heart was touched ! **favour'd strain**, beloved verse (which she was reading so deeply). **raptured lined**, passionate poetry, written, under the strong emotion of love.

293-301. Slowly that lovely form was enveloped in clouds, and at last the whole vision disappeared. Similarly had the grim tyrant Henry rolled the storm-clouds of death over the splendid youth of my master •Surrey—Henry, a heartless cruel tyrant doomed by heaven for eternal punishment, he and all his children and children's children, for all his relentless oppressions, the murder of Anne Bullen, the dissolution of the monasteries, the execution of Surrey, and the woes of the Lady Geraldine. **the clouds**, a dark mist hiding the lovely form of the lady. This was also brought about by magic. **swept away**, hid from view. **goodly**, charming. **all**, completely. **so**, etc., as the magician rolled the clouds over the fascinating vision and swept it away, so the envious tyrant Henry rolled the dark death-cloud over the splendid youth of Surrey and extinguished his life for ever. **royal envy**, Henry's jealousy of the fame of Surrey. See on l. 248. It seems that the word 'envy' has here a peculiar aptness as it suggests that Surrey also at the time when he saw the vision disappearing might have attributed it to *envy* on the part of the magician for the incalculable blessedness of the vision to him. **roll'd**, caused to roll. **the murky storm**, black cloud of death. **murky**, dark. **beloved Master**, Surrey. **glorious day**, splendid youth. **ruthless**, pitiless. **Heaven** etc., may God visit thee and thy children to the latest generation of them with vengeance and punishment.

wild caprice, fickle humour. **despotic sway**, tyrannical government. The fickleness of Henry's character is evident from the constant changes that took place in his religious views and in his ghoulish treatment of his wives. **The gory bridal bed**, the reference is to the execution of Anne Bullen and Henry's hasty marriage with Jane Seymour the very next day. Hence his marriage bed is said to have been stained with blood. Read the first speech of the king in *Hamlet*. **the plundered shrine**, the reference is to the dissolution of the monasteries and the appropriation of all their wealth by Henry. **The murdered Surrey's blood**, the murder of Surrey. **the tears**, for her murdered lover.

302-5. The Scots and their chiefs applauded Fitztraver's song because they hated Henry for his tyranny and religious apostacy. **prolong**, continue. **These**, the chiefs. **hated as death**, mortally hated (Henry for his tyranny). **those**, the Scots. **the ancient faith**, Roman Catholicism, and hence when Henry deserted the cause of Rome and accepted Protestantism, they looked down on him and hated him as an apostate.

306-7. **lofty air**, grand dignity. **St. Clair**, an ancient family of Norman extraction. They held the Orkney islands as their Earldom. In exchange for this Earldom they got the castle and domains of Revensheuch.

308-9. St. Clair had come to Branksome castle with the Earl of Home with whom he was then living, and with him had come his bard Harold. **feasting high**, entertained in a princely way at Home castle. **that lord**, the Earl of Home.

The story of Harold.

Harold was the bard of brave St. Clair. He was born in the Orkneys, "meet nurse for a poetic child", on account of both the grandeur of its natural scenery and its romantic associations with the old Scandinavian sea-rovers. Harold had profited much by these, his soul had imbibed all the wild and wonderful influences of the scenes around. He came to Branksome with St. Clair who came with the Earl of Home, and sang the remarkable ballad of *Rosabelle*.

310-13. He was born in the storm-swept Orkneys when the St. Clairs still held sway over it. As told above, they latterly parted with the earldom for the castle of Revensheuch. **restless**, boisterous, stormy. **Orcades**, Orkney Islands, a group in the North Sea, North-east of Scotland, separated from Caithness by Petland Frith. **erst**, of yore, formerly. **princely sway**, undisputed rule. **isle and islet**, islands, great and small.

314-315. Their palace is still to be found tottering to fall in the chief island of the group called Kirkwall. **nods to its fall**, totters about to fall. **pride and sorrow**, 'pride' because the castle is a relic of its former greatness, 'sorrow' because it was delapidated.

Kirkwall was the capital of the Orkneys. "The castle of Kirkwall", Scott notes, "was built by the St. Clairs while Earls of Orkney".

316-21. Thence from his native home in the Orkneys the infant Harold looked out over the stormy Petland Frith boisterous as if Odin was riding over it, and with an anxious mind, watched the ship struggling with the winds and waves on the sea. To the poetic child all these grand scenes and objects of nature appealed with an irresistible fascination. **marked**, saw. **fierce Petland rave**, the Petland Frith boisterous and howling in the storm. See on l. 311. **grim Odin**, the chief of the Scandinavian gods. He was thought of as riding through the air and over the sea. The storms were attributed to his agency. **the whilst**, when the storm was raging. **visage**, countenance, face. **pale**, awe-struck, wan with anxiety. **throbbing**, beating with anxiety. **sail**, sea. **all of**, all scenes of wonder and wild grandeur. **rapture**, poetic delight, charm. **lovely**, poetic. Notice how the fierce Petland and the struggling sail—scenes wonderful with and wild—filled the child with romantic associations with Odin and with poetic emotions. Notice also that all these sea-scenes lead up to the ballad which he sings. Notice further that this description of Harold's poetic education is singularly true of Scott himself.

322-23. The poetic mind might gather much that is wild and wonderful in these rude Orkney islands. **wild**, romantic. **fancy** of a poet. **cull**, gather, select (like flowers).

324-9. In days of yore warlike Scandinavians, men trained to war and plunder and slaughter, their leaders the rulers of the sea and their ships the sea-serpents, flocked in large numbers to these Orkney islands. **thither**, to the Orkneys. **afar**, past. **Lochlin**, Scandinavia, (or Denmark, according to Brewer). **stern sons of roving war**, grim adventurers. *Roving* describes the sort of war they were fond of—roving in search of prey and plunder over the sea. **The Norsemen**, in apposition to l. 325. **spoil**, plunder. **blood**, bloodshed. **Skilled...food**, skilled to kill men and thus prepare the food for birds of prey. This was the Norse name for a warrior—"feeder of the raven"; as they called their kings *Sackungr*, sea-kings ('leaders of the main') and their ships 'the serpents of the ocean'. Thus a famous warship built by king Olaf Tryggvesson was called 'the Long Serpent'. **dragons**, serpents vomiting fire.

- 330-33. There in the storm-swept valleys of the Orkneys the old Scandinavian poets had sung their romantic songs, and stones bearing mystic inscriptions marked the places where horrible human sacrifices had once been offered to grim idols. **stormy vale**, storm-swept valley. **The Scald**, the old Scandinavian minstrel. **told**, sung. **wondrous tale**, song of romantic adventures. **Runic column**, stone-pillars or monuments containing inscriptions written in the mystic letters of the old Norse 'al-

phabet. The 'Runes', Scandinavian alphabet, were 16 in number : **G. Had witnessed**, had seen, and perhaps still bore evidence of. **grim idolatry**, the worship of obscene idols with horrible sacrifices of human lives.

334-45. Born in the Orkneys so romantically associated with the deeds and doings of Scandinavian heroes, Harold had learned much of the wild myths told in their sagas or verses,—myths, for instance, about the tremendous sea-snake which goes all round the world ; about the Valkyrs or choosers of the slain, who by their yells and shouts, incited men to war ; and about heroes who lighted on their way by the pale death-lights of the tomb attempted to plunder the grave of some old warrior not without rousing the dead and encountering him with circumstances of the strangest and most mysterious character. **Saga**, as opposed to *Edda*, the prose tales, were the versified myths of the Scandinavians ; **G. rhyme uncouth**, wild, rough verse. **uncouth**, unpolished ; **G. sea-snake**, whose folds surround the earth, slain by Thor in the twilight of the Gods. "One of the wildest fictions of the *Edda*" (Scott) **tremendous curl'd**, "curled up in a tremendous circle". **girds**, goes all round, surrounds. **dread Maids**, called in Scandinavian mythology, the Valkyrs or Choosers of the Slain, sent by Odin to the battle-field to direct its fortunes and lead the victors to Valhalla. **hideous yell**, blood-curdling shouts. **Maddens...swell**, maddens or infuriates the fighters and makes the battle grow more hideous or appalling. **of chiefs** etc., the Northern warriors were entombed with all their arms and treasures. It seems to have been a part of their duty even after death to guard these treasures against mortal heroes who might attempt to plunder them elated as much by the hope of wealth as by the temptation of encountering supernatural beings. **chiefs**, mortal heroes. **gloom**, darkness of the place of burial. **death-lights**, lights or lamps kept burning within the tomb called in the Sagas 'tomb-fires'. See ii. xvii-xviii. **Ransacked**, plundered (the treasures buried in the graves with the old warriors). **wrenched** etc., plucked away the swords from the grasps of the dead. **falchions**, short swords. **corpses' hold**, grasps of dead bodies. **Waked** etc., filled the silent tomb with their war-cries. **bade** etc., defied the dead old warriors and challenged their spirits to mortal encounter.

346-51. With a mind excited by the wild and weird tales of the Sagas, Harold came to Roslin, the delightful castle of the St. Clairs. Here under milder influences of nature, he learned a milder minstrelsy but he never altogether forgot the wildness of his earlier training. Hence in his songs were mixed up elements of wildness and tenderness in due harmony. **war and wonder** *i.e.* wonderful tales of war and adventures or tales of war of the Norse minstrels and legends of the Sagas. **all on flame**, his mind excited, inflamed. **Roslin's bowers**, the lovely castle of the St. Clairs in

the south of Scotland. *Roslin* is by the Frith of Forth. **sweet...** **tree**, *i.e.* under milder influences of nature (as opposed to the rougher sights and sounds of nature in the north). **a milder minstrelsy**, a tenderer music. **Yet** etc., he did not altogether forget his earlier wild training, but something of the wildness of the northern verse mixed well, harmoniously, with his softer, or more delicate, more refined verses. **the Northern spell**, the wildness of the northern style of writing, the style of the Sagas. Thus in the song that follows—there is a delicate picture of Rosabelle's self-sacrifice on the altar of unselfish devotion, with a due admixture of the superstitions, weird phantoms, boisterous seas, which haunted Harold's imagination as influences derived from his birth in the Orkneys.

The song of Harold.

This song is also called 'the ballad of Rosabelle.' It tells dramatically how the lovely Rosabelle would cross the Frith one stormy night from Ravensheuch to Roslin. Some body on the sea-shore remonstrated with her but to no purpose. He spoke of the fisherman having heard "the water sprite whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh", but the lady was bent on going to Roslin **not**, as she hinted, because her parents would be waiting for her but because Lord Lindesay's heir would be there. As was apprehended, the vessel went down with the lovely Rosabelle in it, her death being followed by a wondrous blaze burning all night long over Roslin castle.

352-5. The song is addressed to the ladies because it sang of no haughty feat of arms but of the sad death of the lovely Rosabelle. **haughty feat of arms**, proud military exploit. **tell**, sing. **Soft and sad**, is the song. **mourns** the death of. **Rosabelle**, a family name in the house of St. Clair.

356-9. An imaginary spectator says to Rosabelle. "Ye gallant crew, anchor the vessel, don't put out to sea now ; and gentle lady, be pleased to stay in castle Ravensheuch, and do not think of crossing the Frith in this wild, stormy night. **Moor**, anchor. The repetition shows the earnestness of the appeal. **barge**, boat. **deign**, be pleased. **castle Ravensheuch**, a large and strong castle now in ruins but once the principal residence of the Barons of Roslin. It stood on the Firth of Forth. **tempt**, attempt on venture to cross (over to Roslin). The two castles of Ravensheuch and Roslin stand on opposite sides of the Firth, and the lady was resolved to cross over from the one to the other.

360-7. The expostulator offers three reasons why she should not "tempt the Firth", or rather one principal reason supported by three powerful arguments, (1) here is a violent storm blowing, the black waves are lashed into foam by it, the sea-gulls have fled to their nests ; (2) the fishers have heard the shriek of the water-spirit

which indicates that a ship-wreck is imminent ; and (3) the gifted seer has seen the vision of a lady swathed in a wet shroud, a palpable suggestion that such a fate might be hers. Notice the climax of the gradual heightening of the idea from a simple sea-tempest to an alarming presentiment of death—all meant to dissuade her from the rash adventure. **blackening wave**, the sea growing darker and darker. **edged with white**, crested with white foam, blown into foam at the top. **inch**, island. **sea-mews**, sea-gulls. **the Water Sprite**, a spirit which by shrieks and cries forebodes the loss of ships and men ; also called water-wraith or water-kelpie. **forebode**, are a presentiment. **wreck**, loss of a ship by wreck. **nigh**, soon take place. **the gifted seer**, the person gifted with 'second sight' or prophetic visions. In the remoter parts of Scotland there were many in those days who claimed this gift. **shroud**, death-cloth, a sheet in which a dead-body is wrapt. **swathed**, wrapt. The vision indicated that some lady was to perish in the sea—it might be the lovely Rosabelle, so she should not "tempt the Firth". **Fair**, adj. used as noun, fair one. **gloomy**, stormy.

368-75. Rosabelle speaks. 'I would cross the gloomy Firth not because Lord Lindesay's heir opens the ball to-night at Roslin or rides at the ring in his excellent, charming way but because my mother shall feel lonely in my absence, and my father shall find fault with the wine if it is not poured out by me'. It need hardly be said that though she denies that her resolution has anything to do with young Lindesay, we are all the more convinced that he is the chief and prime cause of it. **leads the ball**, begins the dance. She was probably to be his partner in the dance. **Sits lonely**, in my absence. **the ring they ride**, a feat of dexterity consisting in picking up with the point of the lance at full gallop a ring suspended from a horizontal beam standing on two posts. It was a favourite amusement with knights in the feudal days. The correct phrase is '*at* the ring'. **well**, excellently. **zire**, father. **the wine will chide**, will grumble and complain that the wine is bad. **it**, the wine-cup. Notice that these references to the parents of whose darling she was, heighten the pathos of the story.

376-9. All that dreary night a mystic light was seen blazing on Roslin castle ; it was broader than the watch-fire, and redder than the moonbeam, it could not thus be mistaken for either. **A wondrous blaze**, the fire came from the vault where Roslin's barons were buried. **the watch-fire**, see on i. 47.

380-3. The 'wondrous blaze' burned on the rock on which Roslin castle stands, it burned on the valley overgrown with copse wood. It might be seen from far away, from Dryden and Hawthornden. **glared**, burned. **castled rock**, rock on which the castle stands. **ruddied**, reddened, made red. **copse-wood**, see on iv. 293. **Dryden's groves of oak**, a manor-house about

a mile south of Roslin. **caverned**, with curious excavations. **Hawthornden**, is a mansion in a romantic valley on the Esk, 6 miles south of Edinburgh. Beneath it are some large caverns hewn out of solid rock.

384-7. Roslin chapel was ablaze,—the chaple in which the barons of Roslin lay dead each in his complete suit of arms. **chapel**, a small church. Beneath it lay buried in complete armour all the barons of Roslin up to the 17th century. It was a superstition that the death of a baron was preceded by a blaze of fire on it. **uncoffined**, without a coffin, each in his "iron panoply". **for**, instead of. **a sable shroud**, a black coffin-cloth. **sheathed**, wrapped. **panoply**, a complete suit of arms. From *pan*, all, and *hopla*, arms.

388-91. Everything inside and outside the chapel was on fire, sacristy and altar, the pillars and the armour of the dead. **within**, the chapel. **sacristy**, vestry, the part of a church where sacred utensils are kept. **Deep**, extending backward. **pale**, enclosure. **altar's pale**, the enclosure within which stood the altar; shortly called 'the chancel'. **foliage-bound**, with carvings of leaves and flowers wound about them; see ii. 101-3. **glimmered**, shone faintly. **mail**, armour; see on l. 387.

392-95. The battlements and the pinnets, the buttresses with rose-carvings twined about them, were all on fire. It is said that the chapel appears on fire previous to the death of any member of the family of St. Clair. **battlement**, an indented fortification, a high wall or parapet with openings for guns. **pinnet**, pinnacle. Now obsolete. **rose-carved**, Scott notes, "Among the profuse carvings on the pillars and buttresses the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name (*Roslin*), with which, however, the flower has no connection" **rose-carved**, carved or decorated with roses. **buttress**, a support to a wall. **still**, always or yet, even now. **fate**, death. **is nigh**, approaches. **lordly line**, any member of the august princely family.

393. **rose-carved**, *i. e.* carved with roses or adorned with carvings of the rose. The roses were not the actual flowers but their figures cut in the stone. **buttress**, a support to a wall, commonly found in Gothic churches. The word is derived ultimately from Fr. **bouter**, to thrust, prop.

394-5. The castle still appears to be on fire when any member of the princely family of the St. Clair is about to die. **still**, even now. **fate**, death. **is nigh**, about to happen to. **lordly line**, princely family, high aristocratic family.

396-9. Many members of the line buried in that beautiful chapel but alas! lovely Rosabelle—the most beautiful of them all—lies under the sea.

The disaster so mysteriously foretold in the earlier part of the poem has happened.

396-7. **twenty** is an indefinite number here, meaning 'many'. **barons bold**, notice the permanent epithet. **lie**, *i. e.* *where* lie. **proud**, magnificent. **chapelle**, chapel. Scott has retained both the French spelling and pronunciation to get the stress on the second syllable to make it rhyme with 'Rosabelle'.

398. The holy vault doth hold each one of those twenty barons. **the holy vault**, the chapel or the underground vault within it which served as the burial-place of the family. Every rich and noble family has its own burial vault in its domestic and private chapel. **hold**, the dead bodies of.

400-3. All the St. Clairs were buried there with due ceremonies, candles were lighted in the funeral procession, the funeral service was read from the service-book, and the church-bell was tolled solemnly to announce the death. But the lovely Rosabelle lies under the sea with only a cruel anthem sung over her by the tumultuous storm echoing among the wild sea-caves. She the gentle, the fair, the lovely, had no peaceful, no proper burial.

With candle, book. knell, *i. e.* with all the solemn rites of the Roman Catholic church. During the funeral service, *candles* were lighted, prayers were read from the *service-book*, and the bell *tolled*.

rung, echoed. **wild winds**, high storm. **dirge**, funeral song. Notice that the permanent epithet 'lovely' is repeated everywhere to enhance the pathos.

The contrast between the two pictures, the picture of the peaceful, solemn burial of the barons in a lovely little chapel, and of the tumultuous and awful burial of the delicate Rosabelle in the wild roaring sea, is meant to heighten the pathos of the incident and to deepen the reader's sympathy for the unlucky Rosabelle.

Notice that in this marvellous little ballad, no incident is directly mentioned, the expostulations comes from an imaginary spectator; the cause of the lady's resolution to go to Roslin is insinuated, not told; the presentiments and the ship-wreck, all these, together with a due admixture of the mysterious and the superstitious, heighten the charm of it and impart a 'dramatic form' to this wonderful little lyric.

404-13. So sweet was Harold's song and so much taken were the audience with it that they scarcely noticed that the hall had become suddenly dark though the sun was not yet set. The darkness was due to no mist or fog, no eclipse, but yet it soon grew so thick that men could hardly see each other's faces, they could hardly even see their own hands. **Piteous lay**,

mournful song, "the dirge of lovely Rosabelle." It reminds one of Shelley's line, "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." **Scarce marked the guests**, the guests charmed by the sweetness of the song, scarcely noticed. **the darkened hall**, that the hall had become dark and was gradually getting darker. **the sinking day**, the setting sun, evening. **wondrous shade**, mysterious darkness. **involved**, covered, shrouded. **ed-dying**, curling, moving about, circling. **Drained**, drawn up, due to evaporation caused by the sun's heat. **fen or bog**, swamps and marshes. **sages**, astrologers had predicted no eclipse. **it**, the darkness. **apace**, rapidly. It is interesting to note that the word meant originally as in Chaucer 'slowly,' and now just the reverse. **stretched**, outstretched. **behold** governs *face* and *hand*.

414. **secret**, felt at heart but not outwardly expressed (by word or sign). **the feast**, the revelry, the merriment.

415. Froze the genial current of delight in each man.

416-7. Even the ladye was terrified, she knew that some evil was impending. **Even**, in spite of her magic she could divine nothing and a vague horror overcame her. **high**, proud. **half aghast**, almost terrified, frightened. **Some evil**, some calamity or misfortune. **on the blast** in the wind, impending, about to happen.

418-9. The Goblin had so long cried only one cry, namely "lost! lost! lost!" It has now the cry of 'found.' Both the cries are mysterious:—what he had lost and what at last he had found, no one can say definitely. Probably he had now been 'found' by the wizard Michael Scott and the fiend meant that it was time to go now. **shuddering**, with a shiver or tremor of fear.

422. **broad**, large. **Glare**, light, flash. Read 'that' before the next line.

424-5. **Glanced**, flashed, shone. **rafter**, beam. **shield upon**, *i.e.* hung upon. See i. 55.

426-7. The beams on which were fixed the memorials of victory, *e.g.* the arms of the vanquished the stones with inscriptions on them set into the walls—all glanced or flashed up momentarily and the light vanished from on them as soon as seen. **trophied beam**, supporting the roof adorned with trophies or signs of victory, spoils *e.g.* the arms taken from the conquered. **culptured**, with inscriptions carved on them. **instant**, instantly, for an instant or moment.

428-31. The flash of lightning broke full through the guests dazzled by the glare, filled the hall with dense smoke, and fell on the elvish page. **the guests' bedazzled band**, the company of guests dazzled by the bright light or glare. *be* is an intensive

prefix. **the lavish brand**, the lightning—flash. See on iv. 319. **smouldering**, such as arises from a smouldering fire : from, a bright burning fire light or no smoke arises. It may mean also 'ruinous' deadly. **the elvish Page**, the goblin.

432-38. The flash was accompanied by a loud rumbling thunder-clap which struck even the bravest with dismay, and was heard all over the country. At distant Berwick and Carlisle, the warder sprang to arms taking it for a note of alarm and warning. And when it ceased, the goblin page was no where ; he had vanished. **thunder** *i. e.* with a thunderous sound. **Dismayed**, terrified, frightened. **appallid**, horror, struck, Orig. to 'grow pale' or 'fade in appearance' ; and then 'with fear,' from **sea to sea**, all over the country. **larum**, either the noise like a note of alarm (which is a cry to arms) or (2) at the strange sound men raised the alarm all over the country. **carlisle**, see on i. 51 ; *i. e.* far and near. **withal**, at the same time, also. **warders**, sentinels. **sprang to arms**, hastily took up arms against a sudden raid. **was seen no more**, had vanished.

439. **a voice**, a mysterious voice calling the goblin away.

440. The fact that it was not seen by all, heightened the mystery.

442. **summons**, call, command. **Goylbin**, the name of the page was *Filpin* or *Eylbin* Horner. Do not confuse the word with 'goblin'.

443-6. Just where the lightning burst on the page and where he had flung himself down in a shudder, some saw an arm, some a hand, and some the quick movement of a gown. Whose these were no body could say with certainty. Probably they were Michael Scott's. See Intro. **the brand**, the flash of lightning. **flung**, cast, thrown. **him**, himself. **down** on the ground. See i. 418.

447. **shook**, with fear, trembled.

448. **dimmed each lofty look**, made all the proud and brave knights shut their eyes in fear.

449-50. But of the horror-struck knight none was more struck with horror than William of Deloraine. **astonished trains**, thunder-struck crowd of knights.

451-2 Fear chilled his spirit, his brain seemed to be on fire. It was feared that he had lost his senses for ever. **breeze**, curdle. **mind**, sense or sanity. **would need return**, was gone for ever.

453-5 Men were afraid that Deloraine had gone permanently mad and would never again recover. He could not speak, he looked pale and spectre-like ; he was in no less perilous a plight

than a soldier who, it is said, in a fit of foolhardiness, confronted an evil spirit in the shape of a dog in the Isle of Man, and died in extremest agony without being able to relate what had happened to him. **ghastly**, like a ghost. **him**, that soldier. The story is told above. **spoke** *i. e.* spoke to, addressed. **the spectre-hound**, a spectre or evil spirit in the shape or disguise of a hound, such disguises being fancied by the superstitions to be common among ghosts. **Man**, the Isle of Man.

456-63. When the fit of terror was over and he had at last recovered his voice, he said in a broken, irregular, mysterious manner, and still shuddering with fear, that he had seen a figure dressed like a Spanish Pilgrim, with a hood covering the head and shoulders bound or held in place by an ornamented Spanish shoulderbelt; and he knew but he was not bound to explain *how* that it was the mighty Magician Michael Scott. **by fits**, not in a continuous narrative, but brokenly, by fits and starts. **darkly**, mysteriously, *i. e.* he told of something dark or mysterious. **broken hint**, falteringly, more in hints than in full speech. **and shuddering cold**, and still shuddering and cold with fear. **right certainly**, without the least shadow of doubt. **shape... sea**, repeated from II 214-216. See notes there. **but how it mattered not**, no matter how he knew it, he felt he should not speak of his secret visit to Melrose Abbey. It was enough for the audience to take it from him that it was none other than Michael Scott.

465. **the wondrous tale** told by Deloraine.

466-7. **spoke**, spoken. The incorrect form required for the rhyme with 'broke.' **Angus**, Douglas. **silence broke**, spoke.

468-72. The noble Angus made a vow in the name of St. Bride, the favourite saint of his family, that he would make a pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey in order that the troubled spirit of Michael Scott might have rest. **plight**, vow, pledge. **Did make to**, in the name of. **St. Bride of Douglas**, St. Bride, the patron saint of the Douglas family and of the Earl of Angus in particular. **take**, undertake. **a pilgrimage**, it was the faith that such a pilgrimage would give rest to the departed spirit. **restless sprite**, troubled ghost.

473-82. Then every other brave knight present took a vow in the name each of his patron saint to go on pilgrimage to Melrose for the welfare of soul of Michael Scott.

473. **each knight**. **to ease** etc; to allay the trouble in his heart.

475-82. This is a catalogue of the saints to whom the knights prayed to aid them in the prosecution of their pilgrimage or in whose name they vowed to undertake it. **the Holy rood**, the

holy cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified. **the Lowes** and **Lisle** are names of places where stood the churches dedicated to 'St. Mary and the Holy Rood' respectively. **our Ladye**, the Virgin Mary. **patron**, guardian or favourite saint. **make witness**, cite as witness, swore in the name of, each knight made his patron saint a witness of the vow he took. **take**, undertake. **sing**, requiems, or songs invoking God's peace to the departed. **bells**, knells. **toll**, ring. **weal**, welfare, happiness.

485. **Renounced**, gave up. **for age**, for ever. **dark magic's aid**, practising the black art.

486. **bridal**, bridal feast. Lit. 'bride-ale.' **Naught of**, nothing about.

487-9. Which took place very soon afterwards. **after**, afterwards. **space**, time. **befell**, happened. **sons**, knights. **daughters**, ladies. **Teviot's Flower**, Margaret.

490-1. The minstrel says that after describing the scene of alarm and confusion, it was not proper to begin again in a sort of mirth. **scene**, occurrence. **wake**, rouse, begin again. **the note of mirth**, a joyful song, the song of the bridal feast.

492-5. After the song of alarm it is more proper to sing of the chieftains as with repentant hearts and devout prayers, they moved in a solemn procession to the holy abbey at Melrose. **meet**, suitable, proper. **to mark the day**, to attend specially to the day, to take more note of it than of the day of feast. **divine**, holy, devout. **pilgrim-chiefs**, chieftains going out or bent on pilgrimage. **sad array**, solemn procession. **sought**, went to. **Melrose holy shrine**, the sacred abbey at Melrose.

496-8. The pilgrims wore a look of contrition. They had no shoes on, they wore vests of sackcloth, and their hands were folded on their breasts in sign of penitence. **naked**, bare, shoeless. **sackcloth**, a kind of very coarse cloth used generally for making sacks or bags. The custom of wearing sackcloth in penitence, is very old. A common phrase is 'in sackcloth and ashes'. **vest**, upper garment. **enfolded**, put one across another.

499-507. The pilgrims moved on in perfect silence. The bystanders who watched them passing could scarcely hear any sound of footstep, voice or breath among that long array of chiefs—so silent were they all—their proud look was gone, their pompous manner of walking with long military strides; they forgot their glory and renown, they forgot their pride, and silently and slowly, almost, like shadowy beings, they glided on to the sacred side of the high altar and there kneeled down in prayer. **standers-by**, spectators, the more usual compound is 'by-standers.' **uneath**, scarcely. **Eath** is an old A. S. word meaning 'ease'; **uneath** is thus=without ease, *i.e.* with difficulty. **high-drawn breath**, a

sigh deep but inaudible. The better word thus would have been 'low-drawn.' **the lengthened row**, the long array of warrior-chiefs. **lordly**, proud. **martial stride**, pompous walking like soldiers. **gone** from their minds, *not* lost from the world. **glide**, move slowly and silently. **high altar**, the chief or principal altar at the east end of the church. **hallowed**, sacred. **them**, themselves. **down** in prayer.

508-13. Above the humble penitent chiefs waved hung out from the walls and the roof, the banners of their brave ancestors of old. Beneath them lay their bodies under tombstones inscribed with commemorating epitaphs. And around them from decorated recesses in the walls looked out the images and statues of saints and martyrs tortured to death in their righteous cause. **suppliant** humble, penitent. **wave**, float in the air. **departed brave**, the brave warriors now dead. **the lettered stones**, tombstones with inscriptions or epitaphs on them. **ashes**, dead bodies. **fathers** ancestors. **garnished niche**, decorated recesses in the walls **stern saints** etc.; *i. e.* grim-looking images and statues of saints and martyrs. **stern, frowned**, these words are meant to indicate that the saints and martyrs are angry with the chiefs for their past reckless life which necessitated their present pilgrimage. **tortured**, put to death with excruciating tortures, *eg.* burnt at the stake (as the Protestants were by Bloody Mary) or stoned to death (as St. Stephen was).

514-21. The holy monks drest in black hood, scapulary, and long white flowing garments, came two abreast in a procession and moved slowly far up the dim aisle. They carried in their hands the candle, the consecrated wafer and the Bible, and over all their heads floated the banner beautifully embellished with the name of Jesus Christ. **slow**, adv. modifying the verb 'came' in l. 518. **aisle**, wing of the church. **dim**, as befitting a church, making it look solemn. **sable cowl**, black hood. *Cowl* is either the large flowing garment with the hood or the hood itself. **scapular**, is part of a priest's vestments covering the breast and shoulders. Lat. scapula the shoulder-blade. **stoles**, robes. See v. 505. **in order due**, following one another in order of rank. **Fathers**, monks, priests. **two and two**, *i. e.* moving two together or two abreast. **Taper**, candle. See on l. 401. **host**, consecrated bread used in the communion service, the bread and wine blessed and supposed to be transubstantiated into the flesh and blood of Christ. **book**, the Bible. **bare**, carried. It also governs 'banner' in the next line, **flourished fair**, having gracefully emblazoned or embroidered on it. **the Redeemer's name**, the name of Jesus Christ, the Saviour.

522-27. The chief of the monks stretched his hand on the band of pilgrims lying prostrate on the ground, and blessed them,

and made the sign of the cross over them all, and prayed that they might be wine in peace and victorious in war. **prostrate**, lying stretched on the ground. **mitred**, wearing the mitre or the cap of the cardinal or any high church dignitary. **Stretched** by way of blessing them. **With holy cross**, *i. e.* with the *sign* of the cross. **signed**, made a sign of the cross over them (as a protection against evil spirits and a blessing in general). **sage** in **hall**, wise in council, in times of peace. **Fortunate** in **field** triumphant on the battle-field.

528-35. Then the mass was sung, prayers were offered, and a solemn hymn of rest for the departed soul, and bells tolled out far and wide for the welfare of the dead; and, ever as the various parts of the service came each to its conclusion, a song arose praying for God's mercy to the troubled spirit of the departed, and the long-drawn aisles of the church prolonged the solemn echoes of the refrain or burden of it. **mass**, see on ii. 65. **requiem**, hymn of peace or rest to the spirit of the dead. See on v. 507. **tolled out**, sounded. **mighty peal**, awful sounds. **spirit**, Michael Scott. **weal**, welfare. **the office close**, the close of each function, or part of the service. Properly it ought to be 'the office's close', but the rule is that words ending in a sibilant sound do not often take the *s* of the possessive, particularly in poetry. **close**, pause, cessation. **hymn of intercession**, perhaps what is called 'the intercessional prayer' which is repeated at the close of each part of the service—a prayer for eternal rest and pardon to the departed. **the echoing aisles** etc., the long-drawn wings of the church *prolong far*, continue long, the echoes of the *awful*, solemn *burden*, refrain, of the song, namely, "the day of wrath, that dreadful day". **burden**, the line repeated at the end of each stanza or part of a song, *e.g.* in Albert Graham's song ll. 2 and 4.

536-7. This is the song they sang. It means literally, 'the day of wrath, that day, shall the whole world in ashes lie'. It is a Latin hymn which is named from its opening words *Dies Iræ*. It was composed by Thomas of Celais, a Franciscan friar, in 1230.

538-41. The song was sung to the accompaniment of the deep and solemn music of the organ. If it were proper for me to close my trivial and earthly lay with a sacred song, it was this hymn which the monks sang. **the pealing**, the deep and solemn-sounding. The expression is Milton's in *Il Pens.* **Were it meet**, if it were at all befitting, proper. This is the minstrel's apology for closing his song of love and magic and war with a sacred song. **strain**, song. **light, vain**, qualify 'lay'; trivial, earthly. **Thus** this 'hymn for the dead'.

This 'hymn for the dead' is a paraphrase the *Dies Iræ*.

542-45. On the day of judgment when the heaven and earth

shall perish, who shall support the sinner, how shall he dare meet it. **wrath**, God's consuming anger for man's sins. **dreadful day**, the Day of Judgment. **When** etc., a reminiscence of *2 Pet. iii. 10*, "the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up". **stay**, support. The sinner cannot depend on any righteousness to avert God's destructive wrath. **shall he meet**, *i.e.* dare to meet.

546-9. Whom shall the sinner rely on when on that awful day the burning heavens shall roll together like a withered-up piece of dried paper, when the trumpet of the Archangel sounds loud and louder rousing the dead from the graves and summoning them up to the judgment-seat of God. **shrivelling**, withered up. **a parched scroll**, this image is taken from *Isa. xxxiv. 4*, "And the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll". It also occurs in *Rev. vi. 14*, "And the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together". **flaming**, burning. **more dread**, more dreadfully. **swells**, rises. **the high triumph**, the trumpet of the Archangel. Cf. *Corinthians xv. 25*, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible".

550-3. O God, on that dreadful day when the souls go up from their graves, be thou the stay of miserable sinner, his eternal hope and support subsisting through all wrecks of heaven and earth, through all universal dissolution. **wrathful day**, when all creation shall be consumed by the wrath or anger of God. **to judgment wakes**, wakes from his eternal sleep in the clay or grave and goes up to God's seat of judgment to be judged there. Properly, therefore, 'wakes' is an instance of *Zuegma*, a fig. by which a verb is used in a double sense, one evident and the other suppressed. **trembling**, shuddering with fear. **Though**, *i.e.* the eternal, never failing stay of the sinner even when the heavens and earth have perished.

554. The song of the minstrel is over. The rest of the poem is only an epilogue in which the subsequent career of the minstrel is depicted. He was no longer a homeless beggar wandering from door to door. But the Duchess of Monmouth gave him a snug little bower close to her castle of Newark, and there lived he on to a good old age, devoted to charity, and singing songs of the good old days to whoever flocked in to hear him. One is tempted to find in these lines a description of Scott's own aspiration and life: he too was a minstrel with a rapt soul singing his lays of old romance, and charming, as he does even now, all ages from generation to generation. Assuredly the last of the Minstrels was not he who sang to the Duchess but a greater one singing for all times to the souls of men—the immortal poet of Abbotsford, the Homer of Scotland.

554. **Hushed**, silent. **gone**, from the 'lady's room of state of Intro. 62.

555-7. No, he did not wander forth alone as he had come there alone, his last surviving companion being only an orphan-boy. He was not left to live the last remaining days of his life in poverty and indigence. **Alone**, *i.e.* did he wander forth alone! **indigence**, extreme poverty. **age**, the infirmity of old age. **linger out**, drag on. **pilgrimage**, a wretched life, the remaining days of his weary life, life's weary race.

558-9. Close besides the stately tower of Newark, the minstrel set up and lived in a simple hut. **proudly**, stately. **lowly bower**, humble cottage. Notice the contrast.

560-62. It was indeed a small cottage but there was about it a look of decency and comfort. There were a garden fringed with green grass, a genial fireside, (*cheerful hearth*) and a clear window (*lattice*).

563-6. There in that lowly cottage often flocked together in the winter evening many a wanderer who sitting by the fireside heard from the old minstrel the tales of other days. For he retained and practised that hospitality which he had once received from others. **sheltered**, hospitably entertained. **by the blaze**, sitting by the warm and genial fireside. This reminds one of Goldsmith's description of the village clergyman. **ope**, open; *i.e.* to receive guests warmly and hospitably. **aid**, help.

567-82. The same open-handed hospitality marked the old harper's lowly bower both in winter and in summer. On many a summer evening when the pleasant breezes blew, the flowers blossomed on Newark heath, the thrush sang in Harthead thicket, the corn ripened, the oak put forth new foliage, the old minstrel's soul awake under the genial influences of the season, and he sang of the glorious deeds and ceremonies of chivalry till the enraptured traveller would forget that the day was done and would listen and listen to him, the young men forsook hunting and games to hear him, and the Yarrow as it flowed on, murmured in melodious response to his ecstatic song, adding sweet music to it.

568. **smiled on**, gave a fresh lively look to. **Bowhill**, immediately below Newark hill, a seat of the Buccleuchs.

569-70. The pleasant evening breeze of summer caused the flowers to blossom. **July**, is a summer month, here put for 'summer'. **balmy breath**, pleasant wind. **Waved**, caused to wave, moved. **blue-bells**, a common but beautiful, bell-shaped flower. **heath**, copse, "good green-wood".

571. **throstles**, thrushes. *Throstle* is a diminutive of *thrush*. **shaw**, a thicket, a wood.

572. **the corn was green**, *i.e.* the green corn grew, flourish-
ed. **haugh**, a hill or hill-side.

573. **flourished. broad**, put forth new leaves and branches.

574. Then his spirit revived and the poetic inspiration came on him. What is meant is perhaps this : in winter he told the tales of other days – there was a sad touch in these ; but in summer with the revival of nature, his spirit revived and he sang of all the glories and achievements of the old knights and heroes.

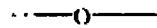
575. **sing**, *i.e.* sing of. **achievements high**, warlike feats, gallant deeds.

576. **circumstance**, pomps, ceremonies, used in this sense by Shakespeare in *Othello*. III. 3, "All quality, pride, pomp, and *circumstance* of glorious war".

577-8. **rapt**, absorbed, taken up with the song, enraptured. **traveller**, passing by would stay and listen to him and not notice that the day was vanishing over him.

579-80. It is no common thing that can make young men forsake the tempting pleasures of hunting and the chase but they were so charmed with the minstrel's song that they flocked to hear him. **the strain**, the music, the song.

581-2. And the noble river Yarrow on which stood the minstrel's homely cot, heard the splendid song and murmured in harmony with it as it flowed on. **rolled**, flowed. **Bore burthen to**, murmured in response to, added harmony to.



GLOSSARY.

aloof, ii. 96, far away, at a distance. Scott uses it here as almost equivalent to *aloft*, on high. It was originally a sea-faring term being derived from O. E. *a-luffe*, on the *luff* or windward side of a vessel; hence 'out of reach'.

amain, ii. 196, iv. 185, in the former of these two cases the word = with force: in the latter = with speed. See also v. 27 and ii. 393. The word is from *a*, a shortened form of *on*, and O. E. *macyen*, strength, still surviving in the phrase 'with might and main.'

amice, ii. 214, a hood lined with fur worn by pilgrims, as distinguished from *amice*, a square linen cloth worn by Roman Catholic priests about their necks. The latter word is from Lat *amictus*, *amicio*, to throw around: the former from O. F. *aumuce*, the Provençal form of which is *almussa*, where *al* "seems to be the Arabic definite article" (Skeat), the second part of the word being Teutonic.

an, i. 381, *if*. It is really the same word as *and* and was so written in old English. In time the *d* in *and* in the sense of *if*, came to be dropped to avoid confusion with the copulative conjunction, and thus *an* became = *if*. In still later time when this force of *an* or *and* was forgotten, *if* came to be added on to either, as in i. 90. This is strictly tautological.

arch, ii. 377, mischievously cunning, roughish, waggish; cf. *Tatler*, "So *arch* a leer". It is nothing but the prefix *arch* (as in *arch-fiend*, *arch-bishop*), used separately and peculiarly. Shakespeare has, "The most *arch* act"; "an heretic, an *arch* one"; Bunyan characterises one as "a very *arch* fellow, a downright hypocrite." Skeat thinks that the Greek prefix came to be confused with the M. E. *argh*, *arwe*, cowardly, slothful.

atone, ii. 57, make amends. Lit. 'to *at one*', abbreviated from 'to set *at one*', *i. e.* to reconcile, and then to suffer what is necessary for reconciliation. Comp. *Acts vii. 26*. "would have set them *at one* again".

aventayle ii. 39, visor or moveable front of a helmet. As *visor* is literally what is *seen* through, so *aventayle* is what is *breathed* through. From Lat. *ventus*, wind. The word is also written *ventayle*, as in Spenser, "Through whose bright *ventayle* lifted up on high, his manly face looked forth".

baldric, ii. 215, a belt worn transversely. Spenser calls the signs of the Zodiac, "heaven's Bright shining *baudricke*." The

derivation of the word is uncertain. 'It may be from O. H. G. *balderich*, probably diminutive of *bell*. Lat. *balteus*, a belt.

bandog, iii. 206, or *band-dog*, properly a watch-dog kept chained up (from *band* or *bond*, a chain). In Spenser it means a mastiff. It is here almost equivalent to a bloodhound. O. E. *bond-doge*.

barret-cap, iii. 216., a small flat cap, a battle-cap. There is a Scotch word *barret* which means strife, battle. *Barret* is either this Scotch-word, or the same as *biretta*, a cap worn by Roman Catholic priests.

beaver, v. 371., a moveable mouthpiece of a helmet through which the wearer may drink. The word is from F. *baviere*, a child's bib, worn over the bosom to protect the dress when the child drinks, from a fancied resemblance of the article to a bib. The spelling is due to confusion with *beaver-hat*, a hat made of the fur of the beaver. Comp. *bever-age*.

black-mail, iii. 416., protection-money exacted by freebooters. *Mail* is a Scotch word = tribute or rent, as in king's-mail, borough-mail, house-mail etc. A. S. *male*, Icel., *mala*, rent, and *black* probably as in black-guard, black-leg, is derived by Jamieson from Germ. *placken*, to vex, to harass.

bower, Int. 28., has several meanings. (1) A chamber; A. S. *bur*, a dwelling, as in Spenser, "Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers*" (The Temples). The same root occurs in neigh-*bour* = a neigh-dweller. (2) A lady's private apartments, e. g., "The ladye is gone to her secret *bower*" (i. 1.). (3) An idealized abode conceived of by poets, as in Spenser's "bower of bliss". (4). A simple cottage, cf. vi. 559, "Arose the minstrel's lowly *bower*, A simple hut". (5) A shady arbour, probably from the mistaken identity of the word with bough or to bow (bend).

bowne, iii. 392. prepare. *Bowne*, *boun*, or *boune*, is a word much affected by Scott, and the same as Icel. *buinn*, past participle of *bua*, to get ready. This was corrupted into *bound*, as in "home-ward *bound*", "a vessel China-*bound*"; from this participial use, a new verb was coined by the ballad makers, viz. to *boun*, as in 'busk ye, *boun* ye' or "busk, busk, and *boun*". In Canto v. line 497, 'bowning' is simply = 'going'.

brand, iv. 144, sword. From A. S. *beornan*, to burn. (1) A burning piece of wood. (2) A sword, from its glitter when *brand-ished*. So "the great *brand*" Excalibur is said to have given light "like 30 torches".

burn, i. 106., river, O. E. *burna*. The form *burn* occurs in the north, and *bourne* in the south of England.

career, iii., 50. Fr. *carriere*, a car-road; then, like *course* driving, or riding at full speed. Lat. *carrus*, a car.

carolled, Int. 14., sang. Fr. *chauson de carolle*, a song accompanying a dance; hence, a song, and to *carol*=to sing. Derived perchance from Lat. *Carolla*, diminutive of *corona*, a little garland, a ring, and then a ring dance, *i. e.*, a round, circular dance. O. E. the *karole* of the stones, *i. e.*, the Druidical circles. •

carouse, VI. 149., a bumper, a glass of liquor (here). Skeat derives from Germ. *gar aus*, quite out, used of drinking off, emptying a glass. The usual meaning of the word is "a noisy drinking festival."

claymore, V. 334., a Scottish broadsword. •Lit. 'a great sword' from Gaelic *claidheamh mor*, the former part of which is connected with Lat. *gladius*, a sword, and the latter with Lat. *magnus*, great.

chafe, I. 131., dashes against. F. *chauffer*, to warm. From the physical sense of producing heat by friction, there is but one step to the moral one of indignation. Here used physically.

chancel, II. 95., the east end of a church, so called from its being separated from the rest of the building by a screen or iron railing. Lat. *cancellus*, a grating.

chime, Int. 71., harmonious sound. The word is now restricted to mean the sound of a bell; Scott uses it in *The Lady* to describe that of a harp. O. E. *chimbe*, cymbal. Allied to Sans. *kumbha*, a pot, a jar.

clerk, I. 112., scholar (here). Lat. *clericus* which is from a Greek root, meaning, a lot; hence those elected by lot or otherwise for sacred offices, clergymen. As in the Middle Ages learning was almost exclusively confined to the clergy, the word came to mean a scholar: so *clerk*-like in Shakespeare=scholarly. Lastly, one who can write, a writer. •

corse, iii. 129. *corse* is the poetical form of *corpse*, formed by dropping the *p*. From Lat. *corpus*, a body. Up till the 17th century *corpse* or *corse* signified a living as well as a dead body, but it is now restricted to mean the latter. Hence "a living corse" (as here) means a body appearing to be dead though alive.

counter, i. 311., a horse's chest. Fr. *contre*, from Lat. *contra*—*con*, and *tra*, denoting direction, as in *intra*, *extra*, *ultra*.

cowl, ii. 207., a monk's hood. Lat. *cucullus*.

• **curfew**, i. 337., a bell rung at evening as a signal for fires and lights to be put out—a wise precaution introduced by the Normans in days when fire was the curse of the timber-built houses. From Fr. *couvre feu*, cover fire.

• **debate**, iii. 38, used here in its old sense of strife, contest; now a contest in words. O. F. *debatre*, from L. Lat. *de*, down, and *batuere*, to beat. The old sense is found in Chaucer, "tales, both of pees and of *debat*", and in Elizabeth's scornful description of Mary Stuart as "the daughter of *debate*."

dight, i. 42., drest, furnished with harness. It is short for *dighted* (which is obsolete). Skeat connects it with A. S. *dihtan*, to set in order, arrange; borrowed from Lat. *dictare*, to dictate, prescribe.

dint, iii. 53, blow. The word has had three different significations. Originally it meant (1) the blow itself as here and in Milton, 'that mortal *dint*'; hence (2) the influence of, as in *Julius Caesar*, 'You feel the *dint* of pity'; then (3) the mark of the blow, the *dent*.

dirge, iv., 453, funeral song, any mournful tune that accompanies funeral rites. Contracted from *dirige*, the first word of a solemn Latin hymn, formerly used to be sung at funerals, "*Dirige Dominus meus, in conspectu tuo vitam meam*" - 'Direct, O Lord my God, my life in Thy sight.'

don, ii. 299., put on. It is a contraction of *do on*, as *doff* of *do off*. In O. E. *do* meant 'to place'.

drie, ii. 60, endure. The word is also written *dree* as in *Chevy Chase*, "Heaving on each other while they might *dree*, with many a baleful brand"; and used transitively as in Burns and *Guy Mannerling*, "I kenn'd he behoved to *dree* his weird (endure his lot) till that day came." A. S. *dreog-an*, suffer.

feudal, i. 76., adj. of *feu*, a fief, *i.e.* land held from a superior on condition of performing certain services. The 'd' is only for euphony. But here the word seems to be used as if connected with *feud* (=hatred) which is ultimately traceable to the same root as *foe*, *find*. Cf. iii. 36., "feudal hate"; also i. 66. For meaning see note *ad loc.*

frounce, iv., 320, plaited, fringed. Lit. 'wrinkled', from *frons*, the forehead. The word occurs in *Il Pens.*, "Not tricked and *frounced* as she was wont." The modern form of the word is *flounce*, the 'r' being replaced by 'l'.

gear, v., 491., was by old writers applied to all kinds of things, garments, riches, armour etc.; here plundered goods, booty. Skeat derives from A. S. *gearo*, ready.

gramarye, iii. 140., magic. M. E. *gramery*, skill in grammar, which was then regarded as an abstruse subject of study and all learning beyond the elements as magical or forbidden. The word 'glamour' is a corruption of 'gramarye' or 'grammar', meaning (1) grammar, (2) magic.

gramercy, iii. 250., thanks. Fr. *grand merci*, great thanks. Formerly *graund merey* as in Chaucer, "grand mercy, lord, God thank it you."

glamour, iii. 103., "in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectator, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality" (Scott). For Skeat's derivation of the word see

above on 'gramarye', the 'l' in the word being substituted for 'r' by confusion with 'glimmer'.

haggard, v. 382., pale, worn with loss of blood. "This word", says Skeat, "should properly be spelt *hagged*, that is, hag-like or like a withered old woman or witch. The present spelling is owing to the erroneous belief that the word is etymologically connected with *haggard*, a wild hawk."

harness, i. 26., now the gear of horses ; once men's armour as well, as in *1 Kings*, xxii., "A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the *harness*"; and *Macbeth*, v. v. 52, "At lest we will die with *harness* on our back".

hearse, IV. 617., tomb. Properly a carriage for conveying a dead body to the grave, as in *Cowper*, "I saw the *hearse* bear the slow away." Skeat thus gives the several changes in meaning the word has passed through : (1) a triangular harrow, (2) a triangular frame for lights in a church service : (3) a frame for lights at a funeral ; (4) a funeral pageant ; (5) a frame on which a body was laid ; (6) a carriage for the dead. The older senses are now quite forgotten.

heron-shew, VI. 89., a young heron. Also written 'heron-shaw', 'handsaw', the last occurring in *Hamlet*, "I know a hawk from a handsaw."

hight, VI. 263, promised, as in *Chaucer*, "thou hast him *hight*" • There is a risk of confounding this word with 'hight'=is or was called. They are really different though from the same root, A. S. *hatan*, to call, or to command, which has as its past tense *ic hotte*, I was called, and *ic heht*, I promised.

imp, IV. 277., little demon. Formerly in a good sense, meaning a scion, offspring. It now means a little devil, and when applied to a child, implies a disposition to evil. M. E. *imp*, a graff on a tree, from *impen*, to graft.

larum, III., 396., shortened form of *alarum*, the same word as *alarm*, call to arms. Ital. *all' arme*, Lat. *ad arma*, to arms.

laud, I. 338., midnight service of the Roman church after *nocturns* (which was the first service after midnight) and before *primus* (the first after sunrise). Lat. *laudes*, plural of *laus*, praise.

Law, iii. 390., hill. A. S. *hlaw*, a mound ; in Scotch the word survives as *low*.

list, ii. 141., originally 'impersonal' as here, it *listen* to him ; but now 'personal' as in V. 59. *List* in this sense, and *listen*, must not be confounded, as they are from two totally different roots. •

litherlie, ii. 377, loose, disorderly, ill-mannered. *Lither* in old English meant 'idle', as in *Mirror for Magistrates*, "in his feats not lither", i.e. not inactive. In Scotch *litherlie*=lazily. A. S. *lyther*, bad ; the original sense being 'wicked', 'mischievous.'

lyke-wake, IV. 453, the watching of a dead body before burial. A. S. *lic*, a body or corpse; and *wake*, *wacan*, to watch, as in "Hereward the Wake", *i.e.* the watchful.

mass, ii. 65., the celebration of the Eucharist in the Catholic Church. Usually said to be from the phrase *ite, missa est*, (go. the congregation is dismissed) used at the end of the service or (as some suggest) at the beginning to dismiss those who were not yet fully admitted into the membership of the Church; in any case the derivation is from Lat. *missus*, pp. of *mittere*, to send away.

matin, i. 226, see on *laud* above. From L. *matutinus*, pertaining to morning. The first service in monastic houses after midnight was called *Matin*.

minion, IV. 614, favourite. Fr. *mignon*, a darling; cf. *mignonette*, "The mignonette of Yivian-place" (*The Princess*). O. H. G. *minna*, love.

minstrel, Int. 2., from O. Fr. *menestral*, Low Lat. *ministralis* a servant, retainer; "hence applied", says Skeat, "to the lazy train of retainers who played instruments, acted as buffoons and jesters and the like." It has long been a matter of dispute whether they were classed among the honourable or ordinary guests. Contrary opinions have been held by Percy and Ritson. Scott seems to have been of opinion that they were "high placed in hall" and "tuned the harp" to please royal audiences.

morrice, I. 156, or *morris*, a dance esp. on May day. It was so called because it was adopted from the Moors of Spain whence John of Gaunt introduced it into England in the reign of Edward III. The stage direction in *Loves Labour's Lost* is, "Enter Black-a-moors with music." A dancer in it was called a *Morisco*; hence the old spelling, '*Moriske* - dance.'

mot, jii. 125, may. "It is the present of the past *moste*, our *must*, which originally meant rather 'may' or 'can', than 'obliged.' It must be distinguished, however, from *moughte*, the old past of 'may.' The word is often written 'mote' but the proper form is 'mot.'

nether, v. 150, lower. A. S. *nither*, downward, a comparative form to be divided as *ni-ther*, the suffix *ther* being comparative as in *o-ther*, *nei-ther*.

pageant, vi. 284, show. Skeat derives the word from L. Lat. *pagina*, a wooden platform for shows. The 't' is excrescent, as in 'ancient.'

palfrey, iv. 263, generally a lady's riding horse. Low Lat. *paraveredus*, lit. an extra post horse, from *para*, extra, and *veredus*, a post horse.

patter, ii. 66, mumble rapidly. It is a frequentative of *pat*, to strike frequently, as in 'pattering hail.' In the sense of uttering

a prayer, the word is probably influenced by *pater*, the first word in the Lord's Prayer, *Pater-noster*.

paynim, ii. 133, heathen. Lat. *pagus*, a village; *pagani*, villagers who, like the heathens, or dwellers on the heath, retained the old superstitions long after christianity had established itself in towns, the centres and seats of intelligence and culture.

pile, i. 235, building. "Lat. *pila*, a ball. Then, anything round; a roundish heap: esp. a regularly formed heap, as 'a pile of shot'; then a large edifice, a mass of buildings."

pondering, ii. 414, to weigh in the mind. Lat. *ponderare*, to weigh, *pondus*, a weight. Ponder is now intransitive and takes *over* after it. But in old writers it is often used transitively, as in *Lady of the Lake*, "pondered refuge from his toil."

quaint, v. 197, odd, strange. Cotgrave derives the word from *coint*, neat, fine. Lat. *cognitus*, well known. In early writers the word is regularly used in the sense of 'neat' but now it is given to anything that has an odd, antique, old-fashioned appearance.

recreant, iii. 8, cowardly. From Lat. *re*, back, and *credere*, trust (to the victor's mercy); or *re*, again and *credere*, believe i.e. believe again, recant, as in *mis creant*, minus credens, unbeliever.

roundelay, vi. 225, a dancing song in which the same line comes round again. Fr. *roundelet*, dim. of O. F. *roundel*, a kind of ballad, a poem containing a line which comes round again.

rout, iii. 367, a disorderly crowd. Lat. *rupta*, broken. The word has passed through several different senses which are thus explained by Skeat. (1) A defeat is a breaking up of a host, a broken mass of flying men. (2) A small troop of men is a fragment or broken piece of an army; and the word is generally used in contempt of a company in broken ranks or disorderly array. The phrase *in disorder* nearly expresses both these results. (3) A *route* was, originally, a way broken or cut out through a wood or forest.

rue, iii. 243, grieve, be sorry for. Cf. *ruth*, pity. G. *reue*, repentance. It is to be distinguished from *rue*, a plant.

Rune, vi. 332, the peculiar alphabet of the Norse people, consisting of sixteen letters or characters, the origin of which is lost in the remotest antiquity. The signification of the word seems to allude to the fact that originally only a few were acquainted with the use of these marks, and also that they were mostly applied to secret tricks, witchcraft, and enchantments. Skeat derives the word from M. E. *rune*, counsel; A. S. *run*, a rune, mystery, secret conference, whisper. Original sense 'whisper' or murmur, hence a mystery, lastly an incised character, because writing was a secret known to few."

Saga, vi. 335, mythical tales of Norse heroes. The word is by derivation connected with *say* and *saw* (e. g. wise *saws* and

modern instances." Shakespeare); *g* in old English becoming *y*, as, for instance in *day* from A. S. *daeg*.

scaur, i. 131, scar. Lit. what is cut off or *sheared*. The word is thus more properly applied to isolated rocks in the sea, *e. g.*, the *skerries* of Orkney.

secure, v. 179. Lat. *se*, *sine*, without, and *cura*, care. Cf. *sine-cure*, *sure*. Almost no difference is now made in the sense of the words 'secure' and 'safe'; but formerly, 'secure' meant 'freedom from the fear of danger' and 'safe' from the danger itself. Cf. Shakespeare, "*Security* is mortal's chiefest enemy"; and Ben Jonson, "Man may *securely* sin but *safely* never."

seneschal, iii. 341., a steward. O.F. *seneschal*, from Gothic *sins*, old, and *skalks*, a servant. Lit. the old or chief servant of a household.

spell, i. 3, incantation. The word has two meanings: (1) word or tidings, as in good *spell*, good news, corrupted into *god-spell*, *go-spel*; and (2) a form of magic words (as here). It is probably the same word as (to) 'spell' the letters of a word, and *spell*, a turn of work.

squire, i. 9., or esquire. Lit. *shield-bearer* from O. F. *escuyer*, Low Lat. *scutarius*, the bearer of the *scutum* or shield. The French find it inconvenient to pronounce *se* and therefore prefix 'e'; there being no such difficulty with Englishmen, the 'e' is dropped. At 12 a well born boy became a *page* to a knight; at 14 he became a *squire*, and at 21, he might himself become a *knight*.

stalwart, iv. 145, strong. From A. S. *staclwæorth*, steal worthy. "The original sense seems to have been 'good at stealing', as applied to troops, hence stout, brave, with reference to securing plunder" (Skeat).

stanch, i. 66. From It *stagnare*, (Lat. *stagnum*, standing water), to stop the flow of anything, esp. of blood from a wound. In O. E. the word meant 'quenching a fire.'

talisman, vi. a spell. From Arab. *tilsaman*, pl of *tilsam*, a magical image. The Arab word is traced to a Greek root, meaning 'a mystery.'

tryst, ii. 392, or *trist*, an appointed meeting at a particular place. So to keep *tryst*, to break *tryst*. Allied to trust, true, truth, troth. It is generally used in poetry for a meeting between lovers.

uncouth, vi. 335, rude. The original sense is unknown, from A.S. *un*, not; and *cuth*, known, pp. of *cunnan*, to know; hence, strange, odd.

urchin, iii. 275. The original sense of the word was 'hedgehog' as in *The Tempest*, i. 2. 326, where Prospero threatens Caliban that urchins shall prick him and pinch him all night long; hence, goblin, imp, small child; it being supposed that some imps took a hedgehog's shape.

vilde, iii. 157, the old form of 'vile'. So in Spenser, "pleasures *vilde*": and *The Tempest*, "thy *wild* race." Johnson spells it 'viled', as if from 'to vile' (revile) but it seems to have been formed from a mistaken analogy with *wild*.

volley, iv. 21, flight of shot fired from many guns at once. From Fr. *volée*, a flight; Lat. *volare*, to fly.

wassel, v. 121, revelry. Lit. 'be hale,' i.e. 'your good health'; A.S. 'waes hael' to which the answer was 'drinc hael', i.e. I drink your good health. It was an expression of good wishes among the old Norsemen. The word is more commonly spelt 'wassail.'

ween, ii. 334, expect. M. E. *wenen*, A. S. *wenan*, to imagine. The noun *wen* meant expectation; originally 'a striving after.'

well-a-day, Int. 9, an exclamation of sorrow. A. S. *wa la wa*, lit. woe ! lo ! woe ! Early misunderstood and turned into 'well away', and even into 'welladay' which occurs in *Merry Wives*, iii. 3. 106.

whit, ii., 366, a bit, a little. A.S. *wiht*, the *h* being misplaced. It is the same word as *wight* (see below), a person, a thing, a bit.

wight, i. 6, see above. The same word as the modern *whit*. The word 'wight' in l. 36 is different, meaning strong. M.E. *wight*, valiant. From Icel., *vigr*, fit for war; *vig*, A. S. *wig*, war. Lat *vivus*. Allied also to *victor*. Cf. *Marmion*, "for one hour of Wallace *wight*."

wistful, Int. 29, eager. The history of the word shows it to be a substitution for *wishful*, which is from *wish*, with suffix *ful*. But it was once confused with *wistly*, a word used by Shakespeare in place of M. E. *wisly*, certainly, verily, exactly, formerly a common word.

wizard, ii. 139, magician. The original sense of the word, 'a wise man', is now obsolete. O. F. *wischard*, Icel. *vískr*, clever, sagacious, with the intensive suffix *-ard* = hard, strong, confirmed. now generally used in a bad sense as in *dot-ard*, *drunk-ard*, *buzz-ard*, etc.

yore, iv. 595, former times. A.S. *gedra*, lit. 'of years', 'during years'; orig. genitive plural of *gear* (whence also *year*). It is a common poetical word.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

GENERAL.

1. Tell the story of the *Lay*.
2. Say a word about its origin.
3. Give the date of the tale. And show that the manners described in it are true of the time when the plot is laid.
4. Deduce from the story, the time of action comprised in it.
5. What was the origin of the Goblin Page? Was the introduction of the Dwarf an after-thought? What purpose is served by his introduction in the poem? Can he be called an excrescence?
6. Write on the supernatural element in the poem. Is it essential for the main purposes of the story?
7. What seem to you to be the merits and defects of the *Lay*?
8. Scott professes to describe in the *Lay* the manners and customs of the ancient border life. Is the picture true to life?
9. Why and with what end is magic introduced in the *Lay*?
10. Describe, from what can be gathered from the *Lay*, (a) the custom of Branksome Castle, (b) the usual incidents in the life of a moss-trooper, (c) the particular incident of the Warden Raid under Lord Dacre and Lord Howard from the time it crossed the Border up to the conclusion of the truce before Branksome Castle.
11. Describe in your own words a Scottish feudal castle under the heads :—(a) the structure of the castle itself, (b) its household, (c) the life of its occupants in times of truce, (d) preparations when a Border raid was announced.
12. Explain the mystic words “lost” and “found” put into the mouth of the Goblin.
13. Draw in your own words a graphic picture of the old Minstrel as he is found in the *Lay*.
14. Write briefly on the character of each of the following :—the Ladye ; the Boy ; Margaret ; Deloraine ; Lord Cranstoun ; the Goblin Page ; Lords Dacre and Howard.
15. Refer to passages where there are allusions to Henry VIII and the Reformation.
16. What personal reminiscences of Scott do you notice in the *Lay*?
17. Does Scott anywhere refer to his own poetical training in the *Lay*? Give a summary of the lines.
18. Give a note on the metre and language of the *Lay*.

19. Scan any four lines that you happen to remember in the *Lay*, and point out the metrical peculiarity, if any.

20. What is meant by the "machinery" of a poem? Write upon the machinery of the *Lay*.

21. "The *Lay* is noted for its descriptions" Illustrate by quotations.

INTRODUCTION.

1. What purposes is the introduction meant to serve in relation to the story?

2. What seem to you to have been the condition of minstrels and minstrelsy at the time when the story opens?

3. When do you infer the last minstrel lived? What account of himself does he give in the *Lay*?

4. What remark is Pitt said to have made on the Introduction?

5. Who is the "Pitying Duchess" of the Introduction? Say a word about her.

6. Explain the allusions in :—

(a) A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne.

(b) The bigots of the iron time.

(c) Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

(d) A brave ne'er to battle rode.

(e) He had played it to Charles the Good, When he kept Court in Holyrood.

7. Explain—

LL. 41-44 68-70 ; 73-74 ; 89-90 ; 91-98.

8 Give the meanings of—

the unpremeditated lay ; the iron door ; the room of state ; the ease.....please ; churls ; Holyrood ; an uncertain warbling ; the measure wild ; age's frost ; cadence.

9. Write philological notes on—

bower ; wistful, anon.

CANTO I.

1. What picture do you form from the description of Brank some Castle—or the internal and external condition of life in the border in the days of border feuds?

2. Sketch the conversation between the Mountain-Spirit and the River-Spirit.

3. What do you understand by Scott's "subtle aroma of place-names"? Illustrate.

4. How came about the feud between the Scotts and the Carrs?

5. What references are there in this canto to—

magic ; the great Bear ; Barnhill ; James I. king of Scotland.

6. Who is referred to in this canto as the "sad swain"? And in what connection?

7. What traits in the character of the following personages develope in this canto?

The Ladye ; the Boy Margaret ; and William of Deloraine.

8. Describe William's night-journey.

9. Give the meanings of :—

Jesu Maria ; idlesse ; the forest race ; mettle ; Jedwood axe ; merry Carlisle ; stanch the death-feud ; the mortal jar ; the havoc of the feudal war ; And if ; the viewless forms of air ; Lord David's tower ; ban-dogs ; moss-trooper ; mimi-foray. the fated hour ; St. Michael's night ; the cross, of bloody red ; the Peel of Goldiland ; Druid shades ; the Roman way ; the march-man ; the dark Abbaye ; curfew.

10. Explain— LL. 61-64 ; 118-21 ; 156-59 ; 170-175 ; 205-8 ; 223-6 ; 257-8 ; 293-7 ; 322-30 ; 339-42.

11. Write philological notes on— clerk, scaur, influence, lorn, barded ; lands spell, wight, harness. dight, feudal.

CANTO II.

1. Give, after Scott, a description of Melrose Abbey in the moonlight.

2. Give a note on Michael Scott.

3. Describe how the magic book was rescued from his grave.

4. What do you learn about the past life of the Abbott of Melrose?

5. What do you infer from the following lines about the origin of the *Lay*?

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

6. What references are there in this canto to—

(1) The Aurora Borealis.

(2) The power of magic,

7. Where did Scott get the idea of the Goblin Page? What traits of his character develope in this canto? How came he to associate himself with Lord Cranstoun?

8. Describe the interview between Cranstoun and Margaret at the end of this canto.

9. Give the meanings of—

shafted oriel ; cold light's uncertain shower ; st. David's ruined pile ; barred aventayle ; St. Mary's aisle, the treasure of the tomb ; to patter an Ave Mary ; a Border foray ; Paynim countries ; his patron's cross ; the eternal doom ; heavens own blessed light ; his Book of Might, sweet St. John ; the convent ; his hardihood ; the Carter ; don her kirtle ; a meeting tale ; The Baron's Dwarf ; this elfin shape ; All between Home and Hermitage ; Mary chapele of the Lowes ; our Lady's like ; the blood of Velez' scorched wine.

10. Explain the allusions in—

LL. 27-30 ; 107-110 ; 124-6 ; 130 ; 144-6 ; 184-5 ; 312-3 ; 390-402 ; 405.

11. Explain—LL. 3-4 ; 9-12 ; 82-3 ; 86-93 ; 98-104 ; 113-120 ; 214-6 ; 260-1 ; 341 ; 431 ; 433.

12. Write philological notes on—whit. arch, litherlie, An, atone, drie, aloof, listed, ween.

CANTO III.

1. Give a summary of Scott's lines on *love*.

2. Describe the encounter between Deloraine and Cranstoun.

3. Describe the subsequent conduct of the Goblin Page.

4. Describe his pranks in Bransome Castle.

5. What references are there in this canto to—

The cure by sympathy ; the Regent Mary of Scotland ;

6. Give after Scott, a description of the gathering of the clans in times of border feuds.

7. Give the meanings of :—

Jack, acton, saddle-fast, girthing, glamour might, a sheeling, the living corse, the wildered child, a bale of fire, the need-fire, high Dunedin, the larum-peal, keep, black-mail.

8. Explain the allusions in—97-8 ; 294-6.

9. Explain :—

11-17 ; 250-1 ; 256-7 ; 321-5 ; 385-92.

10. Write philological notes on :—

• Recreant, pondering, don, whit debate, career, mot, gramarye, vilde.

CANTO IV.

1. Describe how the Scotts came into possession of the valley of Eskdale.

2. Describe the composition of the English army, and its advance upon Branksome.

3. Give the substance of the Seneschal's address to the English army, and the lady's reply to the answer given by the English leaders to the Seneschal's address.

4. What were the terms of the duel arranged between Musgrave and Deloraine.

5. Who was "Rattling Roaring willie"? What reference is made to him in this canto?

6. Write briefly upon :—

Watt Tinlinn : Thirslestane.

7. Describe what Tinlinn's adventure with the Goblin.

8. (1) How came Thirlestane to get his motto of "Ready, aye ready"?

(2) Why is Deloraine called "good at need"? What sort of an epithet is this? Give illustrations.

(3) When was Deloraine dubbed a knight?

(4) Say how the Dacres came to have the family title.

9. Give the meanings of :—

Conquering Graeme, last St. Barnabright, the gate-word, a Warden-laid, Billhope stag, last Fastern's night, the galliard, a herot, a cast of hawks, his merry men, Haugh, a Scottish mile, The Almayn, The kendal archers, the lion-dawin guns, morsing-horns, songs of Teutonic fueds; Lord Howard's chivalry; a witch's cauldron; a peeled willow wand; Gilsland brand; the lion argent, a flemens-frith, march-treason pain, last St. Cuthbert's; even, warrison, emprise, a gray goose shart, weapon-schaw, the blanche lion, the jovial harper, Jedwood Air. My jealousy of song.

10. Explain the allusions in :—

17-20; Belted Will Howard; 77, 108-19; 135-6; 140; 229; 251; 306-7; 334-5; 442-6; 493-5; 524-5; 547-8, 572-4; 580; 587-90.

11. Explain :—

7-10; 11-16; 122-24; 315; 381-2; 451-4; 549-5-2 610-15; 619 4.

12. Write philological notes on :—hag, morion, curfew, bound trow, mickle, imps, frounce, swith, wight.

CANTO V.

1. Sketch the beautiful lines in which Scott refers to the mourning of Nature for the death of poets.

2. Describe Cranstoun's meeting with Margaret on the eve of the duel.

3. Describe the duel.
4. Say how Lord Howard come to have his name of "Belted Will"?
5. Describe the course of events from the end of the duel, to the marriage of Margaret and Cranstoun.
6. Write a note on border hospitality.
7. Give the substance of Scott's lines on "true love."
8. Give a summary of the lines in which Deloraine mourns, the death of Musgrave after the duel.
9. Reproduce, if you can the Minstrel's Musical representation of the funeral march.
10. Give the meanings of :—rails, Middle Marches, The bloody heart, The seven spears of Wedder-burns, the crest of old Dunbar, the jolly bowl, draughts, the dark profound, port, they gan to reckon kin and rent, Flemish ruff, Poland. far, His Biboa blade by Marchmen felt, wimple scathe, ghostly comfort, bowning his flowing poesy.
11. Explain the allusions in :—56-8 ; 121-3 ; 185 ; 345-7 ; 407-10, 479-82.
12. Explain :—7-12 ; 13 20 ; 21-4 ; 25-8, 29-36 ; 118-20 ; 129-32 ; 191-3 ; 209-14 ; 217-22 ; 223-6 ; 292-3 ; 411-13 ; 462-6 ; 419-92 ; 516-23.
13. Write Philological Notes on :—
Wassel secure, bootless, wraith.

CANTO VI.

1. Quote or reproduce Scott's lines on love of country?
2. Give a note on the origin of the name Buccleuch.
3. Describe the pranks of the Goblin Page during the feast in Branksome Castle.
4. Give the substance of the songs sung by Fitztraver and Harold.
5. Who is Harold? Describe the poetic training that he had received.
6. What was the fate of the Goblin Page?
7. Describe the pilgrimage of the Scottish chieftains to Melrose Abbey, also the penances they underwent.
8. Write, in your own English, the story of lovely Rosabelle.
9. Describe the last days of the Minstrel.

10. Give the meanings of—

Caledonia, the jovial priests of mirth and war, Me lists not,
 ewches, miniver, the Gorgeous festival, the boar-head garnish
 brave, psaltery, sewers, lyme-dog, a cologne blade, lordly seller, the
 Land Debateable, the beeves, the name of Geraldine, All-Souls' e're,
 tablet eburnine, Saga's rhyme uncouth, the Water sprite, the gifted
 Seer, the ring they ride, caverned Hawthornden, sacristy, chapelle,
 our Ladye of the Isle, seapular, the hymn of intercession, the high
 trump.

11. Explain the allusions in—

68 121-2 ; 154-5 ; 225-8 ; 229-30 ; 238 ; 244-7 ; 259 62 ; 302-5
 324-29 ; 330-33 ; 336-45 ; 376 7 ; 400-1 ; 454-5.

12. Explain—7-16 ; 21-3 ; 30-6 ; 69-72 ; 93-4 ; 231-4 ; 271-4 ;
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13. Write philological notes on — hight, Runic ; unearth.
